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HISTORY OF MODERN EGYPT.—*Histoire de l'Égypte sous le Gouvernement de Mohammed-Aly, ou Récit des Evénemens Politiques et Militaires qui ont eu lieu depuis le Départ des Français jusqu'en 1823. Par M. Felix Mengin, ouvrage enrichi de Notes, par MM. Langles et Jomard, et précédé d'une Introduction Historique, par M. Agoub. 2 Tom. Paris, 1823.*

Or the real history of Egypt, until ages after it had become a comparatively civilized nation, there are no authentic particulars. The earliest notices of this extraordinary country are contained in the Bible: we there read of the riches and power of its Pharaohs, at a time anterior to authentic history. Herodotus, who visited Egypt about 400 years before Christ, could not ascertain with precision even the most important events in its history. Vague tradition was the only source whence he could draw information, and even this was wretchedly imperfect: the most memorable events were either wholly forgotten, or enormously distorted: even the names of the builders of those stupendous and eternal monuments, the pyramids, were not recorded with any certainty; nor was the manner of their erection, nor the use for which they were intended, certainly known.

From the time of Herodotus downwards, Egypt was repeatedly conquered, and governed by foreign powers, until it fell under the dominion of the Mohammedans; and from that time, until very lately, was of but little importance among nations. It however retained so many splendid monuments, and excited so many historical recollections, that a more intimate knowledge of its people, its history, and its antiquities, was at all times desired. Notwithstanding the difficulty of travelling in Africa, and the impediments thrown in the way of those who attempted to explore the country, a number of Europeans visited it from time to time, and published such accounts as their limited means of observation, and opportunities of acquiring information enabled them to compile.

The invasion of the French under Buonaparte in 1798, opened a new era, and made us acquainted with a number of highly interesting particulars. It also led to changes of great

importance in the government of the country, and to the very extraordinary and unlooked-for advances in commerce and manufactures which have taken place under the government of Mohammed-Ali.

When the French invaded Egypt, it was in the hands of the Mamelukes, who acknowledged a real, but, in fact, paid only a nominal obedience to the Porte. The government under them was tyrannical and oppressive, without a chance of any change for the better while it remained in their hands; and thus it would probably have continued to this day, had not their power been reduced by the French invasion and its consequences.

According to M. Mengin, the invasion under Buonaparte was the happiest circumstance that could have befallen the miserable people of that country. He tells us, that the English government were forced, by the battle of Marengo, to concentrate their troops in Europe, and were not in a condition to undertake any thing against the French army, which struck terror into the East; that the battle of Heliopolis decided the fate of Egypt, placing the dominion of the country in the hands of the French, and leaving them nothing to fear from either foreign or domestic enemies; that Mourad Bey was put in possession of Upper Egypt, by a treaty which he concluded with his friend Kleber; that confidence was restored to the people; that their condition was daily improving; that they devoted themselves to the cultivation of the soil, the produce of which was now secured to them, and could no longer be seized or destroyed by the roving Bedouin Arabs; that the French soldiers, who had fought with equal constancy and courage in the midst of unusual privations and sufferings, peaceably enjoyed repose under a paternal government, which provided for all their wants. Guided by philanthropy, general Kleber had no wish but for the improvement of the country, and the happiness of the people: to these he wholly devoted himself, and the country was advancing with extraordinary rapidity, when a fanatical assassin cut short the days of that immortal hero.

This admirable state of things, and all the fine prospects of the French, were put an end to by the conduct of general Menou, who succeeded Kleber. He was a man of weak judgment, who in attempting to rectify one abuse, introduced a multitude of others. He dis-

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gusted the natives by innovations on their customs; he disgusted the French officers, produced a schism in the army, and in this manner lost Egypt to France. According to Mengin, Egypt was not only in the most flourishing state under Kleber's administration, but such was the power he possessed, and such the want of power, or of inclination to make use of it, on the part of England and Turkey, that neither they, nor the natives, were likely even to cause him any annoyance, and, but for the bad conduct of his successor, Egypt would have remained a province of France. It so happens, however, that not one word of this is true, as we shall presently show.

M. Mengin's book has been carefully got up, and will, no doubt, from the manner in which the subject is handled, produce the effect intended by its publication: it flatters the vanity of his countrymen, and is one, among many other circumstances, calculated to inspire them with a belief that Egypt is not even yet totally lost to France. A body of *sarans* have been employed to give *éclat* to the work. MM. Langles and Jomard have enriched it with copious notes, as has also Mr. Edward Gauttier, on the subject of Mussulman legislation. It is likewise accompanied with designs from the pencil of M. Dutertne, one of the principal artists of the Egyptian commission, and with plans drawn by M. Pascal Coote, architect to the present viceroy. A history of the Wahabis, and a statistical account of the country of Nedjid, were furnished by the grandson of the celebrated Eilu-abdul Wahab, the founder of the Wahabis, who threatened, until their progress was stopped by the arms of Mohammed-Ali, to overturn the Ottoman empire. An "Historical Introduction" is prefixed to the work, from the pen of the "celebrated orientalist, M. Agoub," who, with the other *sarans* appears to have formed a sort of joint-stock company, under the auspices of the French government, for the production of this work.

The first part of M. Agoub's "Historical Introduction" is much in the style of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments," and although not equally amusing, is as much entitled to credence, as these tales would be were they seriously put forward as portions of rational and authentic history.

M. Agoub, actuated by the same feelings as M. Mengin and his coadjutor, says,

"The expedition of the French to that country was, undoubtedly, an event which will long be remembered, and which might have regenerated Egypt. That country would have been, at this day, a province of France, had it not been for the sudden departure of Buonaparte, the assassination of Kleber, and the incapacity of Menou, to which the failure of the enterprise may be attributed, rather than to the combined efforts of England and the Porte." We shall see presently that there is as little of truth in the causes asserted by M. Agoub, to have prevented Egypt from remaining in the possession of the French, as in those assigned by M. Mengin. Since, however, fortune would have it, that Egypt should not become a province of France, M. Agoub is, for the present, contented with that magnificent

work, the "Description de l'Egypt," which, at any rate, belongs to the French, and cannot be taken from them either by the English or the Turks. "But," says M. Agoub, "if policy beheld her hopes annihilated, the arts, at least, preserved their trophies: they had already collected the various elements which were to form that magnificent work, the *Description of Egypt*, the sole and immortal conquest which remained to France of that glorious expedition."

Neither M. Mengin nor any one of the *sarans* employed in getting up his book has even alluded to the battle of the Nile and the destruction of the French fleet under admiral Bruceys: while the causes they have assigned for the evacuation of Egypt by the French are neither the true ones, nor are they sufficient of themselves to account for the defeats and subsequent capitulations of the French armies. The plain and simple cause which decided the fate of the French in Egypt was this, the English were masters of the sea. Cut off from all chance of receiving reinforcements to any considerable amount, and surrounded by native enemies, the situation of the French was necessarily one of great discomfort and peril; their number was continually diminishing, and could not be recruited. Under these circumstances it was no disgrace to brave men to acknowledge that success was impossible; and it would have been but bare justice in M. Mengin and his coadjutors, to their countrymen, had they admitted the impossibility, and pointed out its causes.

No man better understood the situation of the French in Egypt than Buonaparte. He was convinced before he left that country that it could not possibly be retained; and he accordingly made overtures to the grand vizier for its evacuation, in which he declared that "France never entertained an idea of taking it out of the hands of the sublime Porte." In the instructions he left with general Kleber on his departure for France, he says, "If this year, in spite of all our precautions, the pestilence should rage in Egypt, and destroy more than fifteen hundred soldiers, I think you ought not to run the chance of the next campaign, and you are authorized to conclude peace with the Ottoman Porte, though the evacuation of Egypt should be the principal condition."

It is quite clear that although other pressing circumstances called for the presence of Buonaparte in France, his conviction of the impossibility of retaining Egypt was at least one of the principal reasons which induced him to quit that country. It was not, therefore, his leaving Egypt which prevented it becoming a province of France, but on the contrary, a thorough conviction of the impossibility of its becoming a province of France was the motive which determined him to quit it. It may here be observed, that at this time no armament had been fitted out in England, and that it was not until more than a year afterwards that the expedition under general Abercrombie left our shores.

Buonaparte quitted Egypt on the 23d of August, 1799, when the command devolved on general Kleber, who appears to have conducted himself with prudence and circumspection.

That Egypt, however, was not in the state described in the work of M. Mengin, shall be shown by Kleber's own confession. On the 4th of September following, that is, immediately after Buonaparte's departure, he made overtures for a negotiation with the grand vizier, in which he repeated the false assertions which Buonaparte had made, "that the French government never had the least idea of taking Egypt from the grand signior." The negotiation which followed led to the treaty of El Arisch, by which the French agreed to evacuate Egypt, on condition of being conveyed to France within three months. The treaty was signed on the 24th of January, 1800. To this treaty, Sir Sidney Smith, as the English plenipotentiary, formally acceded, as did also the Russian minister, who was resident in the camp of the grand vizier. Unfortunately, the British government refused to ratify the treaty; which would have rendered the expedition under general Abercrombie unnecessary, saved an immense number of lives, and prevented the waste of a great amount of treasure. It is plain, however, from these circumstances, that it was not the assassination of Kleber which prevented Egypt from remaining a province of France.

Kleber, in justification of his conduct, transmitted a copy of the convention and a statement of his situation to the French Directory.

In this despatch he informs them of the preparations making by the Turks for the recovery of Egypt, and the assistance they derived from the active exertions of Sir Sidney Smith, as well as from the conduct of Mourad Bey, who, notwithstanding he was constantly pursued and as constantly defeated, allured the Arabs to his cause, continued to keep troops together, and to give unceasing annoyance. He added, that the French troops at El Arisch had pusillanimously surrendered to the army of the grand vizier, and declared, that from that moment it was necessary to lay aside all motives of personal vanity, and not to expose the lives of the Frenchmen intrusted to his care to the terrible consequences which further delay would render inevitable. Forty-five thousand men were before El Arisch; other troops were at Jaffa, and in the neighbourhood of Rumli. Active foraging parties supplied the grand vizier's camp with provisions; all the tribes of Arabs were emulous of assisting his army; they had furnished it with more than fifteen thousand camels. The vizier had fifty well-appointed pieces of cannon; all his forces were commanded by European officers, and the arrival of eight thousand Russians to his assistance was every moment expected. Such is the substance of the account given by general Kleber of the state of the country, and the situation of the French army, at the time M. Mengin has seized upon to describe the inhabitants as enjoying perfect repose, the French as in perfect security, and the whole country rapidly advancing to civilization under the philanthropic and paternal government of Kleber.

That Kleber was an able man, and that he did all he could for the advancement of the country and the comfort of the army he commanded, is no greater praise than is due to his memory; but his situation, on taking the com-

mand of the army, was by no means an enviable one, and it was not at all improved by the refusal of the British government to permit the convention of El Arisch to be carried into effect. So far indeed was Kleber from being placed in the circumstances mentioned by M. Mengin, that, after the rupture of the convention of El Arisch, his soldiers were discontented, the generals were divided, and the whole army was in a great perplexity, whilst a long-ling desire to return to France was generally prevalent. Instead of possessing all the power ascribed to him by M. Mengin, Kleber could not even prevent the vizier from marching upon Cairo; and so far were the inhabitants of the villages from being comfortable, secure, and contented, that on Kleber marching from Cairo to meet the vizier, a sort of general rising took place. The insurgent boys took possession of the suburbs, and were joined by from eight thousand to ten thousand inhabitants of the villages. That quarter of the city in which the French resided was next seized upon, and a general pillage and indiscriminate massacre, without regard to age or sex, ensued. This was followed by a general insurrection, which it required three weeks to subdue, and which was marked by occurrences of the most horrible kind: Barlac was burnt, and portions of Cairo were laid in ruins.

Kleber did his utmost to make the most of the adverse circumstances in which he was placed, and, had he lived, would, in all probability, have reconcluded the convention of El Arisch, the English admiral having received new orders, in which he was directed to permit the departure of the French troops to Europe. This was, however, prevented by the assassination of Kleber on the 14th of June. During the few months which intervened between the refusal to execute the convention of El Arisch, and the death of Kleber, he was incessantly occupied in military operations and arrangements; his situation, as well as that of the army and of the people was, in short, precisely the reverse of the account given by M. Mengin.

Kleber was succeeded by Menou, who seems to have supposed it still possible to retain possession of Egypt. Menou has been justly blamed for his injudicious conduct as commander of the French forces, but it is absurd to impute to that conduct the loss of Egypt. Menou's incapacity may have caused the destruction of more lives, the waste of more property, and the misery of a larger number of persons, but it was not in his power to have kept possession of Egypt for any considerable period longer than he did, much less to have secured its possession as a province of France.

The falsehood and disingenuousness of M. Mengin, and the compilers of his book, do not, however end here. It answers their purpose to attribute the loss of Egypt to any but the true causes, and they hesitate not to assert whatever seems calculated to promote this object. M. Mengin, in a note to page 9, is made to say, "I have been assured by persons worthy of credit that general Hutchinson, in the house of the Austrian consul at Cairo, whilst criticising the plans of general Menou, declared, that if he was in the place of Buonaparte he

would have him shot, as he was the sole cause of the loss of Egypt."

The convention of El Arisch was signed on the 24th of January, 1800, and it was not till the 8th of March, 1801, that General Abercrombie's army landed at Aboukir, and took a position on the sands. On the 21st, the battle of Alexandria was fought, which decided the fate of Egypt. General Abercrombie having lost his life in this battle, the command devolved upon General Hutchinson, whose promptitude and ability soon afterwards induced the French to agree to evacuate the country, on terms very similar to those of the convention of El Arisch.

General Hutchinson, after various successes, took up a position before Cairo, in which was a considerable portion of the French army, under General Belliard, who, on the 27th of June, prudently capitulated. Menou, who commanded at Alexandria, was, however, displeased with the conduct of Belliard, and did not himself accede to the treaty, until he had sustained a siege, which M. Mengin says, was "long and sanguinary and lasted six months." But this, like his other assertions, is wholly inaccurate. The operations of the besieging army did not commence until the 17th of August, when the first parallel was begun, and the place surrendered on the 2d of September. It will thus be seen, that the conquest of Egypt was effected within six months from the day the English army landed on the coast.

M. Mengin, in accounting for the surrender of General Belliard at Cairo, with his usual accuracy and adherence to truth in whatever concerns the English, says, that an army of six thousand men disembarked at Cosseir, under General Baird, to take part in the operations against the French; and he so relates the circumstance, as to make it appear that the landing of the troops from India was a principal inducement with General Belliard to capitulate. But the truth is, that Belliard had surrendered before the arrival of General Baird at Cosseir. The expected arrival of the Indian army, no doubt, had some effect in determining him to this resolution, but as that army had not arrived when he signed the capitulation, its arrival could not have been the cause of his surrender.

The politics of St. James's and of Constantinople, respecting the future government of Egypt, were not in accordance. The boys had rendered particular services to our troops in Egypt, and had obtained the countenance and support of our ministers. They had been led, or at least permitted, to expect that the government of Egypt would again fall into their hands; and this was probably the expectation of our own government. The sultan had, however, determined to establish the usual mode of provincial administration by pachas. The grand vizier had held out unequivocal promises to the boys, that their authority should be restored on the expulsion of the French, and soon after the surrender of Alexandria seven of those Mameluke chiefs were decoyed on board some vessels, under pretence of holding a conference with the capitan-pacha for the purpose of making arrangements for their restoration to power. The capitan-

pacha had received secret orders from the sultan to seize the boys, and send them to Constantinople. The seven boys finding themselves betrayed, attempted to resist, when four of them were killed, and the remaining three wounded.

At the time when this transaction took place, the British general was attempting to mediate between the parties, with both of whom we were in alliance; and as no justification could be found for the perfidious conduct of the capitan-pacha, any more than for his utter disregard of all the rules of civilized nations towards the British general, and the army under his command, the interference of that commander became necessary. It would, no doubt, have been carried to a much greater extent had it not been prevented by the urgent claims of the French government for the fulfilment of the treaty of Amiens, by which we were bound to evacuate the country."

This massacre of the boys in Lower Egypt, and the imprisonment of others in both Lower and Upper Egypt, by command of the capitan-pacha, showed plainly enough what would be the result when the English forces had left the country. All that General Hutchinson could do previous to the army quitting the country was, to demand the release of the boys, and this his inflexibility and perseverance effected. In obtaining their release and withdrawing the army, good faith was kept with all parties.

The British forces being withdrawn, the field of contention was left open, and an intestine and bloody war broke out between the Turks and Mamelukes, in which the latter, notwithstanding the inferiority of their numbers, gained considerable advantages.

M. Mengin was, for some time, agent for the

* The observations on this event, in a note by M. Jomard, will give a tolerably correct idea of the manner in which he has illustrated the work of M. Mengin.

"Massacre of the Boys."

"This first destruction of the Mamelukes has been related and judged of in Europe in various ways; it is almost certain that the capitan-pacha was obliged to obey the express orders of the divan. During the war with the French, he had shown that his character was neither ferocious nor perfidious to that degree; added to which, the atrocity of the measure was rendered still more odious by the previous promise which he made to the boys, that he would not demand the assistance of the British commander-in-chief: this last circumstance, as well as the march of General Hutchinson, proves most forcibly that the English were strangers to that horrible catastrophe."

When M. Jomard thinks proper to state, that the English do not appear to have connived at the treachery of the capitan-pacha, and the murder of the Mamelukes, as if a doubt could be fairly entertained on the subject, even had our interests been opposed to, instead of being, as they were, in favour of the Mamelukes, his insinuation is the more gratuitous, if indeed this be not too mild a term to apply to M. Jomard.

French government at Cairo, an appointment which we believe he owed to the good offices of M. Chateaubriand, to whom he has dedicated his book. He lost that situation on M. Chateaubriand's removal from office. He, however, continued to reside at Cairo; and as Mohammed-Ali cannot be ignorant of what is said of him by M. Mengin, a bias in his favour, and in favour of those interests to which he is, or appears to be attached, may reasonably be expected to be found in the work before us.

The first volume is principally occupied with details of the proceedings, and in particular, of the contentions of the various chiefs, both Turks and Mamelukes, which followed the evacuation of Egypt by the British forces in the month of March, 1803. M. Mengin, from his situation at Cairo, had many opportunities of observing passing events, and of judging of the merits and pretensions of the leading men of all parties; his account is both curious and entertaining. He has an evident leaning to the side of the Turks. He has, it is true, related several occurrences, in which Mohammed-Ali does not appear in a very respectable light; but inasmuch as many of these tend to show his cunning, and his success on all occasions, they may be intended to be understood, and probably will be understood, by Mohammed-Ali, as proofs of his wisdom. There are, however, passages, in which the conduct of Mohammed is treated very freely. So far as we can judge from what has been said by others, as well as from what we have collected from a pretty extensive correspondence with some Englishmen in Egypt, we are led to conclude that M. Mengin's narrative of events is tolerably correct.

At the time when the English evacuated Egypt, Mohammed-Ali held the rank of bin-bashi, or colonel, and had the command of three hundred Albanians. He was soon afterwards promoted to a higher rank; but we are not informed whether or not this honour was conferred upon him in contemplation of the massacre which, at a subsequent period, he so basely and so effectually perpetrated.

M. Mengin has repeatedly introduced his hero, in his account of the proceedings which took place in Egypt from the time when the English forces were withdrawn, to the month of March, 1804, when Mohammed, by his courage and address, expelled the beys and Mamelukes from Cairo. He then observes, "It will not be uninteresting to take a passing view of the events which conducted him to that country." And as Mohammed-Ali continues to act so conspicuous a part in Egypt, Greece, Nubia, and Arabia, and occupies no small portion of the attention of Europe at this moment, M. Mengin's account of his early life and adventures cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

"Mohammed-Ali was born at Cavale, in Romelia, the year of the Hegira, 1182, A. D. 1769. His father, Ibrahim Aga, was chief of the guard placed to insure the security of the roads: his son, during his early years, was brought up in the house of the tchorbagi, governor of Cavale. It is said, that whilst his mother was 'enconte' with him, she had a dream of which she procured an explanation

from the soothsayers, who assured her that the infant would one day arrive at the height of power, honours, and wealth. This prediction, which struck her imagination, she confided to her son whilst still very young. From that moment Mohammed felt within himself a secret impulse which called him to the command of others; full of ardour, and gifted with uncommon sagacity, he sought opportunities of distinguishing himself. On one occasion, the inhabitants of a village of the district of Cavale having refused to pay the tribute imposed on them, the tchorbagi was at a loss what measures he should take to force them. Mohammed-Ali offered his services, and assured him that he would punish the rebels: his master admiring his courage, placed a few armed men at his disposal, and gave him the power to act as he should think proper. Mohammed having arrived at the village with his troop entered the mosque, and whilst he was at prayers, sent for four of the principal inhabitants, under the pretence of important business; these, without suspecting any artifice, came to the mosque to confer with the person who had sent for them; Mohammed-Ali seized them, put them in irons, and conducted them to Cavale, in spite of the clamours and pursuit of the inhabitants, whom he restrained by threats that he would put his prisoners to death. The tchorbagi, pleased with the success of this enterprise, which procured him the amount of the impost, conferred on him the rank of boulouk-bachig; he also permitted him to marry one of his relations, a widow, by whom Mohammed had three sons, Ibrahim, Jousoun, and Ismaïl.

"There was at this time at Cavale, a Mr. Lion, a merchant of Marseilles, who had shown a great affection for Mohammed-Ali from his infancy; he felt for him the sentiments of a father, and loaded him with benefits."

"These actions gave Mohammed-Ali a favourable idea of the character of the French, which he has always spoken highly of in the transactions which he has since had with them.

"Mohammed-Ali commenced a trade in tobacco, one of the most lucrative productions of Romelia, and it was, no doubt, from this circumstance that he acquired those ideas of commerce which he has ever since entertained. But this occupation did not prevent his engaging in military enterprises whenever he was required.

"The Porte, at this period, commenced the war with the French in Egypt. The capitan-pacha was waiting in the Bay of Marmora for troops to be embarked on board his fleet. The district of Cavale was required to furnish its number. The tchorbagi hastening to put in execution the orders he had received, sent 300 men armed and equipped under the command of his son Ali-Agha, of whom Mohammed-Ali

"Mohammed Ali Pacha, in 1820, having heard that Mr. Lion was returning to France, wrote to him to come to Egypt. This gentleman was preparing to go and see his former friend, when he died on the day on which he had designed to embark. The prince caused the sum of 10,000 francs to be sent to his sister, in testimony of his regret.

was the mentor; but the young man, disgusted with the stormy voyage, and the privations they had to suffer amidst the sands of the peninsula of Aboukir, quitted the army, and returned to his father, leaving the command of his troops to Mohammed-Ali, who took the title of Bin-baschi.

"After the first advantages gained by the English at Aboukir, and at César, the army of the capitan-pacha prepared to act on the offensive; it began its march, and had an engagement before Rahmân-yeh with a body of troops under the command of General Lagrange.

"Mohammed-Ali lost many of his troops; but he was, notwithstanding, noticed by the capitan-pacha, who made choice of him for the attack of the fort. Towards daybreak, he placed himself under cover of the entrenchments, and not hearing any noise, he attempted to enter. The French had evacuated it.

"Whilst he thus acquired the notice of the grand admiral, he also contrived to obtain a patron at court, Hassan-Agha, one of the officers of that prince, who was afterwards Aga of the Janissaries at Cairo, and who favoured the interests of Mohammed-Ali. By his interference, the admiral recommended him to Mohammed-Pacha Kousrouf, under whose orders he was to serve. After the massacre of the beys at Aboukir, he was nominated Saré-chesmé. His master having one day received a present of four horses, gave him one, in testimony of the kindness he entertained for him.

"On the opening of the campaign, Mohammed-Pacha Kousrouf gave him the command of a division of the army which was to co-operate with that under the command of Youssef-Aey his Kâija, in the war with the Mamelukes. Youssef-Bey was defeated: he attributed his defeat to Mohammed-Ali, whom he accused of not having given him the assistance he required. His accusation prevailed with the pacha, who formed the intention of destroying the accused, or at least obliging him to quit Egypt.

"Mohammed-Ali demanded the pay of his troops and himself: the governor sent at night to find him, and to communicate his orders: Mohammed-Ali replied, that he would present himself by day, accompanied by his soldiers. They wished to get rid of him, but hesitated on the means of taking him; his correspondence with Taher-Pacha and the Albanians was known, and Mohammed-Pacha was informed of it; but he was neither very bold nor very active; and, as we have seen, the governor was astonished at the action which he meditated."—Vol. i. p. 95, *et seq.*

We shall not follow our author in his account of the pitiful intrigues, the marches, skirmishes, and ill-fought battles which followed, and which he relates in a desultory manner, with singular minuteness, and with a degree of sameness which makes this portion of his book insufferably tedious. His accounts of the conduct and proceedings of the adverse parties are not calculated to give a favourable impression either of the bravery or good conduct of any of the chiefs who are alternately brought forward.

Mohammed-Ali took advantage of the mutual misunderstandings of all parties, and, sup-

ported by his Albanians, became, as it best suited him, either friend or foe, ally or enemy of Turks or Mamelukes. From the dexterity with which he managed these matters, he was always successful, constantly taking advantage of the errors and crimes of others to gain an accession of strength, and an increase of influence. At length he procured from the Porte the rank of pacha. To this he soon added that of governor of Egypt, which he obtained by artfully promoting an insurrection both of the troops and of the people, whom he incited to call upon him to assume the government of the country, as being the only person capable of establishing order. He acceded to their wishes, assumed the government of Cairo, and immediately laid siege to the citadel in which the governor Thouschid-Pacha was shut up: here he remained until the arrival of the capitan-pacha, who brought with him two orders from the Porte, one for the return of Thouschid-Pacha to Constantinople, the other to invest Mohammed-Ali with the government of Egypt. This took place in June, 1805.

Previous to Mohammed-Ali's attaining the office of governor of Egypt, Elfy-Bey, who had accompanied Lord Hutchinson to England in 1803, returned to his country. Elfy had taken a prominent part in favour of the English, and it was generally reported that he had brought back a promise of support from the British government, in any attempt he might make to raise himself to the chief rank among the Mamelukes, and to possess himself of the government of the country. Bardiny-Bey, jealous of his supposed designs, and enojed by Mohammed-Ali, joined him against Elfy. It was by thus fomenting divisions among the Mamelukes, that Mohammed-Ali ultimately succeeded in ruining them: for as soldiers, they were superior both in bravery and in resources to either the Turks or the Albanians.

Elfy, being reduced to the necessity of defending himself, maintained his troops by levying contributions on the country. After a time, he ventured to act on the offensive, and laid siege to Damanhar, a place of some importance in the event of succours arriving from England. The undertaking was, however, beyond his means, and after a four months' siege, or rather blockade, he was obliged to abandon it and retire to Upper Egypt, where he died of chagrin. Within a few weeks of his death, the British forces arrived at Alexandria, of which place they took possession.

In consequence of the rupture between the British government and the Porte, an expedition was sent to Egypt, under the command of General Frazer. The expedition arrived off the coast of Egypt on the 17th March, 1807, and immediately demanded the surrender of Alexandria. A short time was spent in negotiation, and on the 21st the place surrendered. A correspondence was immediately opened with the beys, who were expected to join the invaders; and active operations were commenced. A detachment under General Wauchope was sent to take possession of Rosetta, which it entered without any show of opposition. The people remained in perfect tran-

quillity, which nothing appeared likely to disturb. Lulled by this inactivity, the English took no precautions against surprise, and no notice was taken of the Turkish and Albanian troops then at Rosetta, notwithstanding their number amounted to five hundred. Fatigued with their march over barren sands, and the heat of the sun, the soldiers were permitted to disperse about the town, and numbers laid themselves down to sleep. In this condition they were attacked by the Turks and Albanians: ninety were killed, and their heads stuck upon two rows of pikes in the public market-place. Among the slain was General Wauchope; one hundred and twenty were made prisoners, and the remainder made good their retreat to Alexandria.

A considerable portion of the army under the command of General Stewart was immediately sent to retrieve the disaster, and vindicate the honour of the British troops; but this expedition was equally disastrous with the former. The Turks had gained confidence as well as received reinforcements, and were now strong in cavalry, of which the British, trusting probably to the Mamelukes who were to have joined them, had none. Rosetta was bombarded, but with little effect. In the mean time the Turks attacked part of our forces stationed at the village of Hemad, under the command of Colonel McLeod, who, finding himself unable to maintain his position, commenced a retreat on the main body, to reach which he had to cross a plain covered with Turkish cavalry. By these he was instantly assailed, defeated, and himself, with the greater part of the troops, put to the sword; numbers were wounded, and the survivors were made prisoners.

General Stewart now found it necessary to retreat with nearly the whole of the British troops, which, before this period, had been brought up to Rosetta. On his march, he was constantly harassed by the Turks, but he reached Aboukir without much loss, and embarked for Alexandria.

The wounded and other prisoners were thrust on board boats and conveyed to Cairo; among them were Majors Moore and Vogel-sang. The treatment of the prisoners, as described by M. Mengin, was truly horrible: the wounded had no surgical assistance until they arrived at Cairo, nine days after; when Mohammed-Ali permitted the French surgeons to attend the men, and showed much attention to the officers; his conduct is described by Mengin as remarkably hospitable.

These disasters were highly favourable to the views of Mohammed-Ali, who did not fail to profit by them. He managed the Mamelukes with great dexterity; he took advantage of the state of suspense in which the misfortunes of his enemies and his own conduct had placed them, and thus prevented Ibrahim-Bey, who had succeeded Elfy, from joining the English with his Mamelukes, as he had projected.

General Fraser now limited his operations to maintaining himself in Alexandria, whence he wrote home for reinforcements. He still entertained, not unreasonably, hopes, founded on the distracted state of Egypt, of being able

to establish his own party in power. The force sent to Egypt was evidently too small of itself to reduce that country; but if, as was expected, it had been promptly aided by the Mamelukes, it would, no doubt, have been sufficient to have effected its purpose, and wrested the power from the hands of the Turks.

The British government, finding that General Fraser had not been joined by the Mamelukes, and anxious for the restoration of the prisoners in the power of Mohammed-Ali, instead of sending reinforcements to General Fraser, sent positive orders for the evacuation of the country. On the receipt of these orders, the General lost no time in treating with Mohammed-Ali, who at once acceded to his request, and set the prisoners at liberty. The British troops soon afterwards evacuated Alexandria, and sailed for Sicily.

M. Mengin remarks, on the subject of this expedition, that the British were not well informed of the state of the country, and did not on landing pursue the most advisable course. He makes it appear pretty clearly, that had they taken up a position at Damarshour, and induced the Arab tribes to join them (which they might easily have done), they would have improved the terror which the first news of their landing had inspired, have disconcerted the plans of Mohammed-Ali, and obtained the decided co-operation of the Mamelukes, the consequence of which would have been, the loss of Egypt to the Turks.

The power of the beys and Mamelukes having been greatly abridged, and their numbers considerably reduced, they, at length, before the departure of the English, listened to the fair promises which were made to them by the capitan-pacha and grand vizier, and solemnly confirmed by their oaths, on the Koran, of protection, favour and preferment, if they would submit themselves to the sultan. They consented to relinquish their pretensions to authority in Egypt, and signified this consent in writing to the grand signior, and also to General Hutchinson. The pledge of protection so solemnly given was never intended to be fulfilled, the sultan having already resolved on their destruction, and transmitted secret orders to Mohammed-Ali to carry that resolution into effect.

On the departure of the English, the Porte repeated its commands to Mohammed-Ali to send an expedition against the Wahabees; but he did not as yet feel himself sufficiently established to risk the consequences of sending his forces to Arabia, and to levy the imposts necessary for the maintenance of the war. The destruction of the Mamelukes, who were sure to become discontented on finding that the treaty with them was not kept, determined Mohammed to take the most effectual means for his own safety, and this was no less than their extermination. To accomplish this, was an exceedingly difficult task. Some he seduced by presents and preferments, others by promises; but several, suspecting him of treachery, retreated to Upper Egypt, whither he pursued them. On his return to Cairo, he offered terms of peace to those who chose to come into his measures, and by this and various other means, he induced a considerable num-

ber of boys and Mamelukes to come to Cairo. In the mean time preparations were making for the invasion of Arabia. Previously to the departure of his son Toussoun-Pacha to command the army, he proposed a day of ceremony, under the auspices of the astrologers, who pointed it out as the day of happy presage. The ceremony was to be very magnificent; the principal part, the investiture of the Helesse, was to take place in the palace within the citadel. All the troops in Cairo were to assist in the exhibition, and, by the place he assigned to the Mamelukes in the procession, he was enabled, when they were in a narrow road leading up to the citadel, between two high walls, at each end of which were barrier-gates, to close the gates, shut them up in the narrow defile, and fire upon them through loop-holes in the walls above.

"On the morning of the 1st of March, 1811, they all ascended to the citadel; Châhyn-Bey appeared at the head of his family; he came with the other beys to tender his duty to the viceroy, who awaited them in the grand hall of introduction. He caused them to be served with coffee, and conversed with them. When all the *cortège* was assembled, the signal for departure was given; each took the rank which had been assigned him by the master of the ceremonies: a body of dehlys commanded by Ouzoun-Ali commenced the march: then followed the aga of the Janissaries and of the supplies, the odjagly, the golalaches; Saleh-Kock with the Albanians, and then the Mamelukes and Solyman-Bey el-Baouab. The infantry, the cavalry, and the heads of administration closed the procession. The head of the column had orders to march towards the Gate el Azab, the entrance of the square of Roumylech; the road which leads to it is cut in the rock; it is narrow and rugged; in some parts the projecting points prevent two horsemen from passing abreast. When the dehlys and the agas had passed, Saleh-Kock ordered the gate to be shut, and communicated to his troops the orders of the viceroy to exterminate all the Mamelukes. The Albanians instantly returned, and gained the summit of the rocks which command the road, where they were out of the reach of their adversaries, and where they could take more deliberate aim, and strike more surely; they then fired upon them.

"The last of the troops hearing the firing, fired on their part from the top of the walls where they were under cover. The Mamelukes who were arrived at the first gate, wished to take another road to return to the citadel; but from the nature of the position in which they were placed, they could not manage their horses; and seeing that several of their body had fallen, killed or wounded, they dismounted, abandoning their horses, and casting off their upper garments. In this desperate situation they retraced their steps, sword in hand; no one was to be seen; but they were fired upon from the interior of the houses. Châhyn-Bey fell wounded with balls before the door of the palace of Saladin. Solyman-Bey el-Baouab ran, half naked and in despair, to implore the protection of the harem of the

viceroy; it was in vain, he was conducted to the palace, where the prince ordered him to be beheaded; others went to demand protection of Toussoun-Pacha, who took no part in what was passing.

"The troops had immediate orders to arrest all the Mamelukes: those who were taken were instantly conducted before the Riçja-Bey, and beheaded. The body of Châhyn-Bey was dragged about with a rope round his neck; the citadel resembled an arena of blood; mutilated bodies encumbered the passage, horses richly caparisoned were seen lying beside their masters; *sûys*,* pierced with balls, their arms broken and their dresses covered with blood; all the spoils became the prey of the troops. In the morning 470 Mamelukes had joined the procession; not one of them escaped the general massacre."—Vol. i. p. 360, *et seq.*

The massacre extended to the city; no sooner was it known that the beys were attacked, than "*toutes les boutiques furent fermées, et chacun, s'empresse de rentrer promptement chez soi. Bientôt les rues furent désertées. On ne vit plus que des bandes de soldats se jeter pêle-mêle dans les maisons des proscriptions, et s'en partager les dépouilles. Ces furieux commirent des horreurs: ils violèrent les femmes, arrachaient même les vêtements qu'elles portaient sur elles: un soldat, pressé de saisir des bracelets qu'une femme avait au bras, lui coupa le poignet.*"

These outrages continued several days, during which Mohammed-Ali shut himself up in the citadel.

Orders had been given for a similar massacre in all the provinces; the consequence of which was, that not only the Mamelukes were put to death, but all who had in any way incurred the displeasure of the Kiachefs throughout Egypt. The orders of Mohammed furnished an opportunity to those in power to gratify their antipathies, and satiate their vengeance on all whom they either feared or hated.

Many Mamelukes remained in Upper Egypt; of these, sixty-four were seized, and put to death by torch-light. The heads of the principal beys were sent to Constantinople. M. Mengin appears to have related the circumstances connected with the massacre of the beys without much disguise, and to have drawn a tolerably correct picture of the horrors with which it was attended. He has, however, made some observations intended to defend or palliate the conduct of Mohammed-Ali. and M. Jonard, in a long note, has done the same: however much these attempts may tend to gratify Mohammed, and reconcile him to the account of the massacre, they leave it as they found it, open to the execration of mankind.

"On some grounds, the destruction of the

who is pursued can attain the gate which conducts to the apartments of the women, and cries "*Fyad le Harym*" ("under the protection of the women"), they grant him his life.

* Grooms; these servants run before their masters, carrying a long staff in their hands, and attend to all the movements of the rider, whom they never quit, even in danger.

* Amongst the Mamelukes, when a man

Mamelukes, which however I am far from justifying, was beneficial to Egypt, where their presence was the cause of a struggle so detrimental to the country, and which it was the well known design of the Divan to have continually prolonged. The bold stroke which Mohammed-Ali had dared to make in order to execute the secret orders of the Porte, suddenly destroyed a power which it had partially weakened, and on these grounds the conduct of the pacha may be excused: on the other hand, his own safety required that he should have recourse to vigorous measures. Surrounded by undisciplined troops, obliged to remove a portion of his army which it was necessary to send into Arabia, he was forced to think of some means of enfeebling his enemies, whose influence was about to be increased. It is said that he knew of their project of destroying him on his return from Suez. Some of them did not even attempt to conceal the hatred which they bore him, and of the relation which he held with foreign powers.* A situation so critical, and appearances so hostile, would not allow the pacha to deliberate; the death of the Mamelukes was decided.†

"After Mohammed-Ali had ordered the death of Koursouf, the destruction of the Mamelukes was the end to which all his efforts were directed, and he proceeded with a prudence, fortitude, and address, which insured his success: having the skill to take advantage of every circumstance which chance might throw in his way, he knew how to make the most of their results, by the profound calculations of his genius. Calm, prudent, and active, it was not until after he had considered all the consequences of an action that he permitted it, taking care to point out to his friends the rocks which he should avoid. He was particularly attached to the Albanians, as he knew the Turks too well to place any confidence in men of so changeable a character. He sought to gain the support of Aboyn and Hassan-Pacha, and it is for the most part to the assistance of these two chiefs that he is indebted for supreme power, which no one will think of disputing with him."—Vol. i. p. 370.

Having destroyed the principal beys and Mamelukes, Mohammed-Ali found himself, says M. Mengin, absolute and peaceable master of Egypt. From this we might suppose that he governed in peace, and had no enemy who dared to disturb his repose. M. Mengin shows, on the contrary, that this was by no means his situation. Relieved, however, from the fears which the Mamelukes had never

ceased to inspire; he found himself in a condition to comply with the commands of the Porte, by organizing a considerable expedition against the Wahabees. He went himself to Suez, examined the place, and after storing up information respecting the advantages and disadvantages of marching troops by this route, he took his measures accordingly.

"Although, says M. Mengin, he had not the resources which are required for such an undertaking, Mohammed-Ali conceived the project of forming a marine on the Arabian gulf. From the ports of Turkey he caused wood for ship-building, anchors, and cordage to be transported to Boulay; where he assembled workmen. When the materials were prepared, he caused them to be carried on the backs of camels to the shores of Suez: the undertaking was long and difficult; it was necessary to place the articles of the greatest weight on the backs of two or four camels, which the conductors made to walk abreast: these animals were frequently overpowered with the burden; the road was covered with their dead bodies; but the vacancies were immediately filled by others furnished by the Arabs: there were nearly ten thousand camels employed in this undertaking. Eighteen ships were constructed and launched in the space of ten months, and so disposed as to convey troops, and to receive provisions and warlike stores."—Vol. i. p. 343.

His own troops, indulged as they had lately been, with the massacre of the Mamelukes, as well as of their personal enemies, and permitted, as they had been, to plunder with little discrimination of persons, might, and probably would, have become troublesome to him; and it was, therefore, the more necessary to find employment for them at a distance. This was effected by sending them to Arabia, against the Wahabees. Besides the employment of his troops, and the probable extinction of many licentious soldiers, who might have caused him uneasiness, and perhaps have assisted his enemies in Egypt, two other objects were to be obtained by this expedition: first, as this was a religious war, he was sure to obtain praise from all good Mussulmans, if not the character of a saint; and, secondly, the enterprise, when conjoined with the murder of the beys and Mamelukes, would certainly augment his favours at Constantinople, and increase the stability of his power in Egypt.

The sect of Wahabees, the reformers of the Mussulman faith, had existed for more than a century; they had possessed themselves of a considerable portion of Arabia, and had lately added to their conquests the three cities held most sacred by the Turks and their Mohammedan dependants. Their power was rapidly increasing. Not only were they extending their conquests in Arabia, but they even threatened Egypt. Their success was less owing to their military skill and courage, than to the distracted and enfeebled state of the government of Constantinople.

M. Mengin, after describing the origin and progress of the Wahabees, gives a minute account of Mohammed-Ali's preparations for the invasion of Arabia, and of the operations of the

* Lord North, with several Englishmen in his suite, was then at Cairo; he frequently saw the Beys, and particularly those of the house of Elfy. He one day made a visit of ceremony to Châhyn-Bey, on which he made him presents.

† Mohammed-Ali Pacha having heard that travellers had reproached him with the massacre of the Mamelukes, as an action contrary to the rights of man, said that he would have a painting made of that massacre, and of the death of the Duke D'Enghien, and that posterity should judge between them.

Egyptian army under the command of his son Toussoun-Pacha.

On the commencement of hostilities, the sheriff of Mecca, who had allied himself with the Wahabees, and who still held the posts of Jidda and Yambo, betrayed his allies, and assisted the Egyptians to invade the country. Under various pretences, he sent vessels to Suez, which Toussoun used as transports for his infantry, while his cavalry proceeded by land to Yambo, thence to Medina, and soon afterwards to Mecca. The account of his proceedings was principally collected from the Italian surgeons who accompanied the army. They are interesting, inasmuch as they add something to our knowledge of the manners of the people, and the geography of the country.

The war, as is usual among barbarians, was carried on with more ferocity and cruelty than courage. Ibrahim-Pacha, another son of Mohammed, who took the command of the troops towards the latter part of the war, is well known for the cruelty of his disposition. M. Mengin gives the following account of the conduct of this ferocious barbarian towards the inhabitants of Doramâ.

"On his arrival before Doramâ, Ibrahim encountered resistance. The inhabitants of the town killed many of the Turks in their power, amongst others an agâ, who had put to death two of his servants with the bastinado. But all defence was useless: the governor, Souhoud ben-Abdallah, was forced to retreat with his men to a large building, in order to secure his property, and obtain a capitulation: surrounded on all sides by Turkish troops, he abandoned the inhabitants to their discretion. The conqueror, irritated by an unexpected resistance, gave orders to his troops to put all to the sword, which was accordingly executed.

"After having dispersed some parties of the enemy, the Turks, greedy of plunder, entered the city, and proceeded to put in execution the orders of their chief with more activity than they had shown in the attack; they assaulted the inhabitants sword in hand; the firing was so incessant, that in less than two hours the greater part perished in their houses, and there only remained a few hundreds of women and children who had been spared by the pity of the soldiers. These unfortunate victims beheld before them the bodies of their fathers, their brothers, and husbands, scattered here and there in confusion; their last garments were torn off, and nothing was left them but to follow to the tomb the objects of their affections. Blood ran down the streets, which were filled with the dead; it was thus that Ibrahim punished the inhabitants of Doramâ for the resistance they had opposed to him.

"The governor, who had retired within his house with some faithful troops, had not yet been attacked; two cannons were mounted in order to make a breach; but Ibrahim, having discovered that this building contained some treasures, arms, and horses of great value, considered that, instead of destroying the last defenders of Doramâ, it would be more profitable to grant them their lives. He consented that the commandant and his men should march out of the city without arms or bag-

gage, and go to Derayeh, on promising for the future not to take part in the war.

"Content with having satisfied his vengeance, Ibrahim permitted the women and children to remain amidst the ruins of their town, after having been the victims of the brutality of the soldiers."—Vol. i. p. 116.

The conduct of the Wahabee chief, Abdallah, was alike treacherous to Turks and Arabs. Had he maintained the high character which his father had acquired, the efforts made by Mohammed-Ali would not only have failed in their object, but would probably have terminated in the extension of the dominions of the Wahabees over the Pachaics of Bassora, Syria, and probably Egypt. The treachery and avarice of Abdallah excited general odium, and raised up secret enemies in all parts of Arabia. Mohammed-Ali, who was duly informed of what passed in Arabia, and who understood the art of intrigue quite as well as that of war, took the necessary means to detach as many as possible of the Arab chiefs and their followers from the Wahabees, and even prevailed upon some of the tribes to join his standard. A judicious distribution of bribes and promises procured him information from all quarters, and greatly facilitated the operations of the Egyptian forces; yet, notwithstanding these advantages, and the prodigious efforts made by Mohammed-Ali, the war which had continued seven years, was only ended by the destruction of Derayeh, the capital of the Wahabees.

The Turkish forces suffered great privations, and their losses were very considerable. In the second year of the war they had already lost eight thousand soldiers, twenty thousand followers, principally felhas from Egypt, and upwards of eight thousand horses and beasts of burden.

Mohammed-Ali himself visited Arabia, and remained a short time at Mecca; here the ske-

* As a contrast to the conduct of these barbarians, and to mark the comparative humanity consequent on superior civilization, we here quote, with much satisfaction, a passage from the despatch of Major Warren on the surrender to the forces under the command of Sir William Grant Kier, of the fort and town of Zyah, one of the strong holds of the pirates in connexion with the Wahabees on the Persian Gulf.

Being prepared to batter the fort in breach, Major Warren says, "Aware that the females of the enemy were still in the town, and humanity dictating that some effort should be made to save the innocent from the fate of the guilty, an opportunity was given for that purpose, by an offer to the garrison of security to their women and children, should they be sent out within an hour." No attention was paid to this offer, and the garrison being soon afterwards compelled to surrender at discretion, were sent prisoners on board the fleet. Major Warren adds, "The women and children, to the number of four hundred, were, at the same time, collected together in a place of security, and I am happy to add, without a single instance of either insult or injury to their persons or feelings having occurred."

"Major Warren's Report, Dec. 23, 1819."

riff Ghaleb, who had been actively instrumental in promoting the success of his arms, was loaded with presents and promises; but before Mohammed quitted the place, he caused him to be seized, confiscated his large estates to his own use, and sent him prisoner to Cairo, where he shortly after died.

On the surrender of Derayah, the villages which composed it were totally destroyed, the date trees, which afforded the principal part of the sustenance of the people, were all cut down; the whole territory was wasted and made as desolate as Ibrahim's means permitted. The famine and pestilence which ensued upon it swept the people off in great numbers.

The infatuation of the Mohammedan chieftains appears very extraordinary. Knowing each other as well as they do, always being on the watch to circumvent and destroy each other as they constantly are, and considering, as they do, all means as fair for the accomplishment of their purposes, they nevertheless place themselves in the power of one another, even when it seems impossible for them not to know that it is at the greatest danger to their lives. Mohammed-Ali was constantly prevailing upon men, whose sagacity in other respects is unquestionable, to place themselves within his reach; and notwithstanding every man he either disliked or feared was butchered the moment he got him into his power, others from time to time continued voluntarily to sacrifice their lives by a blind confidence in his promises.

Abdallah had removed most of his family from Derayah, and might have escaped with the remainder before the place was given up; instead, however, of doing so, he surrendered himself to Ibrahim, and went into Egypt. He and his followers were received at Cairo by Mohammed-Ali with marked respect. Mohammed, however, sent him to Constantinople, where, having been exhibited to the people, he and two chiefs who accompanied him were beheaded.

The subversion of the Wahabees has been so complete, that it is not likely they will ever again appear in any considerable number.

The country of Negdid, of which Derayah was the capital, is of vast extent, lying between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. According to M. Mengin, it contained 280,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the Bedouin Arabs, whose number is stated to be 187,400. M. Mengin has collected a great deal of curious information respecting the culture and fertility of the soil, its commerce, money, weights and measures, as well as of the habits and manners of the people, the number of soldiers, and their modes of warfare. His information leads him to conclude, that the rations of one European soldier would suffice for six Arabs. From the small quantity of sustenance they require, and from their mode of warfare, they can keep the field a long time; and it is chiefly their paucity of wants which renders them formidable to an invading enemy, where difficulties always increase with his distance from the places whence he must draw his supplies.

Mohammed-Ali was the only Turkish chief who could have effected the conquest of the Wahabees. No force which the Porte could

have brought against them would have been able to subdue them; Mohammed-Ali knew this, and, instead of following the Turkish mode of warfare, he assimilated his arrangements, as nearly as circumstances would permit, to those of the more civilized nations of Europe. This enabled him to supply the army with provisions and military stores, and from time to time to repair the losses sustained in men and animals.

The war being carried on upon this footing, the allies of the Wahabees fell off as their difficulties increased. It is probable that the plunder which the Arabs obtained while the Wahabees were successful was a stronger inducement to them to fight under their standard, than any attachment they felt for the creed of the reformers; and when the means of rewarding them changed hands, they changed sides, and went over to the Turks.

The tenets of the Wahabees were, in some respects, more pure than those of the Turks, but they were more inimical to the formation of foreign alliances, and consequently to the progress of civilization. Besides plundering the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, as well as other places of less note, the Wahabees assisted the pirates on the coast of Arabia, and in the Persian Gulf. This induced the governor of Bombay to send an expedition against their principal station at El Thatyf (Masul Inheima) under the command of Sir William Grant Kier, and to co-operate with Ibrahim-Bey, for their destruction. The English commander, on his arrival on the coast, was surprised to find that Ibrahim had left Derayah, and was making towards Medina. He despatched Captain Sadler after him, in the hope of inducing him to return and assist in exterminating the pirates along the coast. Captain Sadler overtook Ibrahim at Byr Aby, but he refused to return, or to enter into any treaty without the approbation of his father. Captain Sadler, therefore, proceeded with him to Medina, and there awaited the return of a messenger sent to Cairo. Mohammed-Ali declined the offers made by captain Sadler, who, thereupon, returned to Bombay. Captain Sadler is the only European who has ever crossed the peninsula of Arabia. An account of his route was published in the Bombay Transactions.

The return of Ibrahim to Cairo was celebrated with great pomp. He had subdued the enemies of the true faith, who had persevered for a century in their attempts to subvert it; he had achieved most glorious victories; the enthusiasm of the soldiers and the people was raised to the highest pitch, and the power of Mohammed-Ali received a great accession. Notwithstanding, however, that the turbulent and ill-organized soldiery had been to a considerable extent got rid of in Arabia, and a large portion of his present army having been raised since the massacre of the beys, was more likely to be devoted to his commands, and more effective against his enemies; the army was still a licentious and ill-conditioned body, little accustomed to subordination, for which Mohammed thought it necessary that employment should be found at a distance from the capital.

Some of the beys, and a considerable num-

ber of Mamelukes, had taken refuge in Upper Egypt, and Mohammed-Ali thinking his purpose was but partially accomplished while any power independent of his will remained within his dominions, directed his attention to that quarter. According to M. Mengin, he had other potent reasons for sending forces to Upper Egypt.

"After the submission of the country of Neeljet, Mohammed-Ali formed the idea of carrying his arms into the interior of Africa. At the same time that he felt the necessity of expelling from Cairo an insubordinate soldiery, he hoped to induce a population of negroes to fill up the void caused amongst the inhabitants of Egypt. It was therefore determined that the upper and lower Nubia, and the kingdom of Sennaar should be conquered. Three thousand boats loaded with powder, shot, baggage, and field stores, were assembled in the port of old Cairo; a sufficient number of camels and dromedaries were provided for the passage across the desert at Esné, and a reconnoitering party of 500 cavalry under the orders of the Dettendar, Mohammed-Bey, was sent as far as the frontiers of the province of Dongalah. The Mamelukes, encamped in the neighbourhood, having ascertained the march of these forces, and the preparations for the expedition, retreated to a greater distance.—Twenty-five of them came to Cairo to implore the clemency of the viceroy. The son of Ali-Bey Tayoumy also came to request protection for his father. The pacha replied that he would grant it to all except Mohammed-Bey, Maufoukh, and Abellerrahman-Bey. When Ali-Bey would have returned to Egypt, the other Mamelukes, his companions in misfortune, combined against and killed him; his death caused the greatest grief to his family."—Vol. ii. p. 194.

This expedition was put under the command of Ishmael, Mohammed-Ali's youngest son, who set out from Cairo in the summer of 1820.

The facilities afforded by the Nile, made the conquest of Upper Egypt a far less arduous undertaking than the extirpation of the Wahabees. M. Mengin has described the proceedings under Ishmael with great minuteness, and apparently with much candour. The different chiefs, on the approach of Ishmael's army, made demonstrations of an intention to resist, but they generally submitted on the first defeat; this, however, availed them little: the country was ravaged, the inhabitants seized, and sent as slaves into Lower Egypt. Such was the treatment of these unfortunate people, that the greater part of them perished on the journey.

M. Mengin informs us, that the kingdom of Sennaar was in a flourishing state, when invaded by the troops under Ishmael; industry was encouraged, cultivation was extending, and great ameliorations were gradually taking place on its conquest by Ishmael. "Population, the first riches of a state, is the foundation of its existence; under the pretext of furnishing soldiers to Egypt, whole families were taken away; the father would follow his son, the women their husbands, and the children their mother. These unfortunate people were

conducted to Syéna, where the soldiers tore them with violence from their relatives, and put them into a barrack, to be instructed in the art of war. The women of all ages, and the children, were conducted to Thaire, to be sold at a low price, as their number diminished their value."—Vol. ii. p. 226.

We are then told, that the attention of Mohammed was continually occupied by the project which he had conceived, of extending his conquests into the interior of Africa. Not contented with the conquest of Nubia and Sennaar, he caused a large body of troops to invade Kerdosan, which, after some fighting, was taken possession of by the Egyptians. "The inhabitants of Kerdosan were treated in the same manner as those of Sennaar; the troops sent in excursions amongst the mountains dragged away the unfortunate people, who were forced to abandon their cottages. In the last caravan sent from Kerdosan, in the month of May, there were two thousand slaves of both sexes. Six hundred arrived at Syéna. They had the appearance of spectres rather than of human beings. Mothers and children, overcome with weakness and want, fell on the sand, and terminated their sufferings in death."—Vol. ii. p. 228.

The cruelty with which the war was carried on, and an insult given to one of the chiefs by Ishmael, who struck him, because he did not furnish slaves, after he had declared his district was depopulated, and he had no longer the means of complying with the demand, caused this chief to resolve on taking vengeance upon Ishmael. He concealed his resentment, until at length an opportunity offered itself of taking vengeance. Ishmael with about forty of his attendants, were surprised in a village, while asleep: the village was burnt, and Ishmael and his attendants were all put to death. Having thus gratified his resentment, the chief fled with his followers to Abyssinia, and escaped.

Nubia, Sennaar, and Kerdosan, have, however, remained under the domination of Mohammed-Ali, who has a considerable force in each of these countries, the whole consisting of about 3500 felhas, and as many Turks.

This force had been found sufficient to keep these countries in subjection. Indeed, from the great number of people who were seized, and sent to Egypt as slaves, these provinces have become almost a desert.

The valley of the Nile, from the first cataract at Syéna to Dongola, is a mere strip of cultivable land, in some places affording to the husbandman only a few feet in width, along the banks of the river, on the alluvial left bare during its decrease. In Kerdosan and Sennaar, there are periodical rains, which promote vegetation; but the showers are not in sufficient quantities to form contributory streams to the Nile.

Two German travellers from Frankfort, Kuppel and Haye, ascended both the branches of the Nile, to about N. lat. 12 deg., and having with them proper instruments made many observations, since published by Baron de Zach, at Genoa. It appears, from the accounts of these travellers, that the eastern branch of the Nile, the White River, is a sluggish lake, or

morass, the water of which rises at a particular season, but much later than that of the Abyssinian branch.

Travellers from Europe have now no chance of being able to penetrate into Abyssinia from the countries occupied by Mohammed-Ali, whom the people suspect of an intention to invade and subjugate their country: and after what they have seen of his conduct in respect to Sennaar and Kerdosan, they are perfectly justified in prohibiting any one whom they suppose to be in favour with their inexorable enemy from entering their territory. The people of Darfour are, at least, equally careful with those of Abyssinia, in preventing all communication with the subjects of Mohammed-Ali, and with all who can be supposed to be under his influence. The governor of Darfour seized, and detained as prisoners, an ambassador and his suite, sent by Mohammed, with presents, and offers of friendship.

A desert of six days' journey separates Kerdosan from Darfour; but it is not at all improbable that the pacha will some day push his troops across this desert and invade Darfour, where it is reported two beys and some Mamelukes have found an asylum. The conquest of Darfour by Mohammed, would enable us to increase our knowledge of the interior of northern Africa; and whatever effect it might have on the people of that country, it seems impossible, according to M. Mengin, that it can be injurious to those of the neighbouring districts.

"Every year the king sends troops to carry war into distant countries, in order to procure slaves: in these excursions the soldiers have a right to a part of the captives. Their expeditions extend into the country of Mon-Befeg, Châl el Hofrah-Dang-Feroukah, Thâr, Youe, El Nabeh, and Monoud; these species of oasis bear the generic name of El Fartyn. The people who inhabit them, placed in the midst of deserts, at a greater or less distance, have no means of defence against their rapacious aggressors, who reduce them to slavery. They have neither religion nor form of government. They sometimes carry on war amongst themselves: the strongest party makes slaves of the others, and exchanges them to the merchants of Darfour, for provisions or articles of commerce."—Vol. ii. p. 232.

We have mentioned that the success of the war in Nubia, Sennaar, and Kerdosan enabled Ishmael to send a great number of slaves to Egypt. With these was commenced the formation of an army, drilled and organized according to European discipline. The officers were chosen from among the Mamelukes and Turks. By Mamelukes, must not here be understood the remains of the soldiery of that name who had long governed Egypt, but Georgians, and other foreign slaves purchased by the Turkish chiefs, and brought up in their households. It was necessary to commence the formation of the new army, by drilling the officers, and this duty was performed by colonel Sève, formerly an officer in the French service, and aid-de-camp to general Birc, during the war in the peninsula. Mohammed-Ali found in Sève, a man well adapted to overcome the prejudices entertained by the people

against this innovation. The change was first visible in the conduct of the officers, who, as they became acquainted with the rudiments of European tactics, began to take an interest in the instruction they received, and cheerfully imparted it to the privates.

Mohammed-Bey, a man of talents, a faithful adherent of the pacha, enjoying his confidence, and possessing considerable influence, commanded the camp, which was at first placed at Assuan, but as the newly-introduced discipline succeeded, was gradually brought nearer to Cairo. The experiment having so far been successful, and no doubt being entertained of the possibility of its general introduction, a conscription was made of the felhas, or peasantry settled in the villages along the banks of the Nile, a race of men distinguished from the roving Bedouins by their quiet submission to whomsoever governed the country. These conscripts were mixed with Nubians and others brought from the south, who proved equally obedient and tractable. This was in a great measure owing to their being well paid and regularly rationed. The pay of both officers and men is, when the comparative cheapness of provisions and the abstemious habits of the people are considered, much higher than that of soldiers of similar grades in European armies.

As the number of troops augmented, more officers were required for the purpose of instructing them. These were procured by the French consul-general Drovette, to whom is ascribed the merit of first having suggested to the pacha the utility of forming his army, as much as possible, on the European model. As these officers, however, are Christians, they are not permitted to hold a direct command over Mussulmans; but are called instructing officers. They are attached to different corps of the army, which they accompany in war. Their duty is somewhat analogous to that of adjutants in a European army.

Their number does not exceed thirty, mostly French and Piedmontese, who served under Buonaparte; few of them have either been well educated, or attained any considerable rank in the army; some of them had previously been in the service of the Greeks.

Mohammed has also in his service about an equal number of French and Italian physicians and surgeons: some of them are able men, but by far the greater part are mere adventurers, who have not been regularly brought up to the professions they follow.

About a year after the introduction of the new discipline, colonel Sève embraced the Mohammedan faith, and obtained the rank of bey, with the command of a division of the army. Mohammed-Ali holds out no encouragement to others to follow his example. They are useful to him in their present employment, and he fears to intrust a number of Franks with the command of any considerable portion of his troops.

The troops thus disciplined amount to about 30,000. As soon as the conscripts and slaves are formed into battalions, they are sent off to the army. About 4000 are stationed in Arabia, and as many more in Nubia, Sennaar, and Kerdosan. The number sent to Greece may

amount to 20,000, half of whom have been destroyed by change of climate, and by the operations of the war. The disciplined troops are always united with a Turkish force, and the cavalry and artillery are entirely Turkish.

After all, these disciplined forces are but a very clumsy imitation of European soldiers. As a regularly-disciplined army, they would be a disgrace to more civilized nations; they are dirty and slovenly in their persons, awkward in the drill, as well as in their manoeuvres and the use of their arms. It is not possible that Turks who have had no education, and who are generally unable either to read or write, can, in a short time, be made good officers. Many are appointed to command who have no knowledge whatever of the duties they ought to perform. Boys from the Harem, and favourite slaves of the chiefs, are sometimes made captains and field-officers. So long as this mode of supplying officers continues, it is impossible for the army to become efficient; but every advance, however small, has a tendency towards subordination and improved discipline, and is, therefore, of importance to the viceroy. The increased unity of the military force as a whole, and the regular supply of rations to the men, enable the commanders to direct their operations more steadily than heretofore, and this has rendered the army sent to the Morea more formidable than it would otherwise have been.

Mohammed's army in Greece is, at present, principally composed of felhas: the small-pox, change of climate and diet, and the chances of war, have caused the death of a large portion of the Nubians, and others brought from the south.

The felhas are of a dark brown complexion, approaching the copper colour; they are stout, well-formed, active men, lively and hardy, all excellent qualities in soldiers; add to which, that the subjection in which they have been brought up, renders them obedient and submissive to the discipline, such as it is, of the pacha's army. As might be expected, the non-commissioned officers have but little influence over the men. When roused to make a show of insurrection against their oppressors, their courage has always been estimated very low, and it will probably be found, should they ever be opposed to a regularly-disciplined army, that it has not yet been very much elevated.

Mohammed appears to be aware of the defectiveness of his officers, and, willing to adopt any means of remedying the evil, short of the employment of Franks in the direct command of his troops. He has lately taken the French general Boyer into his service, and has given him a salary of two thousand pounds a year. General Boyer has two or three intelligent French officers with him, by whose means it is intended to organize a general staff for the army. A Turk, whose recommendation was a knowledge of the French language, has been placed at the head of the staff, and is the medium through which all orders are transmitted to the Turks. The formation of an efficient staff will not be so readily accomplished as was the drilling of the men; and it is not easy to conceive how, with the best arrangement likely to be formed in this respect, troops in the field

can be manœuvred, unless the instructing officers who may be with the army perform the duties of field-officers.

The camp is still under the command of Mohammed-Bey; it is now placed about four leagues below Cairo, on the borders of the desert, and generally contains from eight thousand to ten thousand men. From this camp, detachments are sent to the various armies of Mohammed, as they are required. The camp occupies a large space, and is laid out in streets. One of the exercises of the troops, while in camp, is throwing up field-works. They appear satisfied with their condition, and perform their duties cheerfully; but Mohammed-Ali is not satisfied with appearances; he knows the character of the people, and takes care not to give them any opportunities for desertion. Besides the usual guards round the camp, which are supplied from the camp itself, Bedouins are stationed in an outer line, and these active Arabs render all chance of escape nearly hopeless.

The success of Mohammed-Ali in organizing an army has led him to adopt measures for forming a navy; he has stationed a few French naval officers on board a guard-ship in the harbour of Alexandria, for the instruction of conscripts taken from the boatmen of the Nile. Besides the instruction they receive on board the guard-ship, they have a small vessel, in which they occasionally sail, but none of them have as yet, we believe, been sent to sea.

Mohammed's navy consists of about thirty vessels, ten of which are frigates, manned from the shores of the southern and eastern coasts of the Mediterranean sea, with a few Greeks and Franks, the latter mostly French and Italians. The vessels are badly manned, and dare not face the Greeks. As they are not in a condition to convey the troops to the Morea, this expedition could not have taken place, but for the cupidity of Europeans of all nations, who, eager to charter their vessels at a high rate, agreed to carry the Egyptian troops across the Mediterranean. These vessels sail with simulated papers for Trieste, Zante, and other places, which enables them to run into the Morea. The British permit the right of search by the Greek vessels of war; but both the French and Austrians refuse to do so, and resist it.

Mohammed-Ali receives military stores directly from France, under the management of General Lévron, who has been for some years constantly employed in this service. General Boyer had, it is understood, permission from his government to accept the rank of Bey from Mohammed-Ali, and necessarily became, at least during the time of his actual service, a Mohammedan. The French government, however, affects neutrality, and shows its impartiality, by permitting French officers to remain in the service of the Greeks: Colonel Fabrier and a few others are still in the Morea.

This policy has, no doubt, its advantages; for although the number of French officers actually employed by the belligerents is small, and the jealousy of the pacha of Egypt prevents their being placed in situations in which they may attain any direct command over the troops, the prospect, nevertheless, allures many

dissatisfied and unemployed officers, buoys them up with hope, and leads them to expect employment abroad, which they cannot find at home. By these appointments, the French officers acquire a knowledge of the languages of the people, among whom they reside; they become familiar with their manners and customs, and acquainted with the geography of the country. In Egypt they have made friends of many of the Arab chiefs, over whom they possess an indirect influence, which, if (as is by no means unlikely) the French government look forward to a future invasion of the country, will be highly useful. The policy most likely to be pursued by that government will be that of placing able men in these countries, and especially in Egypt; and this will be done so cautiously as either wholly to avoid awakening the further suspicion of the pacha, or if that cannot be avoided, to excite it as little as may be consistent with their views. It is from Frenchmen and Italians who have been, or are still employed in Egypt, Nubia, Sennaar, Kerdosan, and Arabia, that M. Mengin has collected most of the statements his book contains respecting these countries; which, however full they may appear to be, do not probably contain the whole of the information he has collected and transmitted to his government.

The formation of a disciplined army in Egypt, and the comparative efficacy to which it has been brought, with the probable chance of further improvement, are very surprising facts; they have excited considerable attention in most of the countries of Europe, which is now increased by the evident intention of the divan at Constantinople, to reform the Turkish army upon the plan adopted by Mohammed-Ali. For this purpose the French instructing officers, by whose means his army has been disciplined, have been sent to Constantinople. The circumstances which enabled Mohammed-Ali to carry his project into effect have been explained. Attempts had frequently been made at former periods to remodel the Egyptian armies, but they never succeeded; on the contrary, they had generally proved fatal to the innovator, and had nearly proved so to Mohammed-Ali himself.

"It had long been the intention of Mohammed-Ali, to adopt the European dress and military discipline in his army; as he was aware that tactics make up for the want of number, he manifested his intention on his return from Arabia. After some preparatory exhortations, he went to Boulôg, to review the army of his son Ismayl. Having made the troops perform several evolutions, he declared that he would introduce amongst them the nizâm godid, and that those who refused to obey the orders which should be given, should be punished, and expelled: having thus so positively declared his will, he proceeded to Chabrá; the troops began to murmur; seditious spirits raised the flame of revolt, and several chiefs, in concert with their troops, formed the project of overturning the power of the viceroy."

—Vol. ii. p. 49.

This was immediately followed by an insurrection, which continued three days; during which, Mohammed shut himself up in the cita-

del. Much mischief was done, and many lives were lost. It required all Mohammed's experience and tact to appease this revolt. By a suspension of the obnoxious orders, payment from his treasury to those who had been plundered of goods, largesses to some of the troops, and judicious appointments to office of several influential persons of opposite sentiments, Mohammed at length succeeded in restoring confidence.

Mohammed was not however deterred from his purpose by these untoward circumstances. Selecting the privates in the manner already stated, and appointing the officers, in the first instance, from the Mamelukes of Cairo, who had been accustomed to implicit obedience, he avoided giving offence to the Turks; and by forming his camp at a great distance from his court, and from the rest of his forces, he succeeded in carrying his new measures into effect. He never again attempted to introduce the new discipline among his Turkish and Albanian troops; and it may be a question, how far he would benefit himself, were he even successful in such an attempt. His disciplined Arabs and Negroes are sufficiently numerous to keep the main body of his armies in a state of organization, while his Turks and Albanians are useful corps of irregulars, each man being accustomed to act for himself, and rely on his own resources. The imperfect discipline to which these troops could be brought, in the absence, too, of officers possessed of intelligence to command them in those critical circumstances which frequently occur in an engagement, would not compensate for the loss of the qualifications which they at present possess. The sultan will probably not attempt to introduce the new discipline amongst his old troops, but will put it in practice among recruits brought from the Asiatic provinces.

A continued accumulation of abuses has deteriorated the Turkish army to such an extent, that to apply the term soldiers to the ill-appointed followers of Boulouck Bashi, with arms often nearly unserviceable, is absurd. The Turkish government have for some years past been satisfied that their troops are very inferior to those of the other nations of Europe, and that the bravery which in former wars almost compensated for organization and discipline, no longer remains.

During the late disturbances in Moldavia, and Wallachia which induced the Russian autocrat to withdraw his ambassador from Constantinople, and led to an expectation of immediate war, a sensation was felt in that capital similar to what might have been expected had the Russians conquered these principalities, and arrived victoriously within a short distance of the metropolis. Thirty years ago such a dispute would have been much more likely to have produced sentiments of contempt than of fear. Still the Ottoman empire in Europe would not, even now, fall without a desperate struggle, and a victorious army would find Constantinople a heap of ashes.

The consequences likely to result from the attempt now making to renovate the strength and revive the courage of the Turkish soldiers cannot at present be foreseen: it will require great circumspection and address to enable the

sultan to carry it into effect to any considerable extent, and it will scarcely succeed at last, unless some arrangement is made by which foreigners can be employed in the direct command of the men, not only as superior, but even as non-commissioned, officers; and this is not likely to take place.

Sultan Mohammed does not seem to have been a favourite with the Janissaries at any time; but as they had no one of his family to put in his place, they permitted him to remain in power when they might have deposed him. Whilst his son lived, they used frequently to call for him, and insist upon seeing him. His early death led them to suspect that the sultan had himself been accessory to that catastrophe.

From the immediate call for the instructing officers of the Egyptian army, and the ready compliance of Mohammed-Ali, before he had replaced them, it may be inferred, that he was an accessory by his intrigues to the destruction of the Janissaries. By means of these officers, Mohammed-Ali will obtain considerable influence over the newly-raised corps, of which, should circumstances permit, he will not fail to take advantage.

Much has been said and written on the terrible consequences which it is supposed would follow the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians; these are nothing less than the subjugation of Asia Minor, Persia, and the peninsula of India. These apprehensions seem to us altogether visionary. Had Constantinople been in the possession of the Russians at the death of the emperor Alexander, the Russian empire would have been split in two; Constantinople would have governed in the east, Nicholas in the west; and such a division of territory could not fail to follow the possession of Constantinople. Two capitals such as Petersburg and Constantinople could not long co-exist as parts of the same empire, and neither the one nor the other could be abandoned. A new state, probably two or more states, would be established in Europe on the ruins of the Ottoman power; and as these would be in the hands of a more enlightened people than the Turks can be expected to be, civilization would take place of barbarism, and humanity be a gainer by the change.

Alliances would be formed between the other powers of Europe and the governors of Petersburg and Constantinople; it would soon be discovered that countries so differently situated, and so differently circumstanced, had separate interests to attend to, and instead of making common cause as one nation, the two powers would be as distinct as any two nations in Europe now are. It may be fairly predicted, that the civilized world will be benefited to a great extent, when Turkey in Europe shall, as it must some day, be occupied and governed by people who are not Mohammedans.

To return to the present situation of Egypt:

The inundation of the Nile having fallen short of the usual height in two successive years—1824 and 1825, the price of provisions has more than doubled, and has been the consequence of much misery among the felhas. This has in many cases been increased by the severe conscription which took from many families their only support, and reduced the num-

ber of labourers necessary under such circumstances to raise water for irrigating the land.

The polygamy which is permitted would, however, under circumstances which left the felhas tolerably at their ease, soon enable them to replace the inhabitants, of which the proceedings of Mohammed have deprived the country. He will probably yet see the necessity of ameliorating the condition of the people, as a step towards his own greatness, the perpetuation of the measures he has introduced, and the general advantage of the country. Certain it is, that hitherto they have not upon the whole been benefited by the government of Mohammed-Ali.

The felha is, it is true, protected from the predatory excursions of the Bedouin Arab, and from the extortions of the followers of the different chiefs who, during the domination of the Mamelukes, were constantly contending for superiority, and to whose rapacity the people frequently became a prey. In these contentions, however, the sheiks generally took part with the people; whose energies were thus called forth and who were led to consider themselves as of some consequence. At present they are depressed to the lowest possible state of wretchedness, have lost all confidence in themselves, and have less left to them by the arrangements of Mohammed than was left to them by the Mamelukes and predatory Arabs.

The Pacha does not trust to his new troops for either garrison duties or the protection of the country. The beys and kachefs, who command in the districts, require a certain number of troops, for guards and police duties, and these are wholly composed of Turks. The number thus employed in Lower Egypt is about nine thousand men.

In the Spring of 1824 a considerable insurrection took place in Upper Egypt. It was produced by the intolerable oppression and cruelty practised towards the people, the enormously heavy taxes, and the burden of the conscription. The insurgents got possession of the country from Ghenneh to Assuan, and kept it for several weeks, until a force of several thousand Turks, two thousand of whom were cavalry, was collected in Lower Egypt, and sent against them. The insurrection was soon suppressed, and its suppression was followed by the cruelties usually practised on such occasions. Such was the severity of the punishments inflicted that, however miserable the people may be, another insurrection will hardly be attempted.

The greatest danger to the Pacha on this occasion, and that which he chiefly feared, was the desertion of the felhas from his camp, at that time near Kanfaclant, in which there was about sixteen thousand men. Had the insurgents marched at once upon this camp the half-drilled felhas who composed it, dissatisfied as they were with the intention of sending them to the Morea, would have joined them in a body, and the government of Mohammed-Ali might have been overturned. The Pacha concealed his alarm, and affecting to place confidence in the soldiers in the camp, despatched part of them to meet the insurgents, but the

Turkish troops were always kept in advance and had the charge of all the outposts.

The slight sketch which our limits have permitted us to make of the wars which Mohammed-Ali has maintained, will enable the reader to form some notion of the immense resources he has drawn from Egypt. The most remarkable circumstance is, however, his having carried on, during the same period, several great public works, at an enormous expense; his having also established extensive manufactories, and produced articles of commerce to a great amount; and his having effected most of these things in opposition to the prejudices not only of the people, but of those who guided and governed them. What makes all this the more remarkable is, the extraordinary fact, that not only was there no such thing as a manufactory of any sort in the country when Mohammed-Ali was appointed to the office of Pacha, but that there was not, throughout the whole country, either of those common and simple contrivances, a pump or a crane. At present, all the usual machinery for facilitating commerce and carrying on manufactures is to be found in Egypt.

Considerable difficulty was at first experienced in procuring machinery, its exportation from England being prohibited by impolitic laws, which have not even yet been repealed. Mohammed was, therefore, obliged to resort to France for the machinery he could not obtain from England. It turned out, however, that French machinery did not, in several cases, answer his purpose, and that the French engineers employed about the machinery were exceedingly deficient in knowledge: the works then in progress were consequently retarded. Within the last three years, the difficulty of procuring machinery from England has in a great measure been removed. The laws which forbade the emigration of artisans have been repealed; those which prohibit the exportation of machinery will not, probably, remain much longer in the Statute-book. In the mean time, the execution of those laws has been suspended, as occasion required, in respect to Egypt; since which large quantities of machinery have been sent from this country, and orders for still larger quantities are now executing. Luckily for the Pacha, he found in a young man, the son of an engineer in London, a rare combination of talent, knowledge, and indefatigable industry. To him the services of this gentleman have been, and still are, invaluable. Under his direction most of the machinery, in the several works and factories for civil purposes, has been put in motion.

Mohammed Pacha has established a manufactory, in which the ordinary, and, in some cases, extraordinary machinery has been constructed: for instance, wrought-iron screws, eighteen feet long and nine inches in diameter, for cotton-presses, have been made there.

He has several sawing-mills and rolling-mills for gold, silver, and copper, coining-presses, packing-presses of all sorts, steam-engines, paper-manufacturing machinery, a type-foundry, and printing establishment, smitheries, powerful turning-lathes, and other necessary and important tools and implements.

We cannot accurately state the precise num-

ber or extent of the cotton manufactories in Egypt; but we have been credibly informed that last year no less than ten manufactories were completed, each containing from 2,500 to 3,000 spindles, and that fifteen others are in a state of forwardness.

Power-looms have been introduced, and orders for a very large number of these machines are now in progress in this country.

Cotton-printing has been carried to a considerable extent.

These factories have been set up in most of the principal towns, such as Miniet, Siout, Benesouf, and others. The buildings are large and commodious, and in some of them at Cairo the manufacture is carried through all its several stages, from the raw cotton to the printing, glazing, and packing.

There are shearing and dressing machines for woollen cloth, husking and cleaning machines for coffee and cotton wool, and many other equally useful contrivances.

The moving power of the machinery is the labour of animals. This, as fuel is scarce and dear, while forage is in great plenty, is by far the cheapest. It is not possible to employ water-power, since, except at the cataracts in Upper Egypt, the fall of the Nile is not sufficient to permit the use of water-wheels.

Each establishment is under the immediate direction of a Frank, who acts as overseer, having in most cases several other Europeans under him, to superintend the particular processes going on.

In these pursuits, as indeed in every thing else in which the Pacha can personally interfere, he is active, punctual, and indefatigable. It is by no means unusual to find him with his watch in his hand before five or six in the morning, at one of the works going on, timing the workmen, and calling those to account who come late.

In the arsenal which Mohammed-Ali has constructed at Cairo, cannon have been cast and bored. As, however, he has since employed the French general, Lévron, to procure cannon from France, he has probably found that he cannot manufacture them in sufficient quantity to supply his wants, or that he can purchase them cheaper than he can make them. About two hundred Frenchmen and Italians are employed in manufacturing muskets and small arms.

Mohammed has also constructed in Cairo a nitre manufactory. Nitre is found in large quantities in the rubbish of the ruins in Upper Egypt. In this rubbish it may be distinguished by the taste. It is sent down the Nile in a crude state to Cairo, where it is refined by the process of evaporation. This manufacture and the gunpowder-mills with which it is connected, are conducted by an Italian, who was formerly employed in the French powder-mills at Milan. The powder is not of good quality; the defect is supposed to be occasioned by the badness of the charcoal, which is brought from the Red Sea.

A palace at Cairo, of great magnitude is now building for the Pacha.

The greatest public work which the Pacha found means to accomplish, is the canal from the Nile to Alexandria, opening a communica-

tion with that place, without the danger which vessels incur in crossing the bar of the Rosetta mouth of the river, in going seaward to Alexandria. The canal was executed under the direction of Turkish officers; its tortuous course has made it unnecessarily long. It is about fifty miles in extent, on nearly a dead level, without locks or gates at either end. It does not communicate with the sea at Alexandria, so as to admit boats to pass into it; there are merely sluices to permit the escape of the redundant water. No care has been taken, in the line of its approach to Alexandria, either to improve the appearance of the place, or to render it more defensible, both of which objects might, to a considerable extent, have been effected.

Ishmael-Pacha was the chief director of the work, and the oppression and cruelty with which he carried it on, is related by M. Mengin, without a single word in reprobation of the atrocity.

"From the beginning these difficulties might have been avoided, if the Turkish engineer, charged with the execution, had not commenced the enterprise without having previously practised the rules of the art. No preparations were made; a party of felhas were sent from Lower Egypt to the spot, without having the implements necessary to commence such a work, or having formed magazines of provisions for their subsistence. A great number of these wretched men perished, as well from want of water and provisions, as from ill treatment and the excessive fatigue to which they were unaccustomed. The soldiers placed as guards over them, allowed them no respite, but forced them to work from day-break till late at night; they were obliged to dig the earth with their hands, and to remain in the water, which oozed from every part. In the space of two months, nearly twelve thousand of them perished. The sands covered their remains."—Vol. ii. p. 333.

The number of men employed is stated in a table constructed by M. Mengin, at 313,000.

This canal did not fully answer the purpose for which it was constructed until lately: it was only near the time of the inundation, that the djennes employed in the navigation of the river had sufficient water at its entrance from the Nile, which was every year choked up by the soil deposited during the inundation.

This might have been avoided, and the canal kept open at all necessary times, had a good line been taken, the junction with the river made at another place, and proper gates put up to command the entrance during the inundation.

The attention of the Pacha having been drawn to the defective state of the canal, he attempted to provide a remedy, not by turning its course, but by means of two powerful dredging machines, driven by steam-engines, each capable of lifting sixty tons an hour.—These were constructed in London, and sent to Egypt. At first, they were used to remove the silt left by the inundation at the mouth of the canal, and afterwards to deepen it: each machine is attended by twenty-four barges, carrying from twenty to twenty-five tons each, and employing two hundred and fifty felhas.

Djennes can now enter the canal at all times, except for a short period, when the Nile is at the lowest.

In excavating with the dredging machines, large quantities of the ruins of an ancient city have been brought up.

Whether the expense incurred is compensated by the use of the canal may be doubted. But Mohammed-Ali does not calculate these matters like a merchant, but like a sovereign whose will is law.

Another canal has been cut, for the purpose of irrigating a plantation of mulberry trees, intended to promote the growth and manufacture of silk. This work was also placed under the management of Ishmael-Pacha, who employed eighty thousand felhas upon it: it was soon, however, put under the care of M. Coste, the viceroy's architect, who completed it.

Mohammed-Ali could procure all the commodities which he causes to be manufactured in Egypt, cheaper, and of better quality than he can produce them: and this he understands thoroughly; but he is much more desirous to increase the ability and dexterity of the workmen employed, and thus, as he hopes, to introduce and establish a new order of things in Egypt, than to save the difference in the cost of these commodities.

Next to the export of grain, which, like every other branch of commerce and manufacture, is a monopoly in the hands of the viceroy, cotton is the produce which yields him the greatest amount of profit; the growth of cotton, of fine quality, was introduced only five years ago. The quantity exported from Alexandria averaged for two years 180,000 bales, and produced about a million sterling; one-third of this sum may be estimated as gain to the viceroy. But the water of the Nile not having attained its usual height in the last two years, and labourers being scarce, in consequence of the severe conscription to replace the mortality in the armies, more especially in the Morea, the export was reduced last year to 120,000 bales. It is said that the Egyptian cotton contains a quantity of fine sand, which injures the machinery in the mills.

Mohammed-Ali has also turned his attention to the cultivation of indigo, for which the climate appears to be favourable. The quantity produced last year was 35,000 pounds weight.

The cultivation of sugar does not appear to have been successful. Neither the sugar when refined, nor the rum distilled, is palatable. Although the refined sugar appears to be of good quality, it is deficient in saccharine matter, and the rum has an empyreumatic taste. The cause of this may be, that the cane does not ripen sufficiently, in consequence of the coldness of the nights. Another cause may, perhaps, be found in the earths used in refining the sugar, the use of blood being forbidden by the Mohammedan creed.

By regulations recently made, in fact by a sort of law, Mohammed-Ali has appropriated to himself a great portion of the land of Egypt. He has thus ruined many of the sheiks and others who held it. "Whilst Mohammed-Ali was endeavouring to consolidate his power, he at the same time wished to introduce a change in the administration of the lands, but the in-

novations he made were detrimental to the public interests. The rights of property were neither acknowledged nor respected." [Vol. ii. p. 337.] But the most remarkable circumstance in the whole of the conduct of this extraordinary man is, his singular short-sightedness in omitting to improve the condition of the felhas, notwithstanding he might have done this to a considerable extent, and to his own advantage.

"Yet the felhas are no less indigent: they are constantly the victims of a defective and vacillating administration. The impost to which they are subject is beyond their means; it exceeds the amount of the duties and rents which they used to pay before the new organization; and the distribution of the lands has only increased the number of feddâns without augmenting their revenues. The feddân is not master of the produce of his harvest, nor can he dispose of it before the government has taken the quantity of the commodity proper for exportation, at the prices agreed on, and with the deduction of the myrry. The requisitions of every species destined for the use of the prince and the principal persons of his court are paid for in the villages at one-half of their value. The felha only receives in money the amount of those commodities which he sells in the market; how can he therefore pay the tax? no resource is left him. In the month of March one is astonished to see the contrast between the rich appearance of the crops and the miserable state of the villages. If it is true that there is no country so rich as Egypt in territorial productions, there is not perhaps any whose inhabitants are so wretched. It is only to the fertility of the soil, and the temperance of the labourers, that it owes the preservation of its present inhabitants."—Vol. ii. p. 341.

Such is the condition of the felhas. That it might easily be improved, is shown by M. Mengin, who observes that,

"The first duty of a government is, to adopt the means of preserving the population, as that is the foundation of the prosperity of a state. The present situation of Egypt is adapted to facilitate that object. The viceroy being sole proprietor of the lands, it is his interest to ameliorate the condition of the felhas. It is easy to perceive, from the persons of these men, that they live in a continual state of hardship. Their cottages are confined, damp, and unhealthy. It would be easy to construct in the villages more commodious habitations, which would unite the advantages of health and comfort; the same materials might be employed; it would only be requisite to raze the huts, and to construct them on a plan more extensive, and more adapted to the situation."—Vol. ii. p. 318.

It seems almost vain to expect that the condition of the people will be ameliorated, looked upon, as they have always been, as the mere slaves of the powerful: their lives are valueless in the estimation of their masters, except in so far as they may be made to promote some interested purpose.

The measures adopted by Mohammed-Ali, could they be persevered in, would in time civilize the people of Egypt, and thus promote

the increase of their power, their number, their importance, and their happiness. But the continuance of his arrangements depends almost, if not entirely, on his life. It is, we fear, more than probable, that the surprising advances made in a few years in Egypt, and which would, if steadily continued, at no distant period place that country on a footing with the nations of Europe, will terminate with the life of the present governor.

All the circumstances in which Mohammed-Ali is placed are peculiar. It requires great judgment and extraordinary resolution to introduce measures which tend to promote the advancement of a people so barbarous and so prejudiced as those he governs. The very means he is frequently compelled to use necessarily tend to impair the permanence of his projects: he has only a choice of evils, with the almost hopeless chance of living so long as to make it the decided interest of those who may possess the power on his decease, to pursue with ardour such measures as may tend to perpetuate the work he has commenced.

One great impediment to the long continuance of the commerce and manufactures of Egypt is the universal monopoly retained by Mohammed, and the consequent impossibility of creating a middle class, whose weight, and wealth, add intelligence might perpetuate and advance the civilization, increase the comforts, and elevate the ideas of the common people. Whether the inhabitants of Egypt, from various causes, of which the Mohammedan superstition is one, would permit the establishment of a middle class of society, appears to us more than doubtful. Few private persons under the Turkish system can become of any considerable importance either as agriculturists, manufacturers, or traders, and consequently there cannot be enough of such persons to constitute a class. It is also the interest of the Porte to keep Egypt dependant on Constantinople, and this can only be done by retaining the people in a state of abject dependence, ignorance, and poverty; and its chiefs in a constant state of suspicion and jealousy of one another. These matters are well understood by the Turkish governors, and we may be quite certain that no means will be omitted which can at any time be taken to produce effects so desirable to the reigning sultan.

Some of the evils occasioned by the viceroy's monopolies and commercial restrictions, are pointed out by M. Mengin, who, although he has not drawn all the inferences which his premises would have borne out, has left us to conclude that he entertains but little hope that the projects of Mohammed-Ali, valuable as they would be if they could be perpetuated, will be continued beyond the period of his life.

"Since every species of industry is monopolized by the viceroy, the productions of art are very little esteemed; they are accused of negligence in the preparation of manufactures; servitude, which has replaced the rights of property, has destroyed emulation; the workman labours without caring whether his work is well or ill done; all that he looks for is, to receive the price agreed on."—Vol. ii. p. 375.

"The plan adopted by the viceroy is the object of general dislike; it destroys all interests,

and impoverishes the inhabitants. It would conduce more to the prosperity of commerce, and to the happiness of the population committed to the rule of the viceroy, if he would renounce all monopoly, except of those articles reserved for exportation."—Vol. ii. p. 396.

The Turks, even those in Egypt, were averse not only to the changes introduced by Mohammed in the organization of the army, but generally to his other measures, and particularly to the employment of Franks; nor is this dislike by any means removed. Ibrahim-Pacha, whom the viceroy is supposed to intend for his successor, was at first unfavourable to the changes projected in the army, and it was not for some time that he was either actually or apparently reconciled to them. Mohammed-Bey, the minister at war, and a few other chiefs, possess great influence, which, on the death of the viceroy, they will be disposed to use. The people would be pleased with any change; and it is hence concluded by many who are well acquainted with the country, that the succession will be disputed. Were the Pacha to die at the present juncture, Egypt would rapidly revert to the state of anarchy in which he found it. The new army would take a decided part against the government, and as of late a considerable number of felhas who were serjeants have been promoted to the rank of subaltern officers, it might happen that, by their influence, and under their guidance, the people would make an attempt to free themselves from Turkish superiority.

Mohammed-Ali is fifty-seven years of age, and being strong and healthy, may live many years, and continue to prosecute his views of personal aggrandizement and national improvement.

He is reported to have much influence in the divan; most of its members are suspected of being in his pay. He has long been endeavouring to have the pachalic of Syria conferred upon him; but has not hitherto obtained it, in consequence, it is believed, of the opposition of one of the ministers at Constantinople, who has represented to the sultan that he was already too powerful for a subject, and that he possessed too much influence, so much, indeed, that not one of the pachas would march against him, even if ordered so to do by the sultan.

Mohammed-Ali has retained all the conquests he has made in Arabia, Candia, and Africa, to which he now hopes to add the Morroca. Were such a deplorable event to happen, it would, at no great distance of time, place him in a state of war with Constantinople, and draw upon him the hostility of the principal European powers, which would speedily terminate in his ruin.

Much more might be said of the viceroy Mohammed-Ali, and much of his proceedings in Greece: but our limits will not permit us at present to enter upon the wide field this subject would open: it must, therefore, be left till another opportunity.

In taking leave of M. Mengin's work, we should not do him the justice he merits, were we not to say that it contains a great mass of very curious and useful information on all sub-

jects relating to the several countries which have been subdued by the arms of Mohammed-Ali.

From Death's Doings.

DEATH, A DEALER, TO HIS CORRESPONDENT.

"Per post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,
No consignment of yours ever suited me better:
The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,
And the coculus-indicus beer was delicious.
Well, I am glad that at last we have hit on a plan
Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor man*:
With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,
And a duke with a *pâté à la perigord*;
But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,
For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their face.
Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily alter'd,
And the poor be got rid of without being halter'd:
For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as
Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and coperas—
Call'd ale, from the hundreds that ail with them here;
And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier!
In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—
That decoction's peculiarly favour'd by me;
Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the bloom—
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb.
As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word means
Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas and beans.
But let us suppose that they drink only water—
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter
A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me
By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur*.—Well then, d—me
(You'll pardon my wrath,) they shall drink till they're dead
From lead cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!
When deeper-purs'd fellows, addicted to swill, would
Drink port—I'll make use of your lead of Brazil wood:
But I wish you'd send *more* laurel-leaves and sweet briar
For such as may like sherry flavoured *much* higher!
For the bottles,—you know, sir, I'm fairly intrusting 'em
To your tartrate of potash for finely incrusting 'em.

Laurel-water, oak saw-dust, and quicklime,
have come

Just in time to be mix'd with the brandy and
rum.

Beer, tea, coffee, wine, rum, brandy, water—
I think

We've prepared for the stomachs of all those
who *drink*;

And you'll kindly assist me to work a like feat
By pois'ning the stomachs of all those who *eat*.

Alum, clay, bones, potatoes, shall mix in their
bread,

And their Gloucester derive its deep blush
from red lead!

But why do I mention such matters to *you*,
Who without my poor hints know so well what
to do?

You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the
baker,

As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.

P. S.—By the by, let me beg you, in future,
my neighbour,

To send me no sugar that's rais'd by *free* la-
bour,

Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt
In the pound—for the public presume to find
fault.

With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though
they allow

That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to
me now,)

Even *cum grano salis* they do say that such
An allowance as thirty *per cent.* is too much.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

PHRENOLOGY.

(Continued from p. 91.)

But is it indeed true, as Mr. Combe so confidently alleges, that we cannot perceive colour, form or size, by the eye, or form, size and weight, by the touch? and that we really perceive all those qualities only by means of certain little bumps or knobs scattered along the line of the eyebrows?

Let us begin with Colour. So far is it from being true, that we do not perceive colour by the eye (though Mr. C. distinctly tells us that "there are persons who have the sense of vision acute, and yet are almost destitute of the power of perceiving colours,") that in reality it is colour, and colour alone, that is the primary object of its perceptions. What we see indeed is only light: but light is always coloured (if we include white as a colour, and the different colours are in reality but so many *kinds of light*. If we never saw any thing but green, for example, our idea of light and of green would be *identical*. If we were fixed, from our birth, in such a position as to have no other object of vision but the blue vault of heaven, our perceptions of light and of blue would be one and the same. Colour, in short, is the only quality of light by which we are ever made aware of its existence; and to say that we do not see colour by the eye, is in reality to say that we do *not* see at all: for the strict and ultimate fact is, that we never see any

thing else.* As to the trash which Mr. Combe has condescended to insert about the necessity of our having a peculiar sense and organ of colouring, to enable us "to conceive the *relations* of different colours to each other, or to enjoy their *harmony* or discord," we really have nothing to answer—except that some of these notions are evidently the results of study and observation, and not objects of perception at all—and that the rest seem to fall directly within the province of Ideality, as described by himself.

As to Form, again, there is the same confusion of the simple power of distinguishing the figures of objects, and that of receiving pleasure from the contemplation of their proportions or relations, as we have just noticed in the instance of Colour. It is the last only which we contend belongs to the old and familiar faculties of sight and touch. The latter must be referred to the chapter of taste and beauty; and it may be observed, is already provided for, on the lavish system of the Phrenologists, by no less than two other faculties and organs,—that of Ideality namely, and that of Order. But as to the mere power of distinguishing forms, is it possible, we would ask, to separate this from the powers of sight and touch? or to conceive that these should exist in us, as they now do, without the perception of form? Take the case of sight first. It is true, as we have already observed, that we see nothing but colour: and accordingly, if all objects were of the same colour, both as to shade and intensity, we certainly should never perceive their forms by the eye. But where their colours differ, it is, for the very same reason, impossible that we should not see their

* It is worth while perhaps to observe, that in treating of this faculty, Mr. Combe is pleased (at page 301) to notice the case of an individual, with whose speculations on the beauty of colours he does not agree, and whose errors upon the subject he triumphantly accounts for, by recording it as "a curious fact, that in his head the Organ of Colouring is *absolutely depressed*." A more complete case of destitution of the faculty could not of course be imagined; and accordingly, the learned author proceeds most reasonably to infer, that he must be in the condition of those unfortunate persons "who cannot distinguish dark brown from scarlet, or buff from orange." Now, without meaning to call in question the fact of the depression in his skull, we happen to *know* that the individual here mentioned has a remarkably fine and exact perception of colours—so as to be able to match them from memory, with a precision which has been the admiration of many ladies and dressmakers. He has also an uncommon sensibility to their beauty:—and spends more time than most people in gazing on bright flowers and peacocks' necks—and wondering, he hopes innocently, what can be the cause of his enjoyment. Even the Phrenologists we think must admit, that, *in his case*, it cannot be the predominance of the appropriate faculty—since they have ascertained that he is totally destitute of the organ. But this belongs properly to the chapter of Evidence.

forms. If we see different colours—we must see the lines by which they are respectively bounded; and these of course are the outlines of their forms. If, on a dark blue wall, there be painted a circle of bright yellow, is it possible to conceive that any being, with the faculty of sight only, should look on it without seeing the difference of the colours, and, by necessary consequence, the form of the line by which they are bounded, or, in other words, the shape of that which is included? and if, by the side of the circle, there be farther drawn a triangle and a square, can it be doubted that he will perceive the difference of these forms from each other? We maintain, that these perceptions are included in the narrowest conception of the faculty of seeing—and that it amounts to an absolute contradiction to say, that a man may see perfectly well, and yet have no idea of the figure of the objects he beholds. The power of remembering the forms thus beheld, or of recalling them when absent, is altogether a different matter; but, as the Phrenologists have now given up all their faculties of memory, we need not give ourselves any farther trouble with regard to it.

The perception of form by Touch, again, sometimes requires the aid of recollection, and is sometimes independent of it. Where the parts are complicated and minute, or the object large, so as to require a succession of touches before the whole can be gone over, some degree of memory is of course implied. But where the form is simple, and admits of being grasped or felt at once, the perception of form is as immediate as in the case of sight; and is obviously inseparable from the sensation of touch by which it is suggested. If a man grasp a billiard ball in his hand, it is plainly impossible that he should have any feeling of an included solid at all, without feeling also that it was smooth, *spherical*, and hard; and if, in his other hand, he grasped a flat ruler, he could not possibly have the sense of touch, if he was not at once aware both of the difference of the two forms, and of the general character of each. To suppose that, in addition to this sense and that of sight, we must have another, with a separate organ, to perceive form, is really not less extravagant than to suppose that, though we have already one sense by which we perceive *squares*, we must have another separate one, to enable us to perceive *circles*.

If we do not perceive colour by the sight, nor form by the sight and touch, what is it, we should like to know, that we *do* perceive by the help of these senses, or what functions are left them to perform? If we have two separate senses, each accommodated with its appropriate material organ expressly for giving these perceptions, what use have we for the sense of seeing, or the eye? The ambition of the phrenological adventurers, it must be confessed, is sufficiently comprehensive. They not only discover new faculties and organs—but they supersede and disable all that were known before. It is as if they were to maintain, that the light in a sunny parlour, exsuded through certain little holes in the carpet and the wall, and that the windows, and the sun which shone through them had nothing at all to do with it. The deep observation that “the external senses

cannot form ideas,” is rather beyond our capacity. We really do not know what is meant here by *ideas*. Is it meant to be said that, by these senses, we have no *perceptions*? If this was meant, it should have been plainly stated—and we would then ask again, if they do not furnish us with perceptions, what is it that they do furnish us with? It was never supposed, we believe, that they furnished any thing else. That we are enabled to *recall* these perceptions, is a fact no doubt—and this was commonly thought to be effected by a power or faculty called Memory; but, as the operation was purely mental, it did not occur to any one that it must be provided with a special material organ, or three or four organs, on the surface of the skull—which was the first discovery of the Phrenologists; and still less that it was a part of the business of the separate and newly imagined faculties, apart from sight and touch, by which we perceived colour, form, and other material qualities.

All that we have now said applies equally well to the supposed faculty of perceiving Size. No man who can clearly *see* a small wafer lying in a china plate, on a circular grass plot, can fail to perceive a difference in the sizes of these three circles. No man can embrace a goodly column, and then take up a slender wand, and not know, by his touch, the same difference. It is needless to dwell upon this. But the lucubrations of the Phrenologists on this original faculty are more than usually edifying. “A lady,” says Mr. Combe, “with whom I am acquainted, has Form large, and Size deficient; and in drawing, she copies the *form* of an animal or the human figure easily and precisely, but is always at fault in the Size. She felt this as a natural defect, and complained of it before she heard of phrenology.” Now the mystery of this is admirable. Here is a lady who in drawing is always at fault as to size, and yet can make the figure of a man or animal perfectly! that is, she makes no fault at all in the *relative* size of the feet, hands, head, tail, ears, or horns of any one figure—but cannot observe proportion or uniformity in the *total* size of different figures! There *may* be such a case; for we make no question either of Mr. Combe’s veracity, or that of the fair artist. But the defect plainly is not that of the organ of size—for, upon the statement, she judges perfectly of sizes, in by far the nicest and most difficult of their combinations. We would suggest as a very humble and vulgar solution of the speciality, that she has probably been more accustomed to draw *single* figures, than to group or combine them, and that a little practice in the latter branch of the art may go far to remove this supposed defect in her natural endowments. If Mr. Combe disdains this suggestion, we think he has nothing for it but to make *two* organs and faculties of size,—one to take cognizance of the size of the different *parts* or members of a single body—and the other of the sizes of such bodies viewed complexly.

Last of all comes Weight: A more unlucky subject for an original faculty could not well, we think, have been selected, nor can any thing well be wilder than the work the Phrenologists have made of it. The perception of weight,

we take it, is the perception of the tendency of all bodies to move, with more or less force, towards the centre of the earth; and it involves in it, as we think, the perception of three different phenomena: 1. The perception of downward motion, when heavy bodies are actually in a course of descent; 2. The perception of pressure, when the heavy body rests on the percipient; and, 3. The perception of resistance, when we raise, or try to raise it. Now, it is very plainly by reasoning and observation, and not by the perception of any peculiar sense or faculty, that we refer all these phenomena to the operation of one cause—while the phenomena themselves are confessedly perceived by the senses of sight and touch, or the general sensibility of the body. That they do not of themselves suggest the idea of weight or gravitation, but that this is the result of experience and observation merely, and is in fact the discovery of a very important general law of matter, we conceive to be obvious upon a very slight consideration. First of all, it would be rather strange if there was a faculty by which we directly recognised and distinguished the motions produced by gravitation, from those produced by impulse or any other cause; and the fact is, that anterior to observation, we certainly do not so distinguish them. The motions themselves are in all cases perceived by sight or touch. Then, again, as to pressure, is it meant to be said that we have a special faculty by which we can certainly tell whether a pressure on our finger, or our whole body, is produced by the mere weight of the incumbent substance, or by the force of a screw, or by muscular exertion applied to it? If our sensations are indistinguishable in all these cases, there can be no sense of weight—but only of pain or pressure, for which Mr. Combe has not thought it necessary to provide any new faculty—and which is manifestly quite different from the perception of motion. Finally, as to resistance, if we vainly endeavour to pull up a plank from the ground, is there really any faculty which will at once inform us whether the resistance is owing to its great weight—or to our happening ourselves to stand upon it, and, consequently, to the equal balance of the action and reaction? If there be, as there confessedly is, no such faculty, then it is quite plain that we do not get the notion of weight by the direct intimation of any separate sense, but by reasoning and inference from repeated observation of the common phenomena of motion, pressure, and resistance, under certain circumstances;—and of these diverse phenomena, it seems utterly extravagant to say, either that we are only percipient by this new faculty of Weight, or that we are not percipient of them exactly as in cases where they occur from other causes than gravitation, by our old vulgar endowments of seeing and touch.

But there are other and higher functions, it seems, to which this sense of weight is destined by the Phrenologists. It enables men to play at quoits, and to be expert at archery—but, above all, it confers eminence in mechanical science, and leads to useful discoveries in engineering!—besides giving a man a prompt knowledge of his own centre of gravity! This,

we confess, is rather too puerile. There is no human occupation, sportive or serious—from ascending in balloons to working in stone quarries—in which we are permitted for a moment to forget the power of gravitation; and we really think that, in all, it is intensely and equally remembered. But what has this to do with mechanical Philosophy or contrivances? Every man is equally aware that bodies have weight—and, in machinery, and mechanical philosophy, it is indisputably not by any tact, or the vague intimations of any sense or faculty, but by calculation according to fixed principles, that they proceed either to employ or to overcome it. One man may have a better guess than another of the probable weight of a body that is to be moved: But did any body ever hear, or even imagine, that he would proceed to make a machine to move it, in any reliance on the accuracy of this estimation? or still less, that he would, in consequence of this, be more likely than another to devise a good machine for the purpose? We are told indeed that Newton had the organ of this faculty very large—and that Professor Farish and Mr. Whewell of Cambridge, “who have both given great proofs of mechanical skill,” have it also large;—and again, that it is large in a weaver of Saltecoats, who has spent much time in regulating the working of pumps—and, finally, that several persons have been met with, in whom it was small—and “who at once acknowledged deficiency in mechanical talent, and awkwardness in their actions and movements!” It cannot be necessary, we should think, to make any observation on matter like this. It is not even alleged, it will be observed, that any of the great mechanical philosophers here mentioned, had, in point of fact, any different or more exact perceptions of weight, or of the ordinary phenomena from which the notion is derived, than the awkward individuals who acknowledged their deficiency in these branches of science. All that is alleged is, that the former had a small protuberance above the middle of the eyebrow, which was not observed in the latter. If it was necessary to make this out to be the organ of a particular faculty, we think it would have been a more likely guess to have construed it into the organ of Algebra, or of the Fluxionary faculty, than the organ of Weight. But we are tired of this—and leave the rest of the speculation about reeling drunkards and Dr. Hunter’s fits of giddiness, together indeed with the whole remaining assortment of phrenological faculties, including Wit, Wonder and Causality, among many others, to the unassisted judgment of such readers as wish for farther acquaintance with them.

We have dwelt too long, we fear, on this branch of the inquiry: But, though in one sense it may be regarded as preliminary only, we confess it has always appeared to us substantially to exhaust the whole question, and to render it unnecessary to go farther. The question being, whether it be really true, that certain bumps on the head are the Organs of certain primitive, distinct and universal Faculties,—we cannot but think that it is pretty well settled, if it be made out, 1st, that there is not the least reason to suppose that any of

our faculties, but those which connect us with external objects, or direct the movements of our bodies, act by material organs at all, and that the Phrenological organs have no analogy whatever with those of the external senses; 2d, that it is quite plain that there neither are, nor can be, any such primitive and original Faculties as the greater part of those to which such organs are assigned by the Phrenologists; and, 3d, that if the 36, with the organs of which they have covered the whole skull, are admitted to exist, it seems impossible to refuse a similar existence to many hundreds or thousands of the same kind, for the organs and operations of which they have however left no room.

If these things be, as we humbly conceive them to be, it is plain enough that the Phrenological theory *cannot possibly be true*, as it has been hitherto maintained: And yet it does not follow, of *absolute necessity*, that the facts on which it is said to be grounded are consequently false. If there be no such primitive faculties as they allege, the bumps they have observed *cannot* indeed be the organs of such faculties; and there is an end, therefore, of the theory. Yet it may *possibly* be true, that the particular habits, accomplishments and propensities, to which they have given the name of faculties, may be found in conjunction with these bumps. If the theory be once destroyed, the mere fact of such a conjunction must be allowed indeed to be in the highest degree improbable. But as the supposition of it implies no contradiction, it may possibly be true—and we are bound, therefore, even after demolishing the theory, to look a little at the evidence by which it is said to be established. It is possible that every man who is hanged for forgery would be found to have been born with a peculiar protuberance in the joints of his middle fingers—that every man who publishes a quarto volume, must always have had a tumour on the inside of his knees—and that every profound Greek scholar must have come into the world with a small wen on his tongue. We admit most readily, that all rational probability is against such apparently capricious coincidences—and we imagine that most people would think themselves justified in laughing at those who maintained them, and in refusing to look into their proofs. But still the things are possible—and if the proofs were perfectly clear, unequivocal and abundant, we could not but believe in their reality. Now, this we think is the true state of the case as to Phrenology. As its advocates appeal loudly to fact and observation, we are bound to look to their evidence;—and though we certainly think it altogether as improbable that every witty man must have been born with two triangular projections in front of his temples, and every kind mother with a large oval one on the back of her head, as that every skilful cook must have had particularly long heels, or every rich banker a very short nose—we certainly cannot take upon us to say that the facts are absolutely impossible, or that, by very full and decisive evidence, such a pre-established harmony may not be ascertained. If the matter be taken up however on this footing, or indeed on any other footing than that of a superstitious credulity, and gaping propensity to won-

der, the Phrenologists must be aware that it will not bear handling.

Suppose that we were merely to allege that, so far as our observation went, their facts seemed all to be imaginary—that it was matter of notoriety that men with large heads were *not* generally of superior endowments, nor those with small, deficient in understanding—that in the circle of our acquaintance there were many kind mothers without any protuberance on the lower part of their skulls, many men of wit with no triangular prominences beyond the temples, and many eloquent and loquacious persons of both sexes, with no unusual projection of the eyes—that in fact we had never happened to meet with any one individual in whom a marked peculiarity of character or disposition was accompanied by any of their external indications, and that we daily saw remarkable enough bumps on the heads of very ordinary people—that most of those with whom we conversed had made the same observations, and concurred in the same results; and that several who had been at first rather taken with the new doctrines, had, by more careful observation, been thoroughly convinced of their fallacy—that we had ourselves known some, and heard from good authority of many, cases of flagrant and ridiculous blunders committed by Phrenologists of the greatest eminence, which they had neither the candour to acknowledge, nor the confidence to deny—that we had met with very few persons of judgment who did not treat the whole matter as a ridiculous fancy, or imposture—and that very many of its most zealous advocates were persons who seemed to have been seduced into the belief, by having had organs discovered on their heads for talents and virtues which they had never been suspected of possessing—so that impartial observers generally required no other proof of the falsehood of their doctrines, than an exhibition of the *crania* of those very individuals who were warmest in asserting their truth.

Suppose we were merely to say these things—as we might certainly say them with the most perfect conscientiousness and good faith—what would be the reply of the Phrenologists? Why, that their experience and observations were inconsistent with ours, and that the world must judge between us. To this of course we could have no objection. But our Phrenologists, we suspect, would not stop there. They would call on us to name our instances, and would cavil at them when they were named; or, because we declined submitting the heads of respectable ladies and gentlemen to an impertinent palpation,—and their characters, temper and manners, to a still more impertinent discussion—because we did not choose to offend many worthy people by pointing them out as the owners of bumps, without the corresponding faculties—or to engage in a quarterly wrangle about the idealty of Dr. Chalmers or the adhesiveness of Mrs. McKinnon, they would complain that we made allegations which we refused to verify, and contend that nothing but a fair scrutiny was wanting to their success. We certainly shall not gratify them, therefore, by any such specification;—and we make them heartily welcome to any advantage they can derive from our

declination. All we propose, by making these general allegations, in which they know well enough that the great body of the public concur with us, is to show, in the beginning, that the proofs upon which they rely *cannot possibly* be of the clear and conclusive nature which the case so obviously requires: Since, in a matter in itself abundantly simple, and open to the observation of all mankind, so many persons of unquestioned veracity and candour have come to conclusions so directly opposed to them. If it were really true, that certain very visible and well defined bumps on the skull were the necessary organs of all our faculties and propensities,—just as our eyes are of sight, and our ears of hearing,—it is, in the first place, inconceivable that the discovery should have remained to be made in the beginning of the 19th century;—and, in the second place, still more inconceivable, that after it was made, there should be any body who could pretend to doubt of its reality. The means of verifying it, one would think, must have been such as not to leave a pretext for the slightest hesitation; and the fact that, after twenty years preaching in its favour, it is far more generally rejected than believed, might seem to afford pretty conclusive evidence against the possibility of its truth.

The fact, however, not only is so—but, from the very nature of the case, it could not well have been otherwise. Their pretended Organs, unfortunately, are not such as can ever be proved to be organs, by any decisive, or even intelligible test; and the presence or absence, the strength or weakness, of their pretended Faculties, are equally incapable of being determined by any precise observation or experiment.

It is very material to remark here, that the Phrenologists do not even pretend to have been guided to the discovery of their organs by any direct observation of their being actually used, when the faculties which they serve are exerted. The only way they find them out is, by comparing the *size* of the organ, in persons who have the faculty in *unusual strength*, with its size in other cases. If all men had their faculties therefore nearly in an equal degree, it could never have been known or suspected that they had any such organs at all: and, as their observations must have been made on men, whose unusual strength of endowment may have been derived from culture and education, what assurance could they possibly have that the bumps on their heads had any thing to do with it? This is obviously a most fatal weakness in their case—and amounts, of itself, to an exclusion of all good evidence. Where should we be, for example, as to any proof of the locality of our organs of sense, if our only ground for inferring their existence was a conjecture, that some particular part of the body was larger in those who had any particular sense in unusual perfection?—and what a contrast would this present to the state of our actual knowledge? Take, for instance, the Eye, the organ of sight. How prominently and conspicuously is it pointed out, by its form, structure, and distinct apparatus, as an organ of perception!—and how immediately and unerringly are its exclusive functions ascertained,

either by placing the hand upon it, and finding vision instantaneously impeded, or by observing that light may be directed to all the *other* parts of the body, without being in the least perceptible! But suppose that, instead of such a conspicuous and unequivocal organ, it had been merely conjectured that our perceptions of sight were transmitted by the instrumentality of a small excrescence on the solid and continuous bone of the skull, though it had never been observed that these perceptions ceased when that excrescence was touched or covered,—upon what possible ground could it be said to be proved, that this was the organ of sight, or had any thing to do with its perception. A vague surmise might be raised on an allegation, that where this excrescence was unusually large, the sight had been frequently found more than usually clear or strong—but as to any thing like *proof* of its being the proper organ of the faculty, there would plainly be none.

If this, however, would be the case, even with so peculiar and distinct a faculty as that of Seeing, how infinitely must the difficulty increase as to those that go by that name among the Phrenologists? If there be no sight, there can be no substitute for it—and no doubt or mistake, therefore, can ever exist as to the fact. If the eyes be once closed or obstructed, there is indisputably an end of Seeing for the time; and there is no other faculty whose intimations can be mistaken for it, or supply its peculiar perceptions; while, if the eyes are open, and in a sound state, their perceptions cannot be affected by the operations of any other faculty. The phrenological faculties, however, almost all play into each other's hands; and can in most cases either supply each other's places, or counterfeit their functions; while in other cases they are controlled, impeded, and rendered indistinguishable by the action of other faculties. Thus, the functions of Combativeness and Destructiveness coincide so nearly, that the extinction of one would scarcely be missed, if the other was in great vigour. Amativeness and Benevolence together, might, for a time at least, entirely supply the want of Adhesiveness. In many situations Cautionness might do the work of Veneration, and, joined with Imitation, or love of Approbation, might make a very tolerable substitute for Conscientiousness itself,—while Individuality, according to the description, might occasionally sustain the part either of Causality, Size, or Figure.

Still farther, there is nothing, it must always be remembered, but the *size* of the organ, by which the vigour of the faculty is to be determined. But the Phrenologists admit, first of all, that the vigour of the faculty may be increased by culture and education, without any increase of the organ; 2, that it may be also increased by morbid or occasional excitement; and, 3, that all its manifestations may be suppressed or neutralized by the operation of some other antagonist or inconsistent faculty, whose organ is more predominant. It is quite plain, we think, that these admissions render all proper *proof* impossible, exclude the application of any decisive rule or experiment, and in fact reduce this whole "science

of observation," to a series of mere evasions and gratuitous suppositions.

We produce, for example, a person, whose whole conduct indicates great Benevolence, but who happens to have a very small bump in the place where the organ of that propensity is said to be situated. Is not this a proof of the fallacy of the system? Oh no—by no means. The individual has had the good luck to be trained up among very benevolent people, and has had his small original stock prodigiously increased by their precepts and example, aided perhaps by his own large endowment of the faculty of Imitation!—or, his organ of Benevolence has perhaps been excited to a diseased activity by some internal inflammation,—or at all events, as he has Love of Approbation and Cautiousness very large, nothing is so probable as that his apparent benevolence is merely put on, to gain the good opinion of the world, or to secure some advantage to himself! We next produce another person with an enormous bump of Benevolence on his forehead; and, offering to prove that he is, notwithstanding, notoriously cruel, oppressive, and uncharitable, we ask, again, how this is to be reconciled with the truth of the system? O, nothing in the world so easy! First of all, he has probably had no training in the paths of benevolence, and the field, though naturally fertile, has therefore been actually barren; but besides, you have only to look, and you will most probably find the organs of Combativeness, and Destructiveness, and Acquisitiveness, still larger than that of Benevolence. These, of course, make him quarrelsome, and cruel, and avaricious: and how then can his poor benevolence find means to display itself?—though, after all, if you attend carefully to his proceedings, you will find certain stifled traits of benevolence, even in his cruelty!—certain indications that there are kind propensities in his nature, though unluckily overborne, and obscured to common observation, by opposite propensities! It is thus apparent that the phrenological theory, though absolutely incapable of any clear or satisfactory proof, abounds in those equivocations and means of retreat, by which it may often escape from direct refutation: And accordingly, whenever we come to actual proof and experiment, we find that the truth of the theory is very quietly assumed as a fundamental principle—all contradictory instances, however conclusive, explained on that assumption—and no case, in short, allowed to have any application which does not make in its favour. When we add to this, that the art of correct observation is stated to be extremely difficult—and indeed that no person should be allowed to exercise it, whose head is not of a certain conformation, we may have some idea of the sort of evidence on which its gifted disciples now pretend that it is established.

"After becoming familiar," says Mr. Combe, "with the general size and configuration of heads, the student may proceed to the observation of individual organs; and, in studying them, the real dimensions, and not the mere prominence of each organ, should be looked for. The whole organs in a head should be examined, and their relative proportions noted. Errors may be committed at first; but, with-

out practice, there is no expertness. Practice, with at least an average endowment of the organs of Form, Size, and Locality, are necessary to qualify a person to make observations with success. Individuals whose heads are very narrow between the eyes, and little developed at the top of the nose, where these organs are placed, experience great difficulty in distinguishing the situations and minute shades in the proportions of different organs." p. 41.

This is alarming enough. But what follows shows, we think, that even persons with great breadth between the eyes must now and then be in imminent hazard of mistakes.

"If one organ," proceeds the oracular author, "be much developed, and the neighbouring organ very little, the developed organ presents an elevation or protuberance; but if the neighbouring organs be developed in proportion, no protuberance can be perceived, and the surface is smooth:" and a little after it is added, "that, when one organ is very largely developed, it sometimes pushes a neighbouring organ a little out of its place."

Now, considering that there are no fewer than five organs of great importance in the line of each eyebrow, it is easy to see in what perplexity an anxious observer may often be placed. If there be no distinct protuberance in this region, how is the smooth surface to be interpreted? It is plain, we suppose, that all the faculties inhabiting it must be held to be in an equal degree of vigour: But how are we to determine whether they are all deficient, or all redundant—of an inferior, an average, or an extraordinary development? Suppose, by a happy balance of its faculties, a head should be without any protuberances, and all over as smooth as a barber's block—what are we to infer as to the condition of these equal faculties? Are we to rate them according to its total calibre? and are all sizes to be valued according to actual dimensions?—or with any, and what reference to the general bulk of the body, the stature, weight, or form, of the individual? Again, if the organ of Size, being very largely developed, should push the organ of Weight, which stands next it, a little out of its place, and into that of Colouring or of Tune, which immediately adjoin, what terrible errors would ensue? Or if one small organ should unluckily be surrounded by three in a state of great development, would there not be imminent hazard either of its being entirely obliterated by their expansion, or of having its portion of the skull heaved up along with theirs, to a most deceptive and fatal elevation? This, however, is trifling. It is enough, to complete our view of the kind of evidence by which this system is supported, that the observations from which it is to be derived are admitted to be attended with great difficulty and hazard of mistake, and indeed not at all to be trusted to, except in the hands of the initiated!

In what respect, then, do the pretences of Phrenology differ, as to their evidence, from the ordinary cases of pretended miracles, pretended infallible medicines, pretended expiations of dreams, or of any of the other fancies and impostures by which the credulity of men has been amused, and their love of the marvellous excited, from the beginning of the world?

In all these cases there are niceties of operation to be observed, to the neglect of which the failures are in part to be ascribed. There is a determination to count only the few cases that succeed, and to keep out of view the many that fail—there are imputations of prejudice and unfairness to be cast on the unbelievers—and a very strong disposition to make the most of the slightest advantages, to construe a very partial success into a decisive one—and to celebrate a mere mitigation of defeat as a signal and triumphant victory. A sick man takes an infallible medicine, and is no better—and then, what says the quack for his nostrum?—O, it has been prepared by an unskilful apothecary, and taken in a wrong dose, or at an unfit period—or, it has been counter-worked by some improper food or exercise taken along with it—or by some preposterous prescription administered the year before.—The medicine itself could not possibly fail—here are fifty attestations of its efficacy, in far worse cases, in as many newspapers! Besides, the patient is quite mistaken in supposing himself no better!—his eye is much brighter, and his pulse more calm. If it had not been for the drug, he would probably have been dead by this time! in fact, it is one of the most surprising of the many cures it has effected! It is needless to say how exactly parallel to this are the reasonings and perversions of the Phrenologists!

But we have something still more decisive to say to them. Their proposition is, that their thirty-six bumps are the organs of so many separate faculties—and that the strength of the endowment is in exact proportion to the size of the bump. Now, independent of all flaws in the theory, we think it can be *proved*, by facts that admit of no denial, that this proposition *neither is, nor can, by possibility, be true*.

In the first place, let us say a word about *Size*. That the mere bulk or *quantity* of matter, in such wonderful and delicate structures, should be the exclusive measure of their value, without any regard to their *quality* or condition, certainly must appear, on the first statement, to be a very improbable allegation;—and we cannot help suspecting, that it was nothing but the plain impossibility of ascertaining any thing as to their structure and quality, that drove our dogmatic theorists upon that bold proposition. Their assumed organs, however, are all buried deep under skin and bone of a uniform appearance; and having nothing, therefore, but size left to go upon, (at least in the living subject,) they seem to have even made up their minds to say that that was quite enough—and that nothing else was to be regarded. In the next place, however, the proposition is no less contrary to the analogy of all our known organs than to general probability. The grandmama Wolf, in the fairy tale, does indeed lean a little to the phrenological heresy, when she tells little Riding-hood that she has large eyes, to see her the better—and large ears, to hear her the better:—But, with this one venerable exception, we rather think it has never been held before, that the strength of vision depended on the size of the eye, the perfection of hearing on the magnitude of the ear—or

the nicety of taste on the breadth of the tongue or palate. It might also be mentioned as a third circumstance of strong improbability in this theory, that if mere size be the criterion of mental endowment, the most important and purely intellectual of the faculties should have on the whole such very small organs assigned to them. All the reasoning and reflecting powers are crowded into a small area on the forehead and temples—while by far the largest space is allotted to love of progeny, self-conceit, and cowardice. As the masses of the brain seem on the whole to be nearly of one quality, and the very basis of the phrenological system is to take no account of any thing but quantity, it is certainly a little startling to find the least amiable or exalted of our endowments so much more amply provided for than those of a higher order. These, however, we allow, are probabilities only—let us come at length to the facts.

All the world knows, and the Phrenologists themselves admit, that the vigour of any faculty may be improved by exercise and education—and the strength of any propensity by habitual indulgence, though these changes are not accompanied by any increase in the size of the organ. But is not this admitted and most familiar fact in absolute and glaring contradiction to the fundamental assumption of the system? The strength of the faculty is always in exact proportion to the size of its organ. This is their proposition, and, in fact, the whole of their doctrine. But here are two men, with organs of precisely the same size, in one of whom the faculty is, in point of fact, of double the strength as in the other. Is not this a conclusive refutation of their statement? It is nothing to the purpose to say, that the other might have been improved too, and that neither could have been so much improved as if their organs had been larger. These, in the first place, are mere *gratis dicta*, without the least vestige of proof; and, *secondly*, they do not touch the decisive fact, that it is thus proved and admitted that the vigour of the faculty does *not* depend, at least *solely*, on the size of the organ, but in a great measure on the *quality* either of that organ, or of the mind itself, to which it is supposed to be subservient: And the consequences of that fact are inevitable. If a man, by exercise and education, may have double the talent or energy of another with organs of the same size,—how can it be assumed that size alone is, in any given case, the mark of talent or energy?—or that other causes besides exercise and education may not produce those variations, in spite of the equal bulk of the organs? The only safe proposition is, that the size of the organs *absolutely* determines the quantity of talent and energy, as the diameter of a pipe determines the quantity of water that can be conveyed by it. But if this be given up—if it be admitted that, in many most common cases, the size of the organ is no measure at all of the actual quantity of talent or energy which *acts* by it, it is plain that the whole game is up; and it is quite impossible to give any reason, why there should not be *primitive* differences of talent, as well as *acquired* differences, with organs of equal size. It is still undeniably true

that, with organs of a certain size, there is a capacity of having a great deal more of all the faculties, than actually belong to many people with that very size of organ; and this, we conceive, at once extinguishes the whole science of phrenology.

But even if there were any grounds for maintaining so strange a distinction, how, we should like to know, are we to discriminate the increments of faculty that have been derived from culture and education, from those that have been developed spontaneously, and should therefore be referred to the native energy of the organs? Education, in this question, plainly cannot be restrained to what is taught in lessons, or inculcated by preceptors. The education by which our faculties are exercised and strengthened, is the education of society, of reflection, of events, of suffering, enjoyment, and experience. It is the education, in short, which is necessarily implied in *living*,—which all men receive, more or less favourably in kind and degree; and to which we ascribe almost all that ultimately distinguishes them from each other, in talents, disposition, manners, morals, and character. If it is according to this training and education, that the Phrenologists allow that all our faculties and propensities may be indefinitely strengthened or depressed, what room, we again ask, can be left for their theory? In what sense, or at what period, can it be alleged, that the strength of the faculty is in proportion to the size of its supposed organ? Or of what practical use would it be (even if it were possible) to ascertain, that, before his birth, every man had a certain original peculiarity, when that was to be so soon superseded, and so totally deranged, by the innumerable and untraceable variations in the training to which each was severally to be exposed? The education of which we are now speaking begins long before we are conscious of it, and continues to the last moment of our existence; and, during all that time, it is continually altering, modifying, and new-modelling our character, capacities, and habits. It is impossible to trace its earliest and most important rudiments; and neither these, nor its after course, are the same, we believe, for any two individuals. The Phrenologists seem to us distinctly to admit this generally; and we do not know that they deny any part of the statement. But if it be admitted, what scope, what field, or materials, can possibly remain for their science? In this view, there is no such thing as a *spontaneous* development; and every intellect and disposition must be regarded as formed and modified by the accidents to which it is exposed. We too, perhaps, believe that men are born with *some* differences of mental capacity and disposition—though we have no idea that they are indicated by bumps on the skull. But, believing as we do, that these are utterly insignificant, compared with the far greater differences which time and events afterwards impress on them, we are convinced it is impossible, and would be idle if it were possible, to ascertain what may have been their original indications. We think it probable, that some have *originally* a greater excitability or general vivacity of mind than others—and that this is the chief difference.

But, considering how variously this may be developed or directed in after life, it seems to us of no sort of importance, whether we call it a *temperament*, and say it is marked by the colour of the hair and the eyes—or maintain that it is a balance of certain powers and propensities, the organs of which are on the skull. If education—that education which no man can either regulate or avoid—is to change all this, and to change it to an indefinite extent, it certainly is not true, that the characters or faculties of grown men are in accordance with these supposed organs—or that the dreams of phrenology can receive any proof from observation—though they may be, as they are, effectually disproved, by the admissions thus extorted from their advocates.

Another means of refutation is supplied by another admission, or rather postulate and principle of the Phrenologists. The energy of any faculty or propensity may be increased, it seems, by any disease or morbid affection of its organ, without any augmentation of its size. This is a very favourite resource, we find, of these learned authors; and seems to us admirably to illustrate their hostility to common sense. Very many of Dr. Gall's discoveries were made, it seems, in mad-houses. He found an insane person under the ungoverned influence of some strong propensity; and almost always found that he had the organ of that propensity enormously large! Now, if the patient had been mad, and in the same key, *from his birth up*, there might have been something in this reasoning—but as there is no example, we believe, of such a case, it seems to us very plain, that madness of a particular character, supervening in mature life, in a person who had lived many years with a remarkably large organ of some propensity, could not, in common sense, be referred to the size of that organ. The man had the organ of that size for forty years, and was not at all mad, or in any way over-mastered by the propensity it denoted. The natural conclusion then would be, that the size of the organ had nothing to do with the excessive force ultimately developed in the propensity; and the cases would be all cases *against* the phrenological assumption.

But the organs are sometimes diseased or morbidly excited, where there is no madness—and then, though they do not increase in size, the powers and faculties to which they minister become vastly more vigorous. This does savour a little, we think, of materialism—but little enough of common sense. The diseased or morbid state of an organ, it seems, does not disturb or impede, but increases and improves the action of the faculty to which it ministers! This is as if we were to see better for an inflammation in the eye, or to smell or taste more acutely for having ulcerations in our mouths and noses! There are some rare instances, we believe, of a morbid and excessive sensibility in these organs; but by far the most common case is undoubtedly the reverse. With the phrenological organs, however, it is quite opposite. A diseased state of the organ always makes its operations more vigorous and energetic; and no instance is mentioned in which the occasional obscuration of any faculty is re-

ferred to such a cause. This, we think, is tolerably ridiculous. But the main thing is, that, in any way of taking it, the fact proves the very foundation of the system to be false. If a faculty is doubled in vigour by a mere disease of the organ, without any increase of its bulk, then it cannot be true that there is any necessary connexion between its bulk and the vigour of the faculty. The imaginary disease has often no other local indication but this increase of mental vigour—and is indeed in most cases plainly imagined or assumed merely to account for that phenomenon. It proves, at all events, that faculties may have a vigour quite incommensurate with the size of their organs—which is *precisely the reverse* of what Phrenology teaches. It proves that the state or quality of the organ, or of something else, quite independent of its size, may determine the state of the faculty,—and that size therefore is no criterion whatever. If we find a man with a very small organ, and a very vigorous manifestation of its supposed faculty, it is to be sure very easy to say, that this is owing, not to the size, but the condition of the organ; but it is saying what fundamentally contradicts the whole phrenological doctrine; and though it introduces another, pretty nearly as absurd, it completely puts an end to the former. A disease in the organ is, after all, but a particular state of that organ; and if its only effect upon it is to increase its power and activity as an organ, most people, we should think, would rather describe that state as one of uncommon healthiness and vigour, than one of disease. But whatever it may be called, the fact is, that a certain state of the organ may thus indicate a great improvement of its associated faculty, while its bulk remains as before. But if this be admitted in certain cases, how can it be known that it does not hold in all? What is called a diseased state of the organ, may be only its most healthy and natural state—and all inferior manifestations of the faculty may be owing to organic ineptitude or disease. And, at all events, assuming that there is a correspondence between the organ and the faculty, is there not much more reason for holding that, in all cases, it is the *state*, and not the *size* of the organ, which determines the force of the faculty, than the reverse? The cases of education and alleged disease *demonstrate*, that it is *not* always the size: But there is no such evidence against the supposition that it is always the state or condition exclusively, and that the size, of which alone however phrenology takes cognizance, is purely indifferent.

In some cases our author represents the faculty as inordinately excited by disease in persons who have the organ of very small dimensions; in others, he is guilty of the double absurdity of leaving it to disease to produce any manifestation of the faculty, although the organ has all along been unusually large—as in the following admirable illustration of Destructiveness.

"When excited by intoxication, the organ sometimes becomes ungovernable; and hence arises the destruction of glasses, mirrors, chairs, and every frangible object at the close of many a feast. Hence also the temptation, often almost irresistible, experienced by many a wor-

thy citizen, when inebriated, to smash a lamp in his progress home. One gentleman assured me that the lamps have appeared to him, when in this state, as it were twinkling on his path with a wicked and scornful gleam, and that he has frequently lifted his stick to punish their impertinence, when a remnant of reason restrained the meditated blow. In him *Destructiveness is decidedly large*, but, *when sober*, there is not a more excellent person." p. 109.

Now, here we have, first of all, a man with a decidedly large organ, who yet, in his sound and natural state, gives no manifestation whatever of the connected propensity—in itself a complete falsification of the theory. But then, when disordered with drink, this naturally quiet person becomes mischievous—that is to say, he comes into the state to which drink and disorder might bring a man with a decidedly *small* organ—and which state, accordingly, is constantly referred to as explaining how men with small organs have occasionally strong propensities! We think it would be difficult to devise a more perfect refutation of the whole system.

A third and separate refutation, however, is suggested by another concession, or necessary distinction, of its supporters. There is a difference, they have been obliged to admit, between the *Activity* and the *Power* of their faculties and propensities: and size is the measure of power only—activity not manifesting itself by any peculiarity of outward configuration. This is, no doubt, very candid and plausible; but, at the same time, it takes away at once one half of their territory: Since it admits that there is one most material element of character, and that extending to all the faculties, sentiments and propensities that go to its formation, as to which this infallible "Science of observation" gives no light whatever. It observes size only:—And it is here admitted, that though the size be the same, the activity of the faculties may be exceedingly different, and the intellectual endowment of the individuals, therefore, as to one and all of these faculties, exceedingly different, while Phrenology would pronounce them identical.

But, in the second place, is there in reality any distinction between what is here called *power*, and what is called *activity*, as applied to the 36 phrenological faculties? Mr. Combe is more than usually eloquent on this subject; and it is but fair, therefore, to let him speak for himself.

"There is a great distinction between *power* and *activity* of mind; and, as size in the organs is an indication of the former *only*, it is proper to keep this difference in view. In *physics*, *power* is quite distinguishable from *activity*. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine traverses slow and ponderously through space, but its power is prodigiously great.

"In *muscular action*, these qualities are recognised with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls

slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

"In mental manifestations (considered apart from organization), the distinction between power and activity is equally palpable. Many members of the learned professions display great felicity of illustration and fluency of elocution, surprising us with the *quickness* of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They possess acuteness without power, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness and depth of understanding. This also proceeds from activity with little vigour. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate, their faculties acting slowly, but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain-wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate, ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power, it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feeble minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power." pp. 36-38.

Now, these are very well drawn pictures; and do credit to the author's powers of observation, as well as of writing—being very nearly as true as rhetorical descriptions can ever be: But the rhetoric is better than the logic, if the author really means to assert, that the slowness with which great energies are sometimes developed is to be regarded as their necessary attendant. If a steam engine or elephant moves slow, a cannon-shot, a war-horse, a thunderbolt, a comet, move fast: And, beyond all doubt, the most fervid orators, the most sublime poets, the most famous warriors, and the most commanding geniuses in all departments, have been remarkable for the combined depth and rapidity of their conceptions: The slowness, when it does occur, is not a symptom of greatness, but a defect or an accident. It arises sometimes from diffidence, sometimes from want of preparation, sometimes from general indolence of temper, sometimes from affectation. This, however, is of little consequence to the present argument. The question we would now ask is, whether it is not plain that these emphatic distinctions are really without meaning as applicable to different conditions of the 36 phrenological faculties; and whether, with regard to the far greater part of them, activity and power, are not perfectly synonymous and undistinguishable? In all the instances quoted, activity seems to mean rapidity of outward motion, and nothing else; and accordingly, it is afterwards (p. 41) expressly defined as denoting "the rapidity or readiness with which the faculties may be manifested." Now, let us see whether this does not coincide in almost every instance with any conception that can be framed of their Power, and whether the remainder are not of a nature to which it is impossible intelligibly to ascribe this attribute? When we say, for example, that a

man has Destructiveness unusually powerful, what do we mean but that he is unusually ready to injure and destroy! All men have something, it seems, of this amiable propensity; and the only difference is, that those who have it least are the *slowest* to give way to it—and those who have it most, the *quickest*. The whole difference, therefore, is in what is here called its *activity*. A difference in *power* must belong to the muscles of the hand or arm, and not to the brain at all. Combattività is manifestly in the very same predicament. Can a man be very irascible who is "slow to anger?" or did Shakspeare ignorantly depict his Combative Youth, only as "sudden and quick in quarrel?" In what other sense can we conceive of the faculties of Colour, Form, Size, and all the others that are supposed to minister to our perceptions of external objects? How is a man, with a powerful endowment of Colour, to be distinguished from one who has it moderate, but by his having a more *quick*, fine, and ready perception of the differences and harmonies of tints and shades? Is there any possibility, as to these faculties, of applying the poetical similitudes of Mr. Combe as to elephants and steam-engines, and the slow but resistless movements of giants? or how should we picture to ourselves a mighty colourist, bringing his tardy energies to act in a flower-garden, and labouring towards a tremendous manifestation of his faculty, while another, with a small but active organ, is flitting over the mingled hues, like a sunbeam or a butterfly? But the absurdity is not less conspicuous as to most of the other faculties. If a man has a large organ of Hope, what can that indicate, but that he hopes *promptly*, *rapidly*, and frequently? If he have much Wit, does not that imply that sparkling thoughts and apt illusions come to him *rapidly*, copiously, and easily? Does not a large endowment of Language necessarily mean, that there is a ready flow of words, a prompt recollection, a copious and rapid elocution? What is Imitation, but a quick perception and ready faculty of copying the peculiarities that are set before us? What Individuality, higher or lower, but an instant and rapid observation and disentanglement of fleeting events or complicated appearances? What Locality, but a swift conception and ready recollection of places transiently seen? What Cautiousness, but a quick sense of danger—a most prompt and vigilant circumspection for security? What Ideality itself, but an *aptitude* to catch fire from the common presentments of nature and society,—and, "with an eye glancing from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven"—to body forth its swift creations, and irradiate the dull realities of life with the visitations of its lightnings?

In all these cases, and in many more, we can have no other idea of the *power* of any faculty, than one which answers exactly to Mr. Combe's definition of its *activity*. It is in its extraordinary activity, in short, and nothing else, that its extraordinary power consists; and since it is admitted that activity is not indicated either by bumps on the skull, or any other visible peculiarity, there is an end, we must think, to the whole science of Phrenology.

This is plainly the case with the far greater

part of the phrenological faculties. But there are some, as to which it seems impossible to speak intelligibly of their tendency to "rapid manifestation." Adhesiveness, for instance, is the faculty by which we continue constant and devoted in our attachments—and Concentrativeness that which makes us vigorous and persevering in intellectual pursuits. It is possible, perhaps, to conceive of such faculties,—and of their existing more *powerfully* in some individuals than in others. But we strive in vain to form an idea of their comparative activity,—or as our author defines it, their tendency to "rapid manifestation." They are quiescent, constant, and unvarying propensities. They have no separate or proper *action* of their own—but merely urge forward, or preserve steady, by their weight and pressure, the other faculties, of loving or reasoning, to which they are auxiliary. The case is nearly the same with Firmness, Secretiveness, Self-esteem, and Conscientiousness. They do not express mental *actions*, in any intelligible sense of the word—and there is no meaning therefore in talking of the *rapidity* with which they may operate. They are *qualities* perhaps of the understanding—But they are necessarily constant and permanent qualities—and cannot be imagined to vary according to the *rapidity*, but only according to the strength, of their manifestations.

It is needless, however, to go farther into this part of the criticism—which is intended only to show the extreme looseness of the phrenological philosophy, even on points the most fundamental and elementary. The thing to be attended to is, that the activity of the faculties is confessedly independent of the size of their organs, or any other external indication; while, in almost all cases, it is impossible to distinguish between the effect of their activity, and what is called their power. If this be made out to the reader's satisfaction, he can require, we should think, no other refutation of the whole system.

There is a fourth, however, and that totally independent of admissions, to be derived from the changes that are so familiarly observed to take place in the characters and propensities of men, in the course of their lives—while the elevations on their skulls remain as they were from the beginning. According to the Phrenologists, character should always be indelible, or affected only by physical accidents on the head. According to fact and observation, it is liable to the greatest revolutions, in consequence merely of events and moral experience—the head, as a physical mass, continuing of its original form and dimensions: And those alterations are most commonly observed to take place in the propensities which make the most conspicuous figure in the phrenological arrangement. Is there any thing so common, for instance, as to see a young spendthrift turned into an old miser?—a man who was scandalously prodigal from twenty to forty, becoming extravagantly avaricious from fifty to eighty? But how is this to be reconciled with the stationary condition of his organ of Acquisitiveness, through both these opposite stages? Is it at all unusual for one who was a scold in his youth, to become most humbly and zeal-

ously devout in his maturer age? And as even the Phrenologists do not allege that there is in these cases any sudden development of the organ of Veneration, may we not be allowed to explain them by their obvious moral causes? That reflection has been suddenly awakened by danger or affliction—that attention has been roused by the impassioned eloquence of some great preacher, or that errors of opinion have been detected by more careful reasoning. What, again, is more ordinary, than to see a generous confiding disposition soured into misanthropy and distrust,—not by any subsidence of the bump of Benevolence, but by the experience of some signal perfidy and ingratitude? What more familiar than the change from the gay, social spirit of early youth, to the despondency of the melancholy recluse?—and this produced by no change certainly in the organs of the head, but by sudden accidental calamity—by the loss of beloved objects—by the harsh closing of the avenues of ambition? Are there not many amorous youths who degenerate into absolute woman-haters in their middle age?—many abstemious lads who ripen speedily into luxurious sensualists?—many who enter life bashful and diffident, and in no long time become patterns of assurance?—nay, many who have long conducted themselves with the most scrupulous integrity, who are at last corrupted into abominable knaves? There is no end to the detail of these revolutions. They are the story of every family, the gossip of every one who has lived with observation in the world. But they are absolutely irreconcilable with the truth of the phrenological theory—and, therefore, we must conclude that that theory cannot be true.

The last and most effectual, or at least most tangible refutation of it, is deduced from the actual want of any thing like distinct organs in the brain—as well as from observation of the effects produced, or *not* produced on the faculties, by injuries to those parts which that theory holds to be their necessary organs.

The followers of Gall and Spurzheim talk much, we know, of their discoveries in anatomy. We have no great faith, we confess, in those discoveries: But the writer of these observations is not learned in anatomy;—and although he has been assured by those who are, that all that is true in their account of the brain, had been previously established by Reil and others, it is really of no consequence to the present argument to come to any decision on this part of their pretensions. Let the white part of the brain be as exclusively fibrous, and the grey part as plainly its aliment as they please to represent it,—and let them have as much credit as they choose to take, for these and other discoveries: The important, and the *only* important anatomical fact, in this controversy, is a fact unequivocally against them—and of itself, we think, conclusive upon the question of evidence.—They say they have discovered thirty-six bumps on the skull, and that these correspond with as many elevations on the exterior surface of the brain. But they do not say, and cannot pretend that they find any thing in the *interior structure* or arrangement of that substance, corresponding with those thirty-six

organs. They are pleased, indeed, to *imagine* that they are continued back, in a tapering or conical form, from these their projecting terminations on the surface, till they converge somewhere at the top of the spinal marrow; but they do not pretend that the brain itself is actually divided into thirty-six such cones—that they can dissect them out as such, or demonstrate their course and separation by any sort of perceptible boundary. The whole of their organs, in short, are *substantially admitted to be imaginary*—the only indications of their separate existence being certain obscure protuberances on the mere *surface* of a body that is virtually homogeneous—and through the substance of which it is impossible to trace them to any extent whatever. There are convolutions in the brain, familiarly known to anatomists, and a white and a grey matter distributed in unequal masses. The phrenological Doctors pretend to have made discoveries as to the structure of these two kinds of matter, and the subserviency of the one to the other, and also as to the possibility of unfolding the convolved masses, and the decussation of the fibrous parts. But they do not pretend that they have found the brain actually divided into thirty-six cones, or organs of any other shape; that there is any kind of inward separation or distinction of structure corresponding with the superficial boundaries of their supposed organs; or that they are disjointed in short, or disconnected from each other, by any kind of membrane, fibre, or variety of texture or colour.* In short, though they are here

* Even if there were thirty-six cones in the brain, it would be rather strange if they turned out to be the organs of thirty-six different faculties—considering that they are assumed to be all of one and the same structure and form, and differing only in the size and shape of their superficial terminations. They are all cones, we are told, of the same fibrous and pulpy white and grey matter, without any variety of inward structure and arrangement. Now, certainly, in the only organs of which we know any thing, there is no such wondrous uniformity. The eye is a machine of a very different structure from the ear—the olfactory apparatus radically distinct from the gustatory. It would be strange, therefore, if we venerated the Deity, and were impelled to break lamps, by the state of two cones, of the same substance, lying under one bone! But there are no such cones; nor any traces of the thirty-six organs, except the elevations at the surface. The convolutions are mere foldings of a continuous mass, and do not correspond at all, either in shape, number, size or place, with the phrenological organs. In Spurzheim's last edition of his *Anatomy of the Brain*, accordingly, which we have only seen since writing the above, we find him stating (Edition 1826, p. 206,) that “the nervous energy depends in a great measure on ‘the quantity of surface,’ far more indeed than on the quantity of nervous matter.” It is edifying to find it recorded in the same work, that Gall substantially admitted that, “if he were shown the alleged organs of Acquisitiveness, Destructiveness, or Veneration, (meaning plainly their superficial

assumed and boldly represented as separate cerebral organs, the superficial projections of which are merely the croppings out of their internal organization, the fact is, that these superficial projections are all they have to show for their existence,—that they have no separate internal organization that can be traced or exhibited,—and that their description, as 36 distinct portions of the brain, reaching back in separate cones to the *medulla oblongata*, is a mere fiction or fancy,—in support of which the most keen and partial observation has been able to elicit no particle of evidence. We doubt whether an extravagant hypothesis was ever propounded before, with such a glaring deficiency, even of probable or preliminary evidence. If no skull had ever been looked into, it might or might not have been a plausible conjecture, that the bumps observed on the living head, were the terminations of certain interior organs; but when the head was laid open after death, and no such organs were found, the conjecture, one would think, must at once have been retracted as erroneous. The refutation could hardly have been more complete, if the skull had been found full of pure water: for the supposition of there being 36 separate organs in a continuous and homogeneous mass, must be allowed to be equally extravagant, whether that mass be wholly or only partially fluid.

The next set of facts, however, appear to us still more conclusive. If these 36 protuberances be really the necessary organs of as many separate faculties, it must follow, that when any one of them is injured or destroyed, the corresponding faculty must be impaired, or its exercise for the time suspended. Now, in all the woundings, knockings and trepannings, to which human heads have been subjected for the last 4000 years, though a general stupor, or suspension of *all* the faculties, has been often enough observed to accompany these inflictions, we are not aware that they have ever been known to produce the extinction of *particular faculties*, according to the part of the head on which they occurred.*

protuberances) apart from the rest of the brain, he certainly would not know them!” What should we think of a physiologist who would not know an eye from an ear, if separated from the head? It farther appears, from the same valuable document, that a new organ, entitled *Mirthfulness*, has been discovered since Mr. Combe's book was written—though we cannot exactly ascertain which of the old ones has been suppressed to make room for it.

* There ought, perhaps, to be an exception for Amativeness—at least to this extent, that injuries to the *cerebellum* generally seem to affect this propensity. This, however, makes nothing for the phrenological system. Amativeness is an affection or sensation of the body only—and prompts to mere bodily movements. It seems probable, from the experiments alluded to, that the nerves upon which these sensations depend, are derived from this part of the brain. It is certain, however, that the same effects are produced by any interception of their course to the parts of the body

Nay, we learn from Dr. Ferriar's papers in the Manchester Transactions, and from Mr. Renel's late publication, that a prodigious variety of cases have been recorded, in which large portions of the brain have been actually destroyed, and that in so many different parts of the head, as successively to dispose of all the phrenological organs, without affording a single instance of such a partial destruction of intellect, as *must* have followed, if their system were true, from this partial destruction of its organs. There is a long, cavilling, pertinacious argument in the volume before us, upon these truly alarming facts—into the details of which we have no longer room to enter. The substance of it seems to be, that the cases are not exactly in point—that the dull surgical observers may not have been aware of the loss of the injured faculty—and in particular, that they may not have attended to the fact that, each faculty having a *double set* of organs—one in each hemisphere of the brain, the injuries may not have extended to both, and the faculty may therefore have operated by the side that remained sound. In a matter so plain, we really do not think it necessary to go very minutely or elaborately to work. A man's head, according to the Phrenologists, is embossed all over with the protuberant organs of his different faculties—and other people admit, that it exhibits the organs of at least four such faculties. If, in a common boxing-match, he gets a closer on the eyes, it requires no nice medical skill to know that the sight will be injured, or that a good blow on the ear will make him deaf for a longer or shorter time. Accordingly, from the beginning of time, these effects have been universally known to follow from these injuries. But blows light at least as often on other parts of the head as on the eye or ear. They *must* light, therefore, according to the Phrenologists, on the organ of some other faculties;—and the question is, how—if the phrenological system were true—it could at this time of day be doubted, whether other specific faculties were injured by such blows—or how there should possibly be any need, and still less any difficulty, in producing evidence of that plain proposition? So far from being a matter of rare occurrence, or as to which there could be any room for cavilling about cases in point—it is obvious that cases in point must have been occurring every day, in the sight of almost every man in existence. To say nothing of battles—and the hacking of troopers'

more immediately concerned in these sensations, or by the mutilation of their more immediate organs. All bodily sensations depend on a bodily apparatus. Hunger and thirst are rightly referred, we think, to uneasy sensations in the stomach and fauces;—and though the nerves which minister to these sensations originate in the brain or spinal marrow, there is no more sense in saying that they have an organ in the brain, than if we were to say that there was an organ there for gout, tooth-ache, or whitlow. According to the experiments of M. Fleurons, the cerebellum is much more like the organ of voluntary Motion, than of Amativeness, or Love of Offspring.

heads with sabres and broadswords—there is not a Wake or Fair in Ireland, at which cases of injury on all the thirty-six bumps may not be obtained in multitudes: And yet nobody has ever observed the disturbance of any *special* faculty, but those of seeing and hearing—nor have either patients or lookers-on been the least aware of any difference in the mental effects of the blows, according to the quarter of the head on which they descended. If they struck the eye or ear, to be sure, the man grew blind or deaf. But if they fell any where else, he merely reeled, or fell, or vomited; but was conscious of no cessation in the functions of any particular mental power or propensity. A soldier shot or struck on the eyes, may cry out, "I am dark for life! my precious eye-sight!"—But if hit hard on the organ of Veneration, is never heard to exclaim, "There, my religion is clean gone! I care nothing now for God, or the Captain." A tender father wounded on the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, feels no sudden disregard for his children. A miser, well banged on the organ of Acquisitiveness, does not instantly become careless of his money bags; nor is a coward, whose large bump of Cautiousness has been half beaten in by ruffians, in any degree cured of his timidity.

The double sets of organs are of very little consequence in the argument. Though a man has two eyes, he knows very well when one of them is knocked out; and a man deaf on one side, is perfectly conscious of a defect in his hearing. Something analogous, therefore, should at all events take place, when one member of a phrenological pair is disabled; and it should be just as common to hear a friend complaining, that he had not been able to reason on the left side, or to make a joke with the right, the whole winter, as it now is to hear him say, that he cannot smell with the right nostril, or see with the left eye.* But besides that, in very many cases, the injuries extend to parts of both hemispheres, it happens that there is a range of very conspicuous faculties at their conjunction, the organs of which, though nominally double, are quite contiguous, and therefore substantially single; so that every injury must necessarily affect the whole. Of this class are the two Individualities, Comparison, Benevolence, Veneration, Firmness, and Love of Offspring; while the double organs of Locality, Causality, Time, and Imitation, though not absolutely in contact, are yet so near each other, as to make it very unlikely that they should not both be involved in any

* It is rather remarkable, that our Phrenologists take no notice of this duplication of the organs, when treating of the vigour which the faculties may receive from their morbid excitement. Yet it would perplex that argument, if otherwise available to them, far more than the present. If the faculty of Destructiveness is excited by a local inflammation above one ear, while that on the other side is not so affected, what will be the condition of the mental faculty? Will it have fits of morbid manifestation and remission, as the party brings one or the other organ into play? Or will it compromise the matter by a permanent half excitement?

misfortune that befel either. It is obvious, too, that these, as occupying the front, top, and centre of the head, are more liable to blows and accidents than any of the others; and as the casualties, to which we have referred, are of so very common occurrence, the tests which we would apply could never be wanting, even if they alone had the means of supplying them.

As to the cases in which large parts of the brain have been actually destroyed or removed, and from all places of the head, without the perceptible loss of any particular faculty, we cannot see that any answer either is or can be made to them—and conceive that they settle, by redundant evidence, a question which can no longer be considered as doubtful. Here, however, is a specimen of the facts which are pressed into the service of Phrenology.

"A man was brought into an hospital, who had received a considerable injury of the head, but from which he ultimately recovered. When he became convalescent, he spoke a language which no one about him could comprehend. However, a *Welsh milk-woman* came one day into the ward, and immediately understood what he said. It appeared that this poor fellow was a Welshman, and had been from his native country about thirty years. In the course of that period, he had entirely forgotten his native tongue, and acquired the English language. But when he recovered from his accident, he forgot the language he had been so recently in the habit of speaking, and acquired the knowledge of that which he had originally acquired and lost! Such a fact as this is totally inexplicable on any principle except that of the existence of organs by which the faculties are manifested; for it could not be the mind itself which was affected, and its faculties impaired by the fever, or which recovered long lost knowledge, by the influence of this disease." pp. 335.

We shall not attempt certainly to explain this, and some similar cases, which seem respectably attested. But we must say, that we find it much easier to let them pass for the present as inexplicable, than to acquiesce in the phrenological solution. It will be remembered, that they have now left us no organ of Memory, and therefore the injury in question must have affected some part of the organ of Language—to which the recollection of words is committed, on their present scheme. This organ, to be sure, is situated behind the eye—and we have no hint that the Welshman's eyes were affected. But let that pass—The phenomenon is explained by supposing that a part of the organ of language was injured—and that the effects of this injury were, 1st, to destroy for the time that part of the machinery which served for the recollection of *English* words—and, 2d, to restore to a serviceable state that part which had been originally used for recollecting *Welsh* ones, but had long been so much rusted and decayed, as to be quite unfit for service. These are not metaphors employed to assist our conception of an obscure fact, or to give a sort of coherence to a strange statement. They are alleged by the Phrenologists as serious and literal truths, affording a plain and satisfactory explanation of a very extraordinary occurrence. It is difficult for any one

else to be serious in speaking of such an explanation. For it substantially amounts to this, that there is an actual part or portion of the brain, whose function it is to suggest *Welsh* words and their meaning—and another to suggest *English* words—and that, by a knock on the head, one of these organs (for they are separate organs to all intents and purposes) may be made incapable of working—and the other re-enabled to work, after a long period of incapacity. If there be any truth in this, the 36 organs should be multiplied, not by hundreds but thousands. There must be an actual material polyglott in every man's head—a separate "volume in the brain" for every language that he learns—and a reserve, of course, of blank ones for every language he is capable of learning—nay, there must be a distinct line, of a few actual fibres, for every separate word—and not for every word only, but for every thing and idea of every sort—for all, in short, that may be either learned or forgotten! An old musician, by a lucky blow on the head, may have the sealed volume thrown open, where tunes, forgotten since infancy, are fairly pricked down—a mathematician may stumble on his lost equations—a gourmand recover his perished ragouts! For every separate conception, in short, of which the mind is capable, we have only to assume that there is a certain material receptacle in the brain, and all the phenomena of thought are explained in the simplest and most satisfactory manner—taking care always to assume, at the same time, just such accidents and changes in those material organs as will exactly account for the phenomena in question!

We must absolutely end here, we find;—though there is much goodly matter behind. There is a great deal about "the modes of activity of the organs," which we confess passes our understanding; and we must bear the same testimony to the dissertations on the Harmony of the Faculties, and the practical applications of the science, to the treatment of Insanity, and to Criminal Legislation. But we must hurry away at once from all these seductions; and leave the book and the science at length to their fate. We have already given more attention to them, than many of our readers will probably approve, or indeed than we ourselves think they deserve—though probably not enough to have avoided some errors, and many imperfections, in our hasty statement. We have left room enough, we dare say, for cavil and misrepresentation, on the part of those who think these the best weapons of controversy. It is not, however, to them that we address ourselves—and we care nothing at all for their hostility. We have no objections to Phrenology, as an amusement for idle people, and as a means, perhaps, of tempting them into a taste for reflection; and to those good ends this free exposition of its fallacy is likely, we think, to contribute. But the dogmatism and arrogance of its advocates were really beginning to be tiresome—and the folly had lasted rather too long. It would no doubt have declined of itself in no very long time; and in supposing that we may have now done something to accelerate its cessation, we are probably vainly arrogating to ourselves an

honour that will belong entirely to the progress of reason—or the fortunate distraction of some newer delusion.

From the British Critic.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MAJOR CARTWRIGHT. Edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, London.

From the Forget-Me-Not.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

"THE sun is on the western throne;
The heaven is like a crimson zone;
The crimson cloud lies deep and still,
A crown upon the mighty hill;
The ancient forest, down its side,
Gleams like a rolling crimson tide,
Till fade its fires in misty grey
Where the deep vale winds far away.

But, from the centre of the lake
Back shoots the splendour, flake for flake;
There, girt with tower and crested wall,
Stands in its pomp a palace-hall.
But all is proud, pale, desolate,
As smitten by the hand of fate—
As if some potent voice had said,
"Be thou the palace of the dead!"

Before its portals sits alone
A woman, pale, and fix'd as stone!
You would have said, some mighty hand,
Some vex'd enchanter's sudden wand
Had, when, the highest of the high,
Her heart beat full of sovereignty,
Laid the dark curse upon her brow
At once, and that wild moment now.

She sits, high, haughty, unsubdued,
In majesty of solitude;
Yet, breathing, beautiful, and young,
As when the princes round her hung.
Still from her eyelash, deep and dark,
Flashes the light—a diamond spark;
Her cheek—the ruby of the morn;
Her lip—like loveliness in scorn;
All, all the beautiful disdain,
That makes us hate, yet bless, the chain.
She sits, the very witchery
That bade her lovers gaze and die.
On the wild weeds she sits alone,
Yet looks a sovereign on her throne.

Deserted now, her brave and fair
Long slumber with the things that were:
The deer beside her crops the bloom;
The bird beside her shuts the plume;
The wild duck, from the waveless flood,
Leads round her feet the unscurd brood.
A hundred years have sun and storm
Past o'er this monumental form—
For wrath and power were in the spell
Which on that haughty lady fell;
And till has struck the fated hour
Shall cling the spell of wrath and power.

No barge shall stem the azure lake;
No minstrel bid the bowers awake;
No eye do homage to the rose
That on her cheek of beauty glows;
No banner glitter from the wall;
No princely footstep tread the hall:
But all be silent, strange and lone,
Till the deep vengeance is undone—
Till, past the punishment of pride,
She smiles a sovereign and a bride."

We are indebted to Major Cartwright for a great deal of amusement during his lifetime, and the sum of our obligation is certainly increased by his present Biography. The kind-hearted old gentleman (for such he was in eminence) never failed to remind us, in his political vagaries, of Prior's Squirrel, "spending his little rage," and twirling his wheel in perpetual gyrations, without advancing one step onward towards his object; yet all the while imagining, with the most contented self-complacency, that his progress was proportionate to his bustle. If the record now before us confirms the judgment which we had previously formed, of the scale by which Major Cartwright's "enlightened mind and profound Constitutional knowledge" (they are the words of no less a man than Fox himself, and they are chosen as one of the mottos of this work) are to be measured, we receive a far more gratifying assurance from it, that in all the charities of domestic and social life we had by no means overrated his excellence.

John Cartwright was born on the 17th of September, (old style,) 1740, at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire. His family, which was respectable for its antiquity, had diminished its possessions by exertion in the Royal cause during the great Rebellion; and, as a burned child proverbially dreads the fire, it is not impossible that their descendant, whom we are now considering, might derive some of his hyper-democracy from the opposite excess of his forefathers. He was one of ten children, and consequently was to be the author of his own fortunes; for which object his education does not appear to have been by any means, well calculated. At five years of age, he was sent to a Grammar-school at Newark, and afterwards to Heath Academy, in Yorkshire, both barren soils, from which he is said not to have reaped more than a very slight knowledge of Latin; the only language besides his own with which during the course of his long after-life he possessed even this distant acquaintance. His holidays were spent under the roof of Lord Tyrconnel, who had married his father's eldest sister; and this kind aunt, who was greatly attached to him, and who resided during her widowhood in her brother's family at Marnham, anxiously wished to bring her nephew up to agricultural pursuits at home. But his mind was of too mercurial a cast to be thus tamely controlled; and, in a moment of boyish enthusiasm, turning his dungfork into a halberd, he set off to join the armies of Frederick the Great as a volunteer. On his route to Spandean, however, he proceeded no farther than Stamford, and having been seized once again, as a waif and stray, by the disconsolate steward, who had been despatched in pursuit of him, he returned home with unabated martial ardour. His family no longer restrained his passion for arms, although directed to a new element; a berth was procured

for him on board his Majesty's ship the *Essex*, employed off Cherbourg;

*Quasitque diu terris ubi sidere detur,
In mare lassatis volucris tagna decidit alis.*

In this ship he was present at the capture of Cherbourg, and on his transfer to the *Magnanime*, in 1759, he appears to have been much distinguished by her commander Lord Howe, an officer for whom he ever entertained the utmost gratitude and admiration. During the same year he was actively concerned in the engagement between Sir Edward Hawke and Conflans; so actively indeed, that of the twenty-six men whom he commanded at his gun, thirteen were killed by his side, and the crew to which he belonged became known among their brother tars by the truly nautical *soubriquet* of "the fighting Mags."

In 1766, he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Guernsey*, on the Newfoundland station. While on that coast, he filled the high offices of Deputy or Surrogate within the districts of Trinity and Conception Bays, and Deputy Commissary to the Vice-Admiralty Court; he discovered a lake, which proved to be the source of the river Exploits; and he constructed a chart of its vicinity from which an engraving is now published. On his return he brought over with him eight dogs for his friends, five of which died on the voyage; and a "horribly ugly" Esquimaux woman for himself, who fortunately survived. She was the first of her countrywomen who visited England, and the impression made upon her by the wonders to which she was introduced is very effectively described in the following brief anecdote—

"On being shown the interior of St. Paul's she was so struck with astonishment and awe, that her knees shook under her, and she leaned for support on the person who stood next her. After a pause of some moments, she exclaimed, in a low and tremulous voice, 'Did man make it, or was it found here?'"—Vol. i. p. 41.

In 1770, he quitted the Newfoundland station, and on the commencement of the war with Spain, relative to the Falkland Islands, he was very honourably invited by Lord Howe to become one of his lieutenants. On the adjustment of that dispute, he returned home for the benefit of his health, which had been severely affected by the hardships of his long services in an inclement climate. It is probably to some particular moment during this period of his life, that the great work of his political new birth might be traced; and that, in the language of sectarians and enthusiasts of another class, he felt himself graciously indulged with a sweet sense of his union to, and ingraftation on the fertile and good stock. We should have been pleased to find his first *awakening* recorded as faithfully as are his manifold subsequent *experiences*—but this satisfaction is denied us.

Certain it is, however, that in 1772, he commenced projector, by suggesting to Government a plan for a perpetual supply of English oak for the Navy. This plan was first submitted to Lord Sandwich, and as Mr. Cartwright had signified his intention of calling at the Admiralty, and repeating his visits till he was ad-

mitted, his lordship thought it would save time if he received the applicant at once; so he paid him many handsome compliments on his scheme, informed him that it was not within the limits of his department, and when Mr. Cartwright asked if he had any objection to his presenting it to Lord North, he acquiesced with great readiness. With Lord North accordingly it was left; Lord North referred it to the Board of Admiralty, and the Board of Admiralty referred it to the Navy Board; and its author waited upon each of the Commissioners separately and personally, to communicate the substance of his project before it was openly discussed. Thirty years afterwards we find it once again proposed to Mr. Hiley Adington with similar success.

The eruption of the American volcano, as might be expected, kindled all Mr. Cartwright's most "combustible and fuel'd entrails." He broke out in print; he drank tea with Mr. Platt, "the rebel, traitor, and pirate," of whom he had heard "a very favourable account," and who was, at that time lodged in Newgate; he suggested the expediency of an union between Great Britain and her Colonies under separate legislatures; he distributed "a short argument" at the doors of Parliament to every Member indiscriminately; and he commenced those complaints against the want of public honesty which he continued for forty-nine years afterwards so incessantly and so ineffectually. "Would I could find in those I have to deal with," he wrote most emphatically to one with whom he had to deal, "a moderate portion of integrity. I want but half a dozen honest men to save a city!"

In 1775, he was appointed Major of the Nottinghamshire Militia, and forthwith he very meritoriously employed himself in organizing a new regimental button. The design consisted of a cap of Liberty resting on a book, over which appeared a hand, holding a drawn sword in its defence. The motto was *Pro Legibus et Libertate*, which, being interpreted, says Mr. Cartwright, meaneth "For our Laws and Liberty;" and as a further proof of scholarship, he added, "in a different character, the name of the County also in Latin." The die was shown to the Colonel, and was very well liked; and, as a crowning triumph, the Major "carried a great point with regard to the colours of the regiment. The cap of Liberty is to be displayed on the banners as well as to grace our button."

But notwithstanding this button-making propensity, Major Cartwright was far from being a *marionette*. The standing orders which he drew up for his regiment, and parts of which are given in the appendix to these volumes, are plain, distinct, and highly useful rules for a soldier's conduct; and an instance which is cited of his manner of securing attention to discipline, exhibits more of practical wisdom and knowledge of human nature, than he was in the habit of displaying, at least in his political campaigns.

"Perceiving that at first setting out on the march from Hull to Portsmouth the men were inclined to loiter in a manner inconsistent with military discipline, he assured them he should find means to prevent such irregularity in fu-

ture. The offence was nevertheless repeated the next day; but just as they came in view of their quarters for the night, the Major drew them up, and ordering them to face about, without making any remark, marched them three miles back, thus adding six additional miles to the exercise of the day. The punishment had its desired effect, and was never again called for either during that or any other march in which he commanded."—Vol. i. p. 70.

Lord Howe being now appointed Commander in Chief and Commissioner in America, immediately offered Major Cartwright a situation on board his own ship. Major Cartwright was fully sensible of the great advantages thus placed in his way. He writes to his future lady,—

"At the Admiralty office, I also learnt that there will be in America next summer about eighty ships of war. I believe the command of so many ships never fell to the lot of one man, since the defeat of the Spanish Armada; so it will be the fairest field for promotion that can be imagined. That in itself is a very strong temptation, but when I consider it as the means of removing all obstacles to the final possession of my inestimable friend, how shall I express its value! I would purchase it at any price short of integrity. Passionately attached to the navy—my great ambition to serve with him whom I consider the first officer in the world—my pride to receive promotion unsolicited at such hands—my supreme happiness to make her whom I love my own—it is indeed a sacrifice—great ought indeed to be the satisfactions which honour, that rigid dictator, may have in store."—Vol. i. p. 73.

But he felt that by the publication of a pamphlet on *American Independence* he had pledged himself not to act in any situation which might place him in personal hostility against the Colonists. Of the sincerity which prompted this sacrifice of self-interest no doubt can be entertained; but with a slight inversion of the well-known and much-abused words of a giant moralist and metaphysician, we much question whether, in the general estimate of duties, a sailor has any thing to do with his orders but to obey them.

The first fruits of his inworking Faith manifested themselves in 1776, when he wrote his earliest pamphlet on Reform. "From this time," observes his Biographer, "we may consider him as more or less devoted to the object of obtaining annual Parliaments and universal suffrage." Henceforward he must be regarded as the great Apostle of the School of Radicalism, the forerunner of the mightier Man of Roasted Corn and Liquid Blacking.

Tracts, Treatises, Advertisements, Prospectuses, Declarations, and Dinnerings, were the artillery with which Major Cartwright sought to fortify the position which he had taken up; and the fire from these batteries, though uninterrupted, appears sometimes to have been carried on with little more than blank cartridges. Thus Dr. Price believed that Lord Shelburne had read one of the Reformer's MSS. and approved the proposal which it contained. Lord Shelburne himself, some time after, applauded his zeal, but declined his plans. The Duke of Richmond introduced himself with one of the

Major's books in his pocket, and an offensive passage turned down. After complaining much of want of charitableness and injustice, his Grace shook hands and parted good friends, just as Mr. Dennis O'Grady and Mr. Terence O'Laughlin are in the habit of doing, after discharging two cases of pistols in each other's faces. In a private letter which arose out of this amicable interview, the Duke gave his correspondent this comfortable intimation of his opinion: "My great difficulty has always been how your plan, or any plan like it, can ever be carried into execution." In like manner, Major Cartwright himself once presented an address to the King, at his levee, with the hearty wish that his Majesty might be "wise enough and good enough to pay attention to it." We hear no further commendations of the Royal wisdom and goodness, though, in order to call them forth, Lord Dartmouth was to be asked to approve the plan and to influence Lord North, so that both the noble Lords jointly might influence the King. So also Mr. Burke duly acknowledged the delivery of a presentation-pamphlet, with an assurance that he would "always receive with great docility and thankfulness any instruction relative to his public or private duty." But the intercourse thus happily commenced did not ripen into intimacy of long duration; probably, as the fair Biographer very naively observes, "from the great dissimilarity of character."

In the Spring of 1780, Major Cartwright was safely delivered of the first Club with which he was impregnated. Capel Loft and Dr. Jebb in this instance shared the honours of paternity, and a list of the most distinguished chicks who burst the egg-shell of the *Society for Constitutional Information*, occupies a fair octavo page. The Major assures the lady (Miss Anne Katharine Dashwood) whom he married about the same moment, that this society "bids fair in time to become a constellation of genius and patriotism."

With the progress of the French Revolution Major Cartwright's political barometer rose far above fever-heat, and as the Duke of Newcastle did not think that an officer holding his Majesty's commission was fittingly employed in celebrating the anniversary of the first great popular commotion which led to the overthrow of an allied Monarchy, we are not as much surprised nor offended, as Major Cartwright himself seems to have been, at his dismissal from the Militia. He took this in great dudgeon; and as he declared publicly that he should appear at his post in uniform, whenever the regiment assembled, there was much chance that there might have been two "Sturgeons" on the field at once. The opportunity never presented itself, and the Major quietly subsided from the toils of the *Campus Martius* into those of Covent Garden and the Crown and Anchor.

On Horne Tooke's Trial, Major Cartwright was subpoenaed as a witness to character, in company with the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Pitt. After the acquittal, the Major writes home—

"A joyous dinner and afternoon yesterday at Tooke's. Four ladies, of whom two were his daughters, and a large party of men. We drank the King's health, which I dare say was

not suspected at the next door (Dundas's), where he had Pitt and a large party to dine. Hoppner, Banks the sculptor, and Sharp the engraver, were there; busts, medals, &c., are under contemplation."—Vol. i. p. 211.

The few specimens of correspondence between Mr. Fox and Major Cartwright are sufficiently pithy. "I beg your pardon," says the former, on one occasion, "for not answering sooner the two obliging letters you have favoured me with;" and again, "I return you many thanks for your three letters, and the obliging expressions contained in them;" afterwards, "I return you many thanks for yours of the 22d, and the packet accompanying it." ('O monstrous! eleven buckram men already grown out of two'); "that your plan is on a right principle is beyond a doubt, how far it might be so entirely practicable," &c. So when urged by Major Cartwright to call a meeting of the County of Middlesex, in 1805, Mr. Fox, in common with his leading friends, "made very flattering replies," but added, and the words were somewhat strong, that "to stir it (the question of Reform) at that time would not only be highly prejudicial to the interests of Reform itself, but to every other measure that could be taken for the general good." But Mr. Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, has, before this, inadvertently unbagged the cat respecting Mr. Fox's opinion on Reform; and in spite of the indignation with which Major Cartwright's Biographer hears his schemes termed, "wild" and "wholly impracticable," it is plain enough that such was the light in which Mr. Fox always considered them. "Whenever any one," he would say, "proposes to you a specific plan of Reform, always answer that you are for nothing short of annual Parliaments and universal suffrage, then you are safe."

Strange to say, it was not till the autumn of 1805 that Major Cartwright became a reader of Cobbett's *Weekly Register*. No sooner, however, had he cast his eye upon its pages, than he was sensibly touched by the writer's "energy, indignant warmth against speculation, abhorrence of political treachery, and independent spirit." All this he told him in a paegeyical epistle, called out by these feelings of esteem, and requesting his acceptance of "a few essays written to serve his injured country." Cobbett had the same coin (even if he was without any other) always at command. In his *Register* he some time afterwards speaks of Major Cartwright as possessing "a mind which it is impossible to bewilder, and a heart of such integrity that nothing can shake." This is as it ought to be—*capies qualia dona dabis*.

During the Middlesex Election in 1806, Major Cartwright took the chair at two dinners and one meeting. In July, 1808, he had an opportunity of offering a new Constitution and a patent pike-staff to the Spanish patriots, through a correspondence which he opened with the Viscount Matarosa; to the Viscount himself he tendered the loan of three separate MSS., intended to have been proposed as three separate laws to the English Parliament; but not proposed, because Sir Francis Burdett, to whom they were entrusted, felt a conviction that "he should meet with no support." The

Spanish nobleman had full permission to "peruse or to copy" these MSS. "for the use of his country;" but we are not informed whether he adopted one, both, or neither, of these obliging offers. Major Cartwright applied also to many persons of rank and consideration, to sign a requisition for a public meeting on "the relative affairs of Spain and England." He received his customary answer, that "on abstract principles they concurred in the measure," but that "they thought it was not exactly the time in which such a subject should be brought forward," and he took his customary mode of following his own opinion, by calling the meeting, and moving some resolutions.

His "great object" during the early part of the year 1809 was to obtain a number of respectable stewards for a dinner to be given in support of Parliamentary Reform. The Whigs, almost to a man, declined attendance, but twelve hundred Radicals thronged to the Crown and Anchor; and one of them, as Major Cartwright used to relate with great glee, after having his shoulder dislocated in the crowd, in getting into the room, went to a surgeon to have it set, and then returned to dinner. It was one of those few days of unclouded sunshine which was permitted to illumine the political hemisphere of the champion of Reformation.

On the celebration of the Jubilee, as one of the twenty senior lieutenants on the Navy List, he was promoted to the rank of Master and Commander. On this occasion, he sought also to present a congratulatory Address and Petition to the King, in person, and for this purpose he went down to Windsor, and returned after his manner, *apertus*. The subjects which chiefly occupied him in 1810 were the organization of the Militia "on Saxon principles," and the association of the Prince of Wales with the King on the throne, "like William and Mary." It does not, however, appear which of the two Royal partners in this Monarchical firm he was desirous should be unsexed.

In 1811-12, the *Hampden Club*, to "secure the people a free election of their Representatives in the Commons House of Parliament," was spawned by his friend Mr. Northmore, and over this sickly bantling Major Cartwright watched with more than parental anxiety during its rickety existence and decline. True it is, that not long after the birth of this Club, it was hinted to him that many persons of rank and influence kept away from it because he was a Member, and, on the moment, he magnanimously resolved to retire; but alas, poor Major! *præsens absensque idem es*; it did "not appear that his secession answered the purpose intended, or that his absence brought any increase of strength to the Society. He was therefore re-elected," and his re-election was officially communicated to him by Mr. Montague Burgoyne, in terms which it has been thought necessary to blazon in everlasting letter-press, and which we shall therefore not apologize for extracting.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am most happy to inform you that you are unanimously re-elected a Member of the Hampden Club. Yours, truly,

"MONTAGUE BURGUYNE.

"On the back of this letter is written in Major Cartwright's hand-writing, 'this prompt attention sensibly felt by J. C.'—Vol. ii. p. 30.

Even after this auspicious re-election, the Club continued to languish; often not more than three members were present, and on the 15th of March, 1815, no one attended but himself. He was at once Patron, President, Chairman, Deputy, and Secretary, Mover, Seconder, Voter, and Reporter. "Twice a year," complains Mr. Northmore, in a very melancholy epistle, "twice a year the Club dines together through the medium of an advertisement, but why they dine together, or for what purpose they are associated, is almost as unknown," &c. &c. In 1816, after a meeting, in which Sir Francis Burdett was called by acclamation to the chair, a full report of the proceedings of the Club was drawn up and published by Major Cartwright. In 1817, a circular letter was framed by the same indefatigable hand, calculated to "draw into the association men of property and rank," whom it appears very much to have needed. The Major was unable to collect a Committee to sanction its adoption; but so linetwiggled were his words, that even "on reading the MSS., a gentleman of very large property, and till lately a mere Whig, immediately became a candidate for admission." But all these "charming spells and periapts," did but "hold death awhile at the arm's end;" and the final decease of the Club is formally announced in a letter to Mr. Northmore, in May, 1819, after a meeting, in which Major Cartwright once again, in dignified unity, constituted the universal body and collective wisdom of Reform.

But we have been hurried beyond our legitimate chronology by a wish to trace the history of the *Hampten Club* without interruption, and we must revert to 1812, in which Major Cartwright was exposed to a severe literary loss. Six years before, he had published a work, entitled the *Ægis, or the Military Energies of the Constitution*. It seems to have been one of his most favourite productions, for there was none which he more frequently pressed on the acceptance and the notice of his correspondents and others. The Dukes of York and Portland, Earls of Westmoreland, Chatham, and Bathurst, Lords Camden, Eldon, Mulgrave, Hawkesbury, and Castlereagh, Messrs. Canning and Perceval, together with many officers of rank, received presentation-copies. Mr. Whitbread promised faithfully that he would read it a second time, having already done so once "with satisfaction and improvement;" Mr. John Quincy Adams, the American Envoy, was invited to the perusal of it, for the advantage of the United States, and in reply he expressed his conviction that it would be highly useful to that country. When petitions against the Corn Bill were being fabricated in 1815, Major Cartwright regretted deeply the want of copies, which (for what purpose we know not) might have "flown in all directions." But unhappily none were to be procured. The history is too solemn to be garbled, and we shall give it entire.

"He could not divest himself of an idea that the loss of the work was to be attributed to the obnoxious opinions it contained.

"The facts were briefly these:—On applying to his publisher, Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church Yard, for some copies of the *Ægis*, that gentleman sent for them to the premises of the printers, Messrs. Mercier and Co., where, for convenience, they had been deposited. To his surprise, however, not a copy could be found or afterwards recovered, and no satisfactory reason was ever given for their disappearance.

"Though avowedly the property of the author, who was not in the smallest degree indebted to Messrs. Mercier and Co., they had, as it appeared, been seized during their bankruptcy, nor could a single copy be afterwards recovered, though, with his usual indefatigable research, he endeavoured to trace the hands into which they had fallen.

"It is but proper to remark, that he never imputed the slightest blame on this occasion either to the publisher or printers, but attributed his misfortune to some unknown and invisible agent, who took advantage of the bankruptcy, and whose mysterious proceedings baffled all his endeavours to make them the subject of legal investigation."

The unsuspecting simplicity with which the announcement of the disappearance of this pamphlet was received by its author, and is recorded by his biographer, is not among the least amusing parts of the volumes before us. It never seems to have occurred to either party, that sometimes there is a more than usual circulation of commodities among the venders of *thus et odores*, and that on those occasions they do not always refuse the *charta incepta* which are proffered to them, because, like the excellent Christopher Chrysal, they "have nothing particular just at present to wrap up."

"In the autumn of the same year, Major Cartwright undertook a home-mission for Reform, and directed his itinerant preaching chiefly to Manchester, Liverpool, and Nottingham, the great towns in the districts which were most distressed and disturbed, and which, consequently, presented most facilities for excitation. Accordingly, thirty-eight men, "peaceably assembled at the sign of the Prince Regent's Arms, in Manchester, to consider a petition for Parliamentary Reform," were committed under a military guard to Lancaster gaol. The Major dined in public more than once; several "good speeches" were made at Liverpool; there was "a little disturbance" at Nottingham; and putting all events together, he returned to London, to use his own words, with every "reason to be extremely satisfied with what I have seen and what I have done."

The experiment had answered so well that it was worth repetition; so, early in the next year, he set off "to repair the Constitution." On his appearance at Huddersfield, he raised such a crowd towards nightfall, that Civil interposition became necessary; and the Major, his papers, and a crowd of the much-calumniated lower class of the community were transferred to a neighbouring Magistrate for examination. In the end they were all found equally harmless, and were dismissed together; and the Major had the satisfaction afterwards of making a useless application to the Secretary

of State for a copy of the warrant, and of prevailing upon Lord Byron to make one of his two speeches in the House of Lords, and to present a petition which was ordered to lie upon the table. Mr. Whitbread declined presenting a similar petition to the Commons, and drew down upon himself, in consequence, a full phial of the Major's wrath. "I was led to hope," writes the visionary veteran, "an animated debate might be raised, a debate more useful than any on affairs in Germany, Spain, or America." Fearful indeed were the odds; a few pounds of waste paper against the lives and liberties of half Europe and all the New World! But "in your lord's scale is nothing but himself;" and Major Cartwright took it for granted that the balance must incline on his own side. The result of this voyage of discovery was communicated in a circular letter to the gentlemen who had contributed to the expenses of it; and it appeared that the Major returned home, after having traversed nine hundred miles in twenty-nine days, with no less than 430 petitions in his saddle-bags.

Of the effect produced by these Petitions, we receive little information; but from a memorandum discovered among his papers, and appended in a note to a long expostulatory letter to Lord Stanley, we learn that his lordship not only refused to meddle with one of those intrusted to him, but moreover returned this same letter, together with the petition, to its author.

Lord Stanhope had long been his friend and correspondent, and yet between Lord Stanhope and himself there seems to have existed a marked difference of opinion concerning a point on which it was impossible for Major Cartwright to recede; and this a point upon which neither party was solicitous to express himself in very measured language. First hear the Major.

"Any blockhead can furnish the detail that is to constitute the plan. Here is a plain answer to those superficial men who are the dupes of the crafty, by calling for a plan by way of showing what we mean; we mean that our country shall have representation co-extensive with direct taxation."—Vol. ii. 70.

Turn we now to the noble Lord. The whole letter is worthy of remark.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have, as you well know, uniformly disclaimed the *false and unprincipled* proposition, that the people's right to '*representation*' was co-extensive with direct taxation. In order to prove its incorrectness, suppose that some Chancellor of the Exchequer were to contrive to raise the whole revenue, at any time by means of indirect taxation, would that in any degree invalidate the sacred right of the people to be represented?

"It is taxation which is founded on representation, but not representation that is founded on taxation of any kind.

"I will not allow my name to be made use of. I have correct principles which will never change. But as I have already told you, I have too indifferent an opinion of men, to consent to form an union with any men, for any purpose, good, bad, or indifferent.

"I stand alone, and shall probably continue

to do so: but if it shall please my God that I shall yet live but a short time longer, I trust that I shall leave to my fellow-men a rich legacy of utility. I am, dear Sir, &c.

—Vol. ii. p. 43.

"STANHOPE."

"Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard." While those who were harnessed to the yoke of the Reform-wagon pulled thus fiercely in opposite directions, it is no longer a matter of surprise that its wheels dragged somewhat heavily over the slough and mire, the rough roads and the steep hills which impeded its progress.

On the 15th of June, 1815, Major Cartwright called a meeting in Palace-yard, to celebrate the 600th anniversary of the signature of Magna Charta. The enlightened assembly voted a petition in behalf of the sacred right of petitioning, and thanks to Sir Francis Burdett and Major Cartwright. About the same time the spirit of allegory appears to have revived within him as vividly as when in more youthful days he invented the typical button for the Nottinghamshire Militia. He writes to Mr. Northmore,—

"Should you happen to have a fit of idleness, or a fit of impatience, you may call for an explanation of my seal. It is emblematic of liberty founded on law, defended by arms as well as by trial by jury, typified by twelve stars. The name and dates (Alfred and 1215) require no explanation. The winged lyre signifies the celebration of the English Constitution to the whole world. The swords and the spear are not, like the cap, mere emblems of Liberty, but infinitely the nobler emblem, carrying with them a real cause for Liberty, to which the cap has no pretension."—Vol. ii. p. 109.

His third visitation was to Scotland, in the course of the summer of this year. In Edinburgh he excited a "considerable sensation;" and, in conformity to the customs of that learned Capital, he delivered a Lecture on the Constitution; at Glasgow he found "spirit and intelligence beyond his most sanguine expectations;" at Forfar he was *very nearly* drawn in his carriage by the mob. Every where he was greeted most affectionately, and many persons walked twenty and thirty miles in order to see him. He left behind him a person whose duties were to continue his Lectures and to get up Petitions. This person died about two years afterwards, and the transaction which succeeded his demise is as creditable to Major Cartwright's high spirit as it is characteristic of Radical honour and honesty.

"His widow wrote to inform Major Cartwright that, having been offered a large sum of money to give up to Government the letters which had passed between her husband and himself, she feared that, in justice to her family, she must unwillingly accede to the proposal. This intimation received from Major Cartwright the following laconic reply:—'That it gave him infinite satisfaction to find that any letters of his were considered so valuable; and he therefore begged her to make the best bargain she could of their contents.'"

—Vol. ii. p. 119.

Seven Letters to Sir Francis Burdett were exsuded during the hot July of 1817. In the

August following Major Cartwright obtained the alliance of a "giant intalent," Mr. Wooler of the *Black Dwarf*; and, in addition to the courage and genius which this new partizan abundantly manifested, Major Cartwright had the satisfaction of learning from his Apothecary (and no better authority can be supposed to exist on such a subject,) "a medical gentleman of very superior attainments," that his lately-acquired friend was a man of excellent moral character. Major Cartwright wrote largely in the paper which Mr. Wooler edited, and very liberally ordered sixty copies whenever any of his communications were inserted.

In 1819 he had an opportunity of again indulging in his favourite propensity of visiting malefactors while in confinement, which we have already glanced at in the case of Mr. Platt. Cobbett had received him in Newgate, Sir Charles Wolseley twice in Abingdon gaol, and Sir Francis Burdett in the King's Bench. When Mr. Hobhouse had blustered himself into similar durance, Major Cartwright affectionately hastened

"To see so worshipful a friend,
I th' pillory set at the wrong end."

We shall give his own account of the interview:—

"It happened accidentally to come to his knowledge that a friend of that gentleman's family had represented, or intended to represent, very forcibly to his father and himself, the danger to which his health was exposed by confinement and want of exercise, and that it would be very desirable, as well as easy, to shorten the period by some sort of recantation or acknowledgment. Scarcely was Major Cartwright informed of this, than he set off for Newgate, determined, if he saw any probability that such advice should prevail, to urge strongly the propriety of submitting to any inconvenience rather than purchase his liberation at so dear a rate. On his return home, however, he remarked with a smile, 'I soon saw that my errand was unnecessary; the young man is firm.'—Vol. ii. p. 162.

At length the great event occurred to which the labours of a whole life of more than usual length had as yet been unsuccessfully directed. The Major himself was indicted as a principal. The accusation was, a conspiracy to elect a legislative attorney for the representation of the loyal town of Birmingham in Parliament. But he was far from being unprepared for this charge; and it was in order to meet the blow which he anticipated that he had already applied to his friends.

"Pray send a line to Lord Semphill, to request he will assist me in procuring me a half-penny, coined early in the present reign, which, if I mistake not, bore a cap of Liberty on the wand of Britannia, before she was armed with a trident. Consult also another friend of ours how to come at an accurate description of the King's state coach at the beginning of this or any other reign since the Revolution, so as to ascertain whether the cap of Liberty made one of its ornaments."—Vol. ii. p. 166.

Major Cartwright conducted his own defence, and naturally enough was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of 100*l*. Before

he left the Court, he produced from one of the pockets of his waistcoat, which he always wore of an unusual size, a large canvas bag, out of which he slowly and deliberately counted 100*l*. in gold, observing that he believed "they were all good sovereigns."

The promotion of public dinners in celebration of the Revolutions of Spain, Portugal, and Naples, and public meetings in support of Queen Caroline's chastity, continued to occupy him even while this prosecution was pending. He put "in hand" "patriotic songs in Spanish, and translations of them." He employed an artist to make two busts of Riego and Quiroga, which being mounted on flat pedestals fixed on staves, and ornamented with sprigs of olive and laurel, were carried at the head of the stewards, led by the chairman: "through the assistance of Senor Llanos Gutierrez, he obtained the help of "an admired singer at the Opera, who electrified the audience by a Spanish song, which was received with enthusiastic plaudits;" and a young English friend also produced another song, which was set to music by a native of Scotland. The following letter from Dr Parr is connected with these interesting occupations:—

"Dear and excellent Mr. Cartwright,

"I am busy night and day in preparing such a catalogue of my numerous books, as may guide my executors when I am no more. Scarcely any consideration could draw me away from the laborious but important task. If my presence had been necessary for the cause of the Queen, I am pretty sure that I should have been summoned; and the Queen knows I should have been ready to obey the summons. But all her interests and all her rights are in the hands of able, and we may now say, faithful auxiliaries. I hold with you, that the honour of the Queen is closely connected with the Constitutional rights of the people; and at all events we are gaining ground against a venal and oppressive crew in the Palace, in the Council-chamber, and in both Houses of Parliament.

"My mind, like your own, is anxious for the success of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Neapolitans, in their resistance to tyranny.

"I believe that the governors of this country will not dare to interfere. I cannot with any convenience attend your dinner; and I must fairly acknowledge to you, that my own sense of decorum always leads me to keep at a distance from convivial meetings upon political subjects. But I shall not yield the palm of consistency and intrepidity to any Englishman now living, when, by open profession, or by personal exertion, I can promote the cause of genuine freedom. I set at defiance the invectives of party scribblers, and the taunts of courtiers, and the frowns of nobles and princes. I really and I avowedly think you a most injured man; and I lament the servility, and the corruption, and intolerance, and the cruelty of which so many vestiges are to be found among the dignitaries of my own order, and, I am sorry to add, among the ministers of public justice. Our infatuated rulers are blindly rushing into every outrage which has a tendency to accelerate revolution. Mrs. Parr unites with me in best compliments and best

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wishes to your well-bred and intelligent lady, and to Miss Cartwright.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir, &c.

"SAMUEL PARR."

—Vol. ii. p. 198.

His next great public essay, in 1822, was to appoint a Committee "to prepare a popular reception in London" for Hunt, who had never before appeared within his field of political view.

"Hunt has gained much credit both in and out of parliament, and for the sake of the public, we ought to hope he will not risk a diminution of it. It will require extraordinary circumspection, and a dignified line of conduct; but after all, he ought to know his own case best; and I do not wish that any persons should endeavour to divert him from that course which, on mature consideration, he may think wisest and best. We had a pleasant radical dinner on the 28th, when the old Major entered his eighty-third year. Wolseley, Strickland, Docilli, a young Neapolitan, &c. &c. were present. Best remembrances to Mrs. N. and the young brood, from yours radically."—Vol. ii. p. 223.

In the following year, the sagacity of his coadjutor Wooler led him to a discovery, which, if it had been made before, would have saved him much time and money, and perhaps a few headaches.

"Dinner-meetings for valuable objects are bad inventions; as, very soon after dinner, the wine begins to take effect, all is noise and confusion; and although I am a friend to pithy and spirited toasts, they, in the way of utility, will not rank with able speeches and wise resolutions."—Vol. ii. p. 238.

He now wrote to the President of the Congress of Greece, and transmitted six copies of an abridgment of his larger work on the Constitution. A learned Italian about the same time translated this abridgment into the language of Italy; and he "had reason to expect that some French literati would do the same with respect to France." He designed a monument for Riego, consisting of three cubes, three entablatures, three inscriptions, and two altars: he subscribed to the London Mechanic's Institute; and he asked General Mina to dinner.

This protracted course of restlessness was at length closed on the 23d of September, 1824, and Major Cartwright brought to conclusion a life of 84 years, in which, with the best possible intentions, he had scarcely ever succeeded in a single object to which his labours had been directed. Thus, exclusive of Politics, we find him engaged in a comparatively early period of his life, in an attempt to raise the Royal George. His Biographer assures us that it was allowed by all to be the best scheme which had been offered to Government; but, alas! it was never attended to: again, he erected a large mill at Retford, in Nottinghamshire, for manufacturing wool, but we are further informed, that from a variety of causes and untoward circumstances, with which it is not necessary to trouble the reader, this undertaking entirely failed between two

and three years after its commencement. To these may be added his design for a Naval Temple—the drawings were forty-six in number; they presented a catalogue of decorations large enough to stock the port-folio of any average architect from Vitruvius down to Mr. Nash; five Nautic Orders, eight personified Winds, studies for bas reliefs, friezes full of taste, and one Genius of Britain at the very top of a column. For all these the thanks of the British Institution were voted to Major Cartwright, and he was informed that his plan did "not appear to come within the views" of the meeting. Next, we find a flying draw-bridge approved by Sir John Moore, and a Britannic spear, not adopted by those to whom it was offered. In his political exertions it is very candidly admitted that "he did weary and disgust those who had less zeal or more prudence than himself;" and again, that during his long life he never once found out "the happy moment" for agitating any public measure; perhaps, however, his *escapes* from sitting in the Augean Parliament, which he so incessantly laboured to purge, were more numerous than those of the rankest borough-cavasser in existence. We are not certain that we shall be accurate in our enumeration, but if we err, it will be in presenting the *minimum*. Twice was he proposed, or *thought* of, for the Town of Nottingham, once was he beaten for the County; thrice was he negotiated with for Boston, as many times for Westminster. That he declined the invitation of a majority of the Burgesses of Retford is scarcely a matter of surprise, since "one of his ancestors, who was Member for that town during the Civil wars, received so dreadful a crush in the lobby of the House of Commons, (*it was believed not accidentally*;) while the Members were entering, that he died in consequence." Major Cartwright did not sit in Parliament after all; if he had done so, his ultimate success under so many rebuffs would have reminded us of the final triumph of that most erudite and subtle Scotist, Magister Warmsemmel, of Cologne, *qui fuit tempore sue pro gradu magisterii bis rejectus, et ter impeditus, et tamen stetit ulterius, quoad fuit promotus, pro honore Universitatis*.

Every glance which is afforded us of the private life of Major Cartwright, shows him in a pleasing and amiable light, whether he is learning to play at bears, on all fours, with his friend's children, watching over the declining health of his brother, or advising his nephew on his approaching marriage. In his domestic circle he was formed to be most fondly loved and cherished; and with all these claims upon our attachment, it is no small consolation to remember, that on the points on which we most differ from him, and on which, if he had been successful, we must have visited him with severity, he was completely impotent. Against a razor or a horse-pistol we must arm in self-defence; but we may safely disregard a squirt or a pea-shooter. No man can be heartily angry if he be once forced into a laugh; and the animal which is most mischievous in its antics, often escapes punishment, even if it bites and scratches, from its happy facility of becoming merely ridiculous.

From the London Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF LINDLEY MURRAY.*

LINDLEY MURRAY, the grammarian, was the very beau ideal of a Twaddler—a character which, though the name is contemptuous, is by no means contemptible. It is true that the twaddler tells us that it is correct to be virtuous, and affirms the beauty of the beautiful; and for ever reiterates truisms with a pleasing air of novelty. But though nothing new is to be expected from him, there is much of the old that is good, and this you are sure to have both in word and deed. Your twaddler will not only quote in your teeth in *medio tutissimus ibis*, but you will always find him following the golden rule of mediocrity. The amiable is, in truth, very seldom allied with extraordinary faculties of any kind: the man pleases most who has fewest superiorities, and whose inferiorities are neither base nor contemptible. Your twaddler never excels any body, but approves nearly all who are not outrageously wrong; and, moreover, confirms his approbation with a moral sentiment, which no one can gainsay. For people of quick perceptions, or for those who have lived in highly cultivated society, where all that is taken for granted is thoroughly well understood, and scarcely even alluded to, but always presumed, a twaddler is, doubtless, at the first shock, felt to be little else than a monster, and at length is invariably set down for a fool. In different classes of society, according to the different states of their knowledge and civilization, the level of conversation is definite. You must neither be above nor under, or you will run the chance of having unpleasant opinions formed of your intellects. In a society at Cambridge, for a person to pronounce, with an air of discovery, that he was at length convinced that the three angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles, and neither more nor less,—the gentlemen would look for their caps and gowns, that they might avoid the company of a jackass. Let the same person assert the same proposition in an assembly of a Mechanics' Institute, his proficiency in pure geometry would probably be applauded; whereas a porism might subject a man either to the reputation of a fool or a banterer. It is thus with a twaddler: he is a twaddler to some people—a man of sound sense and sharp judgment to others. In some things, however, he is right all over—he has not courage or enterprise to be vicious—he is not strong enough to be independent of others, and therefore he tries to please them: his sensations are always of a mild and blunt kind; he is not choleric, therefore, but placid and good-humoured. His usual character is neatness: it is impatience which generally counteracts this small virtue, and he has not any feeling strong enough to produce impatience; while the love of order, the first and only love of a mind of his calibre, induces him to see that his little duties are done exactly. When the

qualities of neatness and accuracy are joined with very moderate talents, and a desire to do right, the union is by no means a contemptible one. A curious adaptation of small means to a small end, in an accumulation of small efforts, may produce an uncommon result. By a singular felicity, the mind of Lindley Murray, which appears to have been of a remarkably small bore, hit upon its precise employment. Having lived longer than a child, he knew more than a child: but inasmuch as his modes of conception were as simple as those of an infant, he was wonderfully made for communicating elementary instruction by means of writing. He had the good sense to see what he was fit for, and unintoxicated by success, he adhered to the branch of literature, for a great number of years, in which he found himself useful. His reward was this very idea: he had so full a perception of the pleasure of being useful to mankind, that he demanded no other satisfaction for much labour and pains. This is virtue—the despised virtue of many good men, whom brighter wits laugh at. It is the virtue of a twaddler—each has his place; the wit's brilliant conversation may light up a circle, and glowing in every direction, illuminate here, and strike there; but, nevertheless, there are other circles to illuminate—there is the little circle in petticoats, with a rod for a centre: and the old woman, who must have her code of laws, by which to regulate the affairs of the Alphabet, their conjunctions and disjunctions, and all the order of their society. In short, spelling-books and grammars must be written, and the man who can write them well, and will do so, is a benefactor of his species, humble in reputation, whatever be his success, but very high in merit. Lindley Murray has been this benefactor in a remarkable manner. We do not say that his school books are philosophical, or that they indicate any great knowledge or talent; but they are neat, intelligible, and well arranged. The practical part is good—the theoretical portion is small and generally feeble, and often erroneous. At the time they appeared they were the best—they remain so still, as far as we know; but they ought not to be so long. The books of education in this country are generally villainous. The time is coming, we anticipate, when they will all be changed in system and in matter.

The Memoirs of Lindley Murray are divided into two parts—the first is a piece of autobiography, in the form of letters, and the second part is the account of his habits and manners, with a continuation of the Memoirs till his death by a friend, Elizabeth Frank. This lady is not only the author of her own share, but it was at her earnest and repeated entreaty that Mr. Murray was induced to perform his. He was conscious that his life was ordinary, and his talents ordinary, and his employments ordinary; it was with great difficulty that the perseverance of Miss or Mrs. Frank, could persuade him that he had any thing extraordinary to tell. Mr. Murray had a quiet little judgment, which was sure to be right in matters he was acquainted with. It is true there is no harm in the book—nay, on the contrary, that much useful conclusion may be drawn from it, but it is at the expense of the talents and lit-

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a series of Letters, written by himself—with a Preface, and continuation of the Memoirs, by Elizabeth Frank. York, 1826.

rary reputation of the writer. For Mr. Murray's sake, he should not have been urged to so lamentable a piece of twaddle—for ours, and for that of all mankind, there is not a worm that crawls, a reptile that creeps, or an insect that flies, a specimen of which should not be placed in the zoological collections of the great human museum.

We will give some specimens of the materials of this autobiography. The author deems strokes of the following kind worth recording:—

"The irregular vivacity which I possessed, received, however, a very salutary control, by my being afterwards placed under the care of a discreet and sensible aunt, who was determined to bring me into some degree of order and submission. The great indulgence with which I had been treated, must have rendered the contest rather severe; for, on a particular occasion, I embraced the opportunity of getting out of a window, and running about on the roof of a small tenement; which was, however, so high, that a fall would have endangered my life. My aunt was in great distress; and I believe endeavoured, but in vain, to influence my fears, and, by this means, induce me to return. I moved about for a while, in this perilous situation, and probably enjoyed my temporary independence. She at last, with great prudence, entreated me very tenderly to come to her. But though this affected me, I did not comply till I had obtained her promise, that I should not be corrected. She kept her word; but I think she did not relax, in any degree, the general rigour of her discipline towards me."

His moral reflections generally equal this in novelty and profundity.

"At the times of vacation, I generally enjoyed myself with diversions, till the period for returning to school approached. I then applied myself vigorously to the task that had been previously assigned me; and I do not recollect that I ever failed to perform it, to the satisfaction of my teacher. A heedless boy, I was far from reflecting how much more prudent it would have been, if I had, in the first place, secured the lesson, and afterwards indulged myself in my playful pursuits. These would not then have been interrupted, by uneasy reflections on the subject of my task, or by a consciousness of unwarrantable negligence."

He commences his second letter with the following remark:

"It is doubtless of great importance to the interest and happiness of young persons, as well as of some consequence to their friends and the public, that their inclinations, genius, and bodily constitutions, should be consulted, when they are to be entered on an employment, which will probably continue for life. If the bent of their mind, and other qualifications are duly regarded, success may reasonably be expected: if they are opposed, the progress must be slow, and the ultimate attainments very limited."

He then advocates the early reading of the Scriptures.

"If parents and others who have the care of young persons, would be studious to seize occasions of presenting the Holy Scriptures to them, under favourable and inviting points of view,

it would probably be attended with the happiest effects. A veneration for these sacred volumes, and a pleasure in perusing them, may be excited by agreeable and interesting associations; and these impressions, thus early made, there is reason to believe, would accompany the mind through the whole of life: a consideration which is of the utmost importance."

In page 9 he thus speaks of the enormity of playing truant:

"Sometimes I absented myself from school, to enjoy a greater degree of play and amusement. During these pleasures, the idea of impending correction would occasionally come across my mind: but I resolutely repelled it, as an intruder which would unnecessarily imbitter my present enjoyment. I concluded that if I must be corrected, I would not lose the pleasure I then had; and I gave full scope to my diversions. Had I allowed myself proper time to consider consequences, I might have prevented both the disgrace and the pain of punishment, as well as that degree of insensibility to dishonourable action, which such fearless irregularities are apt to produce."

It is of such trash, we believe, that the books of education usually put into the hands of children consist. Is it wonderful that they hate them? that they fly to the Arabian Nights and Tom Jones, books, which have at least the merit of being amusing, and giving a taste for reading, which the wretched imbecility of the moral lessons and tales are calculated to destroy.

There were some interesting events in the life of Lindley Murray, though it generally may be compared to Cowper's stray cockle, which a more violent wave than usual may have thrown into the nook of a rock, never more to be agitated by tempests, and to sit in its grotto listening to the sound of waves, whose lashings and foamings have become a matter of indifference:—these events, such as they are, may be mentioned in a few words—they tell his life, and indicate his character. He ran away from home—he married a wife—he hired a pleasure yacht, and sailed about during the American Revolution—he lost the use of his limbs, and came to live in England, where he sat upon a sofa forty years, in the "pleasant little village of Houlgate, near York." These events will be found described in the following extracts, which altogether will, we believe, comprise all that is known or need be said about the subject of them.

Mr. Murray's birth and parentage are thus recorded:

"I was born in the year 1745, at Swetara, near Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania. My parents were of respectable characters, and in the middle station of life. My father possessed a good flour mill at Swetara: but being of an enterprising spirit, and anxious to provide handsomely for his family, he made several voyages to the West Indies, in the way of trade, by which he considerably augmented his property. Pursuing his inclinations, he, in time, acquired large possessions, and became one of the most respectable merchants in America.

"In the pursuit of business, he was steady and indefatigable. During the middle period

of his life, he had extensive concerns in ships ; and was engaged in a variety of other mercantile affairs. But this great and multifarious employment, never appeared to agitate or oppress his mind : he was distinguished for equanimity and composure. And I have often heard it remarked, that by his conversation and deportment, no person would have imagined, that he had such a weight of care upon him. When in the company of his friends, he was so thoroughly unbent, that persons unacquainted with the nature and variety of his business, might naturally suppose that he had very little employment. This trait may be justly considered as an evidence of strong powers of mind. These had been cultivated by attention to business, and by much intercourse with the world. But my father did not possess the advantages of a liberal education ; by which his talents and virtues might have been still more extensively useful.

"My mother was a woman of an amiable disposition, and remarkable for mildness, humanity, and liberality of sentiment. She was, indeed, a faithful and affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a kind mistress. I recollect, with emotions of affection and gratitude, her unwearied solicitude for my health and happiness. This excellent mother died some years after I had been settled in life. And though I had cause to mourn for the loss of her, yet I had reason to be thankful to Divine Providence, that I had been blessed with her for so long a period, and particularly through the dangerous seasons of childhood and youth.

"Both my parents, who belonged to the society of Friends, were concerned to promote the religious welfare of their children. They often gave us salutary admonition, and trained us up to attend the public worship of God. The Holy Scriptures were read in the family : a duty, which, when regularly and devoutly performed, must be fraught with the most beneficial effects. I recollect being, at one time, in a situation of the room, when I observed that my father, on reading these inspired volumes to us, was so much affected as to shed tears. This, which I suppose was frequently the case, made a pleasing and profitable impression on my young mind, which I have often remembered with peculiar satisfaction. Our family was rather numerous. My parents had twelve children, of whom I was the eldest. But the course of time has reduced us to a small number. At the present period, (the summer of 1806,) only four of us remain."

The history of his escape from home is really interesting, and his subsequent return was under motives very honourable to him. For these reasons it is, we suppose, that he hesitated so long as he says he did, "respecting the propriety of communicating this little piece of my history."

"Though my father, as the events already mentioned demonstrate, had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his

permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him ; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though, I thought, not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer, was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement ; and was threatened with a repetition of it, for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted of so much alleviation. I could not bear it ; and I resolved to leave my father's house, and seek, in a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not want confidence in my own powers ; and I presumed that, with health and strength, which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan ; and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country ; where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me ; and till I had acquired as much other improvement as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages, than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. I was then about fourteen years of age. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all, and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

"In a short time I arrived at the place of destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But as I had passed the Rubicon, and believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me, was better calculated than any other, to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the

scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence, undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But my continuance in this delightful situation, was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature, concurred to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

"I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But before I returned to my retreat, an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me; and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the post-office; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, and as soon as I arrived at New York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

"My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I travelled towards it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes thought of putting it into the post-office; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me; the importance of the trust; and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally; operated so powerfully on my mind, that after I had rode a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, as far as respected the charge of the letter, was completely accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New York that night, as the packet boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till the next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an inn, near the wharf from which the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

"I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me, had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention; and after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father's house: but

I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence; and that I should be unkind and undutiful if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me. I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Every thing that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time in the house, my father unexpectedly came in: and my embarrassment, under these circumstances may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly; and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons so intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony: and I abandoned entirely, without a moment's hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever.

"The next day, a person was sent to the place of my retreat, to settle all accounts, and to bring back my property. I was taken into still greater favour than formerly; and was never reproached by my parents, for the trouble and anxiety which I had brought upon them."

Mr. Murray was an attorney in New York, when the contest between Britain and the American colonies commenced: he thus describes the retreat of his business, and then his own.

"My business was very successful, and continued to increase till the troubles in America commenced. A general failure of proceedings in the courts of law then took place. This circumstance, joined to a severe illness, which had left me in a feeble state of health, induced me to remove into the country. We chose for our retreat a situation on Long Island, in the district of Islip, about forty miles from the city of New York. Here we concluded to remain, till the political storm should blow over, and the horizon become again clear and settled. This we did not expect would be very soon; and therefore made our settlement accordingly. As our place of residence was on the borders of a large bay near the ocean, I purchased a very convenient little pleasure boat; which I thought would not only amuse me, but contribute to the re-establishment of my health. In this situation I became extremely attached to the pleasures of shooting, and fishing, and sailing on the bay. These exercises probably gained for me an accession of health and strength; and on that ground partly reconciled me to an occupation of my time, which was but little connected with mental improvement. I have, however, often regretted that so long a period should have elapsed without any vigorous application to study; and without an improved preparation for the return of those settled times, when I should again derive my support from the funds

of knowledge and judgment. The loss which I sustained, by not sufficiently attending at this time to literary pursuits and professional studies, cannot easily be calculated. Every expansion of the mind, every useful habit, and portion of knowledge, at that age especially, is not only so much present gain, but serves as a principal to produce an ever growing and accumulating interest through life. If this advantage were duly appreciated by young persons, it would prove a most powerful stimulus to embrace every proper opportunity to enlarge the understanding, and to store it with useful knowledge.

"On this occasion, I must add, that the recollection of the time which I spent in the pleasures of shooting, and idly sailing about the bay, affords me no solid satisfaction, in a moral and religious point of view. That time, or the greater part of it, might have been employed in doing good to others, in the society and converse of pious and virtuous persons, and in the perusal of the sacred volume, and other religious books, tending to establish the heart and life in the love and practice of goodness. I might have so occupied myself as to have made my most important interests coincide with my health and bodily enjoyments, instead of indulging myself in that dissipation of mind, and those selfish, injurious habits, which the amusements I had adopted are too apt to produce. I do not, however, wish to censure the practice of other persons, in the pursuits and amusements with which they are well and conscientiously satisfied. My object is, to state my own feelings and regrets, on the retrospect of this part of my life."

After the independence of the Colonies was established, he found his health and strength declining. He at length consulted a physician at New York, who recommended "Yorkshire, in England," as a climate likely to benefit him. His consultation with his physician, and his account of the prayer-meeting on board his vessel at his departure, and his arrival here, are good specimens of the autobiographer's talent at solemn trifling.

"After deliberately considering the advice of my physician, and the importance of the undertaking, we were fully convinced that it was expedient to try the effect of a more favourable climate, and to make a short residence in England. Dear as were our relatives and friends, and our native land, we resolved to forego the enjoyment of them. But hope cheered us with the prospect, that the separation would not be long; and that we should return to them with renewed health and spirits, and capacities of greater happiness in their society. My dear wife did not hesitate a moment, in resolving to accompany me to a distant country; and to render me every aid, which her affection, and solicitude for my happiness, could suggest.

"Soon after our determination was made, we prepared for the voyage. The trying scene now commenced of taking leave of our relations and friends. Many of them accompanied us to the ship, in the cabin of which we had a most solemn parting. An eminent minister was present at this time, for whom we had a particular esteem and regard, and who prayed

seriously on the occasion. It was a deeply affecting time; and, I trust, produced salutary impressions on all our minds. Our feelings, at the moment of separation, may be more easily conceived than described. But satisfied with the propriety of our undertaking, and consoled by the hope of success, our minds gradually became tranquil and resigned. With many, if not with all, of those beloved connexions, we parted never to see them again in this life: for many of them have since been translated to the world of spirits. But we humbly trust, that the separation will not be perpetual; that, through redeeming mercy and love, we shall be again united to virtuous connexions, and happily join with them, and the blessed of all generations, in glorifying our heavenly Father, and joyfully serving him for ever, with enlarged minds and purified affections.

"We embarked in a commodious ship, near the close of the year 1784; and, after a prosperous voyage of about five weeks, landed at Lymington. Near the conclusion of the voyage, we narrowly escaped some very dangerous rocks, which would, in all probability, have proved fatal to us, if we had struck upon them. Thus preserved by the care of a gracious Providence, we had fresh cause to be humbly thankful to God, and to be encouraged to trust in his goodness, for future preservation and direction.

"In contemplating the place where we were to reside, during our continuance in England, it was our frequent and special desire, that our lot might be cast in the neighbourhood and society of religious and exemplary persons; from whom we might derive encouragement to the practice of virtue. We had lived long enough to perceive how strongly the human mind is influenced, and how apt it is to be moulded, by the dispositions and pursuits of those with whom it is intimately connected. We had felt the danger of intercourse with persons, who seemed to make the pleasures of this life the great object of their attention; and we had derived comfort, and some degree of religious strength, from the society and example of good and pious persons. In this desire of being settled favourably for the cultivation of our best interests, we had the happiness of being gratified; and we consider this privilege, which we have now enjoyed for more than twenty years, as one of the greatest blessings of our lives.

"It may not be improper to mention in this place, that when we left our native shores, we fondly supposed, that in the course of two years, my health might be so established, as to enable us to return to our friends and country. This term was the utmost boundary we had assigned for our absence from home. How short-sighted is the mind of man! How little do we know of the future, and of the events which are to occupy it! Two and twenty years have passed away since we left our native land, and little hope remains of our ever being able to visit it again. But resignation is our duty. And this should be the more cheerful, as we have been so long preserved together by Divine Providence, in this happy country; where we have been abundantly blessed, and for which we can never be sufficiently grateful.

"Our attachment to England was founded on many pleasing associations. In particular, I had strong prepossessions in favour of a residence in this country; because I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty, are happily protected; and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land, on which I could cast my eyes with so much pleasure; nor is there any, which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction, as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished!"

He was at this period little more, as we collect, than forty years of age; and though in a state of extreme weakness, yet he was in general free from pain. He preserved his mind in health and activity, by constantly employing himself in reading, writing, or in conversation. His first literary production was "The Power of Religion on the Mind," &c. which he printed for private circulation, in 1787. He afterwards published it in London, and it was well received.

The next work which employed Mr. Murray's mind was his Grammar, of which he gives the following account in his letters.

"I was often solicited to compose and publish a Grammar of the English language, for the use of some teachers, who were not perfectly satisfied with any of the existing Grammars. I declined, for a considerable time, complying with this request, from a consciousness of my inability to do the subject that justice, which would be expected in a new publication of this nature. But being much pressed to undertake the work, I, at length, turned my attention seriously to it. I conceived that a grammar containing a careful selection of the most useful matter, and an adaptation of it to the understanding, and the gradual progress of learners, with a special regard to the propriety and purity of all the examples and illustrations; would be some improvement on the English Grammars which had fallen under my notice. With this impression, I ventured to produce the first edition of a work on this subject. It appeared in the spring of the year 1795. I will not assert that I have accomplished all that I proposed. But the approbation and the sale which the book obtained, have given me some reason to believe, that I have not altogether failed in my endeavours to elucidate the subject, and to facilitate the labours of both teachers and learners of English Grammar.

"In a short time after the appearance of the work, a second edition was called for. This unexpected demand, induced me to revise and enlarge the book. It soon obtained an extensive circulation. And the repeated editions

through which it passed in a few years, encouraged me at length, to improve and extend it still further; and, in particular, to support, by some critical discussions, the principles upon which many of its positions are founded."—pp. 90, 91.

Miss Frank further explains the origin of the Grammar in her continuation of the author's memoirs.

"Some of his friends established, at York, a school for the guarded education of young females; which was continued for several years. Mr. Murray strongly recommended that the study of the English language should form a prominent part of instruction. The young persons employed as the first teachers, not being sufficiently qualified in this respect, he kindly undertook to instruct them at his own house; and, for their use, he made some extracts from Blair, Campbell, and other writers, which afterwards formed the basis of the Appendix to his English Grammar. By these young teachers he was much importuned to write an English Grammar, for the benefit of their pupils, on the same plan of simplicity, clearness, and regular gradation, which he had pursued in his verbal instructions. Their requests were sanctioned and enforced, by the superintendents of the school, and by some of his other friends: he was, at length, induced to comply. In preparing the work, and consenting to its publication, he had no expectation that it would be used, except by the school for which it was designed, and two or three other schools, conducted by persons who were also his friends."—pp. 249, 250.

This work was followed by several others, the most important of which are a volume of "Exercises," calculated to explain the rules of the Grammar; "a Key to the Exercises;" three volumes entitled "The English Reader;" two volumes entitled "Lecteur François," and a "Spelling Book." In compiling the three latter works, he acknowledges himself indebted for "much valuable and very material assistance" to Miss Frank, who herself has published several school-books of a useful and popular character. The following account which she gives of the sums received by Mr. Murray, for his different works, will not be deemed uninteresting by the literary reader.

"For the Grammar, Exercises, and Key, he received seven hundred pounds; for the Abridgment, one hundred pounds; for the English Reader, three hundred and fifty pounds; for the Sequel to the English Reader, two hundred pounds; for the Introduction to the English Reader, two hundred pounds; for the Lecteur François, and the Introduction au Lecteur François, seven hundred pounds; for the Spelling-Book, and the First Book for Children, five hundred pounds; for the Selection from Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, one hundred pounds. The copy-right of the Duty and Benefit of reading the Scriptures, as well as of the Power of Religion, was presented by him to the booksellers, without any pecuniary compensation. The enlargement of the Grammar in the octavo edition, and the numerous improvements in, and additions to, his other works, were always gratuitous on his part.

"The demand for his grammatical works,

and also for his Spelling-Book, has been so great and regular, that excepting the octavo edition of the Grammar, the types which compose them have long been kept standing. The editions which have been worked off, though numerous, have not, however, been limited to a small number of copies. For many years past, every edition of the Grammar has consisted of ten thousand copies; of the Exercises, ten thousand; of the Key, six thousand; of the Abridgment of the Grammar, twelve thousand; of the Spelling-Book, and of the First Book for Children, ten thousand. Each edition of the English Reader, and of the Introduction to the English Reader, consists of ten thousand copies; of the Sequel to the English Reader, six thousand; of the *Lecteur François*, and the Introduction au *Lecteur François*, each three thousand.—That one author should have supplied so many works on education, each of which is so extensively circulated, and so highly approved, is, I believe, unprecedented in the annals of literature.”—pp. 261—283.

The Memoirs by himself, bring down his life only to a period nearly twenty years prior to his death. He finishes them in a religious manner; and even in his religious sentiments, he is as common-place as in his moral ones. The value of the atonement, one would think, was not to be learned at this time of day. Yet he says he cannot finish his Memoirs without expressing “my sense of the greatest blessing ever conferred upon mankind, viz. the redemption from sin, and the attachment of a happy immortality, by the atonement and intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, &c.”

We confess that we prefer Elizabeth Frank's portion of the book. The domestic character and habits of the grammarian are curious as a piece of still life, and they are well described by Friend Elizabeth.

“Mr. Murray lived, during a long course of years, a very retired life. Though an object of general esteem, respect, and admiration, he was known intimately, or even personally, but to few. The following particulars, therefore, respecting his habits and manners of living, though minute, may perhaps be acceptable to the reader, and not devoid of interest; and, in time to come, they may supply the place of vague, traditionary report. In a physical point of view, they may also be useful. It has frequently been made a subject of inquiry, how a person could support entire confinement to the house, and even to one seat, during many years, and yet preserve to the last a comfortable state of health, evenness and cheerfulness of spirits, and surprising vigour of mind.

“Mr. Murray carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both with respect to body and mind. He generally rose about seven o'clock in the morning; but rather later in the depth of winter. When he was dressed, and seated in an arm chair, which had casters, his wife rolled him, with ease, to the sofa, in his sitting room; on which, after he gave up taking any exercise, he sat during the whole day. At meal times, the table was brought to him. At other times, a small stand, with a portable writing desk on it, was generally before him. The papers and books which he was using, were laid

on the sofa by his side; but they were usually removed before the entrance of any visitor, as he disliked the parade of literature. His wife sat on a chair close by his side; except when, through courtesy, she relinquished her seat to some friend, or visitor, with whom he wished particularly to converse. The room being rather narrow, the sofa was placed against the wall. Mr. Murray never sat by the fire: but to avoid the draught from the doors and windows, he was obliged to sit nearly opposite; from the ill effects of which he was guarded by a small screen between him and the fire. He attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of his sight to extreme old age, to his constantly avoiding the glare of fire and candles. When he read or wrote by candlelight, he used a shade candlestick.

“His sitting room was of a good size, and particularly pleasant, having a window at each end: the one with a south aspect looked to the garden; the other to the turnpike road, and to some fields, across one of which was a pathway leading to the city of York. The trees and flowers in his garden, the passengers on the road and pathway, and the rural occupations in the fields, afforded a pleasing diversity of scene, cheering to his mind, and relieving to his eyes, when fatigued with composing, reading or writing. An awning was placed in summer over the south window, to shade off the rays of the sun. Thus secured, and having a constant but almost imperceptible ventilation, occasioned by two large windows opposite to each other, and also by two doors and the fire, the room was always sweet, fresh, and salubrious. A fire, even in summer, was constantly kept up through the whole day, which, as Mr. Murray justly observed, tended to carry off the noxious particles of air; but the room, in the warmest weather, was considerably cooler and fresher than apartments usually are. Mr. Murray could not bear a partial exposure to the air; therefore, he never sat with the doors or windows open. But in the morning, before he came into the room, it was completely ventilated by the opening of both windows for a short time; and thus a free current of air was admitted. His bed room was also ventilated once or twice during the course of the day. So sensible was he of the pernicious effects of breathing vitiated air, that he never had the curtains of his bed drawn. As a further preventive from over heating his sitting room, he had two of Fahrenheit's thermometers; the one was placed at the outside of the north window; the other was hung in the room, at a distance from the fire. The temperature of the room was usually from sixty-three to sixty-five degrees.

“Mr. Murray's bed room was large; it had the same aspect, and was on the same floor as his sitting room, and opened into it; and had also two windows, one at each end. But as the chimney could not be made to carry up the smoke, he was obliged in all his illnesses, when the weather was cold, to have a bed brought into his sitting room; and in that room, very near the seat on which he had done so much good, he breathed his last, and passed, I trust, from the employments of time to the rewards of eternity.

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"Soon after he came into his sitting room in the morning, he took his breakfast; after which, his wife, or some one of his family, read to him a portion of the Scripture, or of some other religious book. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, omitting the notes and paraphrase, were the books which he chiefly used for this purpose, and also for his evening meditation. After a short pause, he proceeded to transact the business of the day, of which the hearing or reading of a daily journal formed part; or he applied immediately to his literary avocations. Until he became wholly confined to the house, he took an airing in his carriage, from twelve till half-past one. At two he dined. After dinner, he sat quite still, closed his eyes, and sometimes dozed for nearly half an hour; a practice which he brought with him from America, and by which he found his strength and spirits much recruited; then he resumed his occupations; and continued them for some hours, unless interrupted by company. Religious reading in the family, and meditation, closed the day. At ten, he and all his household retired to rest. This course of life he continued, with little variation, during the whole of his residence in England.

"There was nothing particular in his diet. It was simple. He did not use tobacco in any shape. He never took spirits, and but seldom wine; and then only half a glass at most. At dinner he was accustomed, for many years after he came into this country, to take about a gill of London porter; afterwards, he gradually diminished the quantity, until he reduced it only to a wine glass, diluted in warm water. His breakfast and supper were, for some years, new milk and baked rice, or sometimes toasted bread; afterwards, chocolate boiled in milk and water, and bread. At dinner, he partook of meat, vegetables, pudding, and other ordinary dishes; but all cooked in a plain way. He did not, at dinner, eat of more than one dish of meat. In the afternoon, he sometimes took about half a cup of tea, or of milk and water; but more frequently instead of it, a small quantity of strawberries, grapes, or other sweet fruits, out of his garden, or dried plums. Except in serious illness, he took no medicine; and even then but little; being of opinion that the too frequent use of it weakens the tone of the stomach. Of the beneficial effects of friction, by the hand simply, he was thoroughly convinced. He made frequent, if not daily use of it; and never failed to have recourse to it when his head, or any part of his body, was affected with uncomfortable sensations, particularly of a rheumatic nature. He was of opinion that it not only produced local benefit; but that, in his particular case, it tended, in a considerable degree, to supply the want of other exercise. His appetite, till within a few years previous to his decease, was good, and rather uncommon, considering his sedentary life. Much of that comfortable state of health and vigour of mind, which he enjoyed in his old age, must be ascribed, under the blessing of Providence, to his temperance and moderation, to his judicious self-management, and to that peacefulness and serenity, which are the usual concomitants of a good and pious life."

The character of his wife appears to have been a dead match, as they say of a pair of coach horses, with that of her husband. It is impossible, however, to avoid admiring the appropriate Eve of this primitive Adam. She is the perfection of a Quaker wife, which, for any thing we know to the contrary, is the best species. Their union was of an antediluvian length. When Mr. Murray died, the faithful partner of his fortunes, who had shared them for nearly sixty years, stood by his bedside.

"Mrs. Murray is not a showy woman, nor particularly literary; but she possesses a solid understanding, great firmness of mind, and a particularly kind disposition. To the poor and afflicted, she is, in a high degree, liberal and compassionate. By her skill and prudence in the management of her household affairs, she relieved her husband from all care or anxiety on those subjects. She was most tenderly attached, and even devoted to him; always preferring his gratification to her own. Her aged and beloved father, and a large circle of relatives and friends, she freely left, to accompany her husband into England. For many years after she came into this country, she still called New York her home; but she never requested or wished him to return. She encouraged and assisted him, as far as she was able, in every good word and work; and often expressed her solicitous desire, that both she and her 'precious husband,' as she frequently called him, 'might so pass through this life, as not to fail of future and everlasting bliss;' adding: 'If we are but prepared for that happy state, we need not fear how soon we depart hence.' During the latter years of her husband's life, she scarcely ever quitted the house; and very rarely the two rooms occupied by him. She said, she was most comfortable with him; and that if he were taken ill suddenly, as was sometimes the case, she could never forgive herself, if she were absent.

"As Mrs. Murray is still living, it may seem indelicate to speak of her in terms thus commendatory. But she is so intertwined with the memory of her husband, that I could not write any account of him without mentioning her; and I could not mention her, except to praise her.

"On every anniversary of their marriage, the twenty-second of June, which was also the birth-day of his wife, he never failed to congratulate her on the return of that auspicious day. On some of these occasions, occurring in a late period of their union, he offered his congratulation not only verbally, but also in writing; thus giving additional force, as well as permanence, to his sentiments. In these written testimonials, which she justly esteems amongst the most valuable of her possessions, he assures her that during the whole period of their union, she has been, by far, his greatest earthly treasure; that, in health and sickness, in prosperous and adverse situations, in all the varied events of their lives, he has ever found her the same uniform, kind, and faithful friend, the sweetener and improver of every allotment; and he offers her his most grateful acknowledgments for her cordial attachment, and affectionate services; for her kind assiduity, and

tender solicitude, to promote his comfort and happiness in every respect."

We shall quote the death-bed scene of this very inoffensive man, and then close this uneventful history.

"I was, (says friend Elizabeth) at his house, a very short time before his last illness. When I was about taking leave of him, he said to me: 'Remember the following lines.' He pronounced the word 'Remember,' and repeated the lines, with an emphasis which now assumes something of prophetic energy.

'Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear:
A sigh the absent claims: the dead a tear.'

"On the tenth of January, 1826, Mr. Murray being at dinner, was seized with a slight paralytic affection in his left hand; it was, however, of short duration, and was attended with no visible ill effect. On Monday morning, the thirteenth of February, he had a return of numbness, in the same hand; but it soon yielded to friction, and wholly disappeared. Soon after, he conversed very cheerfully, and even pleasantly. During the day, he was a good deal engaged, and much interested, in having the newspaper read to him, containing the debates on the commercial embarrassments of the country. In the afternoon of that day, the last time of his taking a pen in his hand, I received from him a short note, as kind as usual, and as well written and composed. That the last words which he ever wrote, were addressed to me, is a melancholy recollection: but it is inexpressibly soothing and consolatory to my mind.

"In the evening he was seized with acute pain in his groin, accompanied with violent sickness. Medical assistance was procured: but the means used to afford relief proved ineffectual. During the night he had an alarming fainting fit, of long continuance. On recovering, he spoke most tenderly to his wife, and urged her to go to bed.

I saw him on the following morning. He then seemed rather better; but said the pain was not removed. When I was going away, he took leave of me with unusual solemnity, saying, very slowly, and with a most affecting emphasis: 'Farewell, my dear friend!' With some difficulty, he extended his hand under the bed clothes, and uncovered it, in order that he might, at parting, shake hands with me.

"In the evening, he was conveyed, in his rolling chair, to a bed prepared for him in his sitting room. Some time after, the aperient medicines took effect; and this circumstance, together with his disposition to sleep, appeared very favourable, and encouraged a hope of his speedy recovery. But he spent a restless night; and in the morning he was in a state of extreme exhaustion. When his wife went to his bed side, he revived a little; spoke sweetly to her; and seeing her soon afterwards, at a little distance in the room, he looked at her very tenderly, and said, 'That dear one!' He slumbered most of the morning, except when roused to take refreshment. I visited him about noon. Seeing me at his bed side, and probably being unwilling, though in a state of great weakness, not to notice me, he looked at me very kindly; and repeated my name three times, in a low but affectionate tone of

voice; and again stretched forth his hand, under the bed clothes towards me. That hand, which had so kindly welcomed me, when first I entered the room, at the commencement of our acquaintance, was now extended towards me for the last time; not to welcome, but gently to dismiss me. I heard the sound of his voice no more; nor did I ever again behold his living countenance.

"In the afternoon, his wife sent me word he was better; and I flattered myself with the hope that he would speedily recover, as I had seen him do on many previous occasions. Great were my surprise and disappointment when I received, on the following morning, the melancholy intelligence that he was much worse. I hastened to his house; but, before I arrived, 'his dear spirit,' to use his wife's expression, 'had taken its flight.' Thus terminated an uninterrupted intercourse of many years' standing, with a most excellent man, and a kind friend. The loss to me is irreparable. In this world of sin and error, a true friend is rarely to be met with: 'an old friend,' as Dr. Johnson observes, 'can never be found.'

"During his short illness, my much esteemed friend expressed his gratitude for the care that was taken of him, and for all the kind attention which he received. He also adverted to the pleasant conversation which he had, on the morning of his seizure; and remarked, 'What poor, frail creatures we are; and how little we know what is to happen to us!'

"On Wednesday afternoon he seemed refreshed by sleep; noticed what was passing in the room; and took sustenance freely. But the night was again restless. His pulse quick, and his tongue parched. Though he was evidently suffering from pain, he made very little complaint: when inquired of, he said the pain was still fixed in the same place. A few times, he cried out: 'Oh my——!' but checked himself before the expression was completed.

"In the morning, his servant being at his bed side, and tenderly sympathizing with him, told him she should be very glad if she could afford him any relief from his suffering. He expressed his sense of her kindness; but meekly added 'It is my portion.'

"About seven in the morning, a change for the worse evidently took place. Soon after that time, his wife went to his bed side; he noticed her; and spoke to her, in the most tenderly, affectionate manner. A deathlike sickness seemed to be coming over him. He cried out: 'Oh my groin!—What a pain!' Being asked on which side the pain was, he said: 'On the right.' His wife warmed a cloth, and put it to the part. He turned on his back, and lay stretched at his length: his arms were extended, close to his body; the thumb of each hand was gently pressed upon the forefinger, seeming to indicate suppressed agony: and in that attitude he continued during the short remainder of his mortal existence. For a few moments, anguish was depicted on his countenance: but it soon gave place to fixed serenity. His eyes were lifted up; no doubt, in fervent supplication to the God of mercy. His lips moved, though no sound of his voice could be heard. He lay without any perceptible motion, until his eyes gently closed of themselves.

About half-past eight in the morning, he expired in peace; without a struggle or even a sigh or a groan."

As in the epitaph on the architect buried in his own building, it was said of his works, look round and behold them;—so may we say of the works of Lindley Murray—pick up the child who is sprawling on the carpet, and pulling by the leaves of a little, dirty dog-eared book—and see what it is he is thus immolating—the victim is "Murray's Spelling Book." Detect that straight, prim-looking little maiden in the corner, studiously and quietly intent upon a volume, in neat order, and of larger size—it is Murray's Power of Religion on the Mind—or the English Reader—or the Sequel to the English Reader. Yonder urchin that blubbers under the impending rod, has this moment surrendered Murray's Abridgment into the hands of his school mistress, in the vain hope that, when he has given up the book, he shall be able to proceed a step without it. The larger grammar belongs to the bigger boy, his brother; and the largest is in all the bookcases of all young men whose educations have been neglected.

From the European and Monthly Magazine.

THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

THE hills all glowed with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoiced by night:
There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree—

Banners were lifted and streaming free;
Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire—
Like a shooting meteor was every spire;
And the outline of many a dome on high
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I passed through the streets; there were throngs
on throngs—

Like sounds of the deep were their mingled
songs;

There was music forth from each palace borne
—A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;
The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain?
Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain!
Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
Grief in the homes they have left must dwell;
Grief o'er the features of childhood spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's head:
Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender
moan,
For the many brave to their slumber gone?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's
glare!

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
The music of victory was all too loud!
Mighty it rolled on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car;
Through torches and streams its floods swept
by—

How could I listen for moan or sigh?

Turn then away from life's pageants! turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn:
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe!
But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy
view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and
true;
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal:
So must thy spirit be taught to feel!

F. H.

From the London Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT PARIS, commonly called the *Jardin des Plantes*.

THE inferiority and mismanagement of our institutions for the encouragement of natural history, are, we presume, among the causes which may account for their state of backwardness in this country. Individual activity appears, however, at present in motion. By some causes, which we shall not stop to investigate, an impulse has been lately given in Great Britain to these delightful and instructive branches. This impulse will, it is not to be doubted, increase, and, in a few years, show important results. Nevertheless, it is impossible to regret that no assistance, or at least very slight aid, is to be derived from national establishments, which in these sciences are of a kind only to be formed by nations, and for the formation of which they enjoy peculiar facilities. The British Museum in this country is, in nearly all its departments, a monument of useless expenditure, clumsy management, and narrow and unenlightened views. To the Garden of Plants, on the contrary, the splendid advances which have been made in our knowledge of the works of nature are mainly to be attributed. Great men have contributed to create it, and it has created a host of great men. An enthusiasm for investigation into the science of nature pervades a most illustrious class of students and philosophers in Paris, who both derive their celebrity from the Gardens, and who reflect it back upon them with increased lustre. Under the idea that much time cannot elapse before some reforms are introduced into the national scientific arrangements of Great Britain; and, considering that the plan of the French Museum is a model that ought to be followed, we shall avail ourselves of the materials before us, and give a slight view of the rise and present state of this institution. The work to which we have been principally indebted is the "History and Description of the Royal Museum of Natural History, by M. Deleuze." 2 vols. 8vo. with plates and plans.

The Garden of Plants was founded by Louis XIII. in 1635, at the entreaty of Herouard, his first physician, and Guy de la Brosse, his physician in ordinary. A house and twenty-four acres of land, which now form part of the Garden, were purchased in the Faubourg St. Germain. The successor of Herouard, named

Bouvard, was appointed superintendent, and Guy de la Brosse the intendant. The object of its founders appears to have been solely the teaching of medical botany. Three doctors were appointed "*to demonstrate the interior of plants and all medicines, and to employ themselves in all necessary pharmaceutical operations, for the instruction of students.*" Under La Brosse a *subdemonstrator of the interior of plants* was appointed, and to him and to each connected with the establishment very sufficient salaries were assigned by the royal edict.

It is remarkable that the medical faculty of Paris opposed the registering of this edict, and especially desired that chemistry might not be taught.

The government of the Garden, and the appointment of the inferior officers, seem to have been vested in the superintendent. The intendant had the management of all interior affairs, and especially the scientific management. Guy de la Brosse, the first intendant, was the spirit that animated its first foundation. When he died, a very few years after its establishment, the prosperity of his work appears to have somewhat declined. His nephew Fagon, however, who had passed his infancy in the Garden, when he had grown up, travelled at his own expense to procure plants for it, and enriched it with many that he procured by correspondence. On his return, he was appointed professor of chemistry and botany, and when under Colbert's administration he became superintendent, the place under his care resumed new life. At the same time that Fagon was superintendent, Tournefort was professor of botany, and Duverney of anatomy, a branch that had been added since the foundation, and to which he and his nephew after him long gave lustre in the garden. These illustrious names gave celebrity to the institution, which was most fortunate in the abilities and zeal of its early professors. Tournefort was succeeded by Antony Jussieu, a name even more famous in the history of botany; and the chemical chair was, after Fagon resigned it, held successively by Saint Yon, Louis Lemery, Berger, and Geoffroy. After the death of Louis XIV, in 1715, Fagon, at that time aged and infirm, resigned the place of first physician, and retired into the Garden, where he was born, and where he died in 1718. After his death the superintendence fell into bad hands, until, in the reign of Louis XV. it was separated from the place of first physician, and given to Du Fay, a soldier of ancient family, who had distinguished himself by a love of science. His assiduity and influence with the government contributed essentially to the restoration of the institution, which had suffered from divided attention and peculiar views of the successors of Fagon. When Du Fay was attacked by the small-pox in 1739, and felt that his death was approaching, he wrote a request to the ministry, that Berxot might be appointed his successor. Buffon proved the second father of the Gardens. As in the case of Cuvier in our days, Buffon in his made the Gardens what they became in a few years, and they made him the naturalist, who delighted and instructed all Europe. When Buffon was appointed, he was known by several memoirs

on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy. He had not yet decided to what particular branch of knowledge he should devote his talents and acquisitions, when his appointment to the office of intendant determined him to attach himself to the study.

It has been justly observed, "that if the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon, to this magnificent establishment Buffon owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of the day, he would never have conceived the plan of his Natural History, or would never have been able to execute it: that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations." When Buffon entered upon his office, the cabinet of Natural History consisted of *two small rooms*, and a third containing the preparations of anatomy, which were not exposed to view: the herbarium was in the apartment of the demonstration of botany, and the then small Garden still presented empty spaces.

Buffon first directed his attention to the increase of the collections, for the convenient arrangement of which he at first gave up part of his house as intendant, and at length the whole. By the aid of government, he purchased a large tract of land between the Garden and the Rue de Seine, and added it to the Garden. In his own labours he associated the celebrated Daubenton, who, after having studied botany under Jussieu, and anatomy under Winslow and Duverney, had retired to Montbard, the place of his birth, to practise medicine. Buffon, his countryman, knew the value of his talent, and invited him to Paris, where he procured him the place of keeper of the Gardens.

In 1749, Buffon attracted the attention of all Europe by the publication of the first volumes of his Natural History; the continuation of it gave him a celebrity which, in similar studies, has never been equalled, and infused throughout France, at least, an enthusiasm for the subjects of his pen.

When the Gardens had been enlarged to double the size, and laid out afresh in a new and ornamental manner; when the collections had exceedingly increased, deficiencies of another kind became more apparent. To supply them, the king, in 1787, purchased and annexed to the establishment, the hotel de Magny, with its courts and gardens. On this ground Buffon constructed the theatre which now serves for the lectures of botany and chemistry, and removed the lodging of MM. Daubenton and Lacepède to the hotel de Magny. The second floor of the old cabinet thus left vacant, was fitted up for the reception of the collections, and permission obtained from the government to erect an addition to the former galleries: the work was immediately begun and continued without interruption; but it was not complete till after the death of Buffon.

As the buildings became more extensive, and as the whole establishment assumed a

more imposing form, donations from individuals, and presents from foreign countries, greatly increased the treasures of the Garden. The Government neglected nothing which might contribute to its utility, or to its splendour. Additional officers were appointed to superintend new departments, and commissions of correspondence were given to travellers, who were engaged to collect and bring back objects of interest for the use of the Museum. The business of correspondence with foreign societies, with travellers, or with naturalists, accumulated, until it became necessary to create an officer of the institution for the purpose of conducting it. To this place, under the title of assistant-keeper of the Museum, Buffon appointed his friend, Faujas de St. Fond.

At the death of Buffon, which took place in 1788, the place of intendant of the Garden was given to the Marquis de Billarderie. He continued the works begun by Buffon, but his credit was vastly inferior, and at that time the ministers were driven into a system of retrenchment by the enormous weight of the public expenditure.

On the 20th August, 1790, M. Lebrun made a report, in the name of the Committee of Finances of the Constituent Assembly, on the state of the King's Garden, in which its expenses were estimated at about four thousand pounds sterling a year. The report, which was the signal for a new organization, was followed by the draught of a decree, proposing the reduction of the intendant's salary from 12,000 to 8,000 francs; the suppression of several places, particularly that of the commandant of the police of the Garden; an increased stipend to some of the professors; the creation of a chair of natural history, &c.

During the discussion, the officers of the establishment themselves presented an address to the president, in consequence of which they were desired to draw up a plan of organization. The regulations proposed were similar to those adopted three years afterwards.

The disorders of the Revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of intendant was filled by M. de Saint Pierre in 1792.

M. de Saint Pierre undertook the management of the Gardens at a difficult conjunction. This distinguished writer was precisely adapted to the crisis; his quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment.

The Revolution which threatened the existence of the Gardens, gave it a menagerie. The menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the king's domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. de Saint Pierre; but as he had neither convenient places for their reception nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government, on the importance of establishing a menagerie in the Garden. This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum;

which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

A decree of the legislative assembly, of the 18th of August, 1792, having suppressed the universities, the faculties of medicine, &c., there was reason to fear that the King's Garden would be involved in the proscription; but as it was considered as national property, and as visitors of all classes were equally well received; as the people believed it to be destined for the culture of medicinal plants, and the laboratory of chemistry to be a manufactory of saltpetre, it was respected.

Still a faction, rendered formidable by its triumph of the 31st of May, threatened every vestige of the monarchy. An institution, of which the officers had been appointed by the king, was naturally the object of its jealousy. The peril was imminent; and it would have been impossible to escape it, if there had not been found in the convention some men of courage who saw the tendency of these measures, and sought to arrest their progress. Among them must be particularly distinguished, M. Lakanal, president of the committee of public instruction, who, when informed of the danger, repaired secretly to the Garden to confer with MM. Daubenton, Thouin, and Desfontaines, on the means of averting it. He demanded of them a copy of the regulations that had been submitted to the constituent assembly; and the next day, the 10th of June, 1793, obtained a decree for the organization of the establishment, of which we shall cite the most essential articles.

"The establishment shall henceforth be called the Museum of Natural History.

"Its object shall be the teaching of natural history in all its branches.

"All the officers of the Museum shall have the title of professor, and enjoy the same rights.

"The place of intendant shall be suppressed, and the salary equally divided amongst the professors.

"The professors shall choose a director and a treasurer every year, from among themselves. The director shall preside in the assemblies of the officers, and be charged with the execution of their deliberations; the same person shall not be continued in office more than two years in succession.

"The vacancies in their own body shall be filled by the professors."

"Twelve courses of lectures shall be given in the Museum—1. mineralogy;—2. general chemistry;—3. chemistry applied to the arts;—4. botany;—5. rural botany;—6. agriculture; 7 and 8. zoology;—9. human anatomy;—10. comparative anatomy;—11. geology;—12. iconography.

"The subjects to be treated of in the courses, and the details relative to the organization of the Museum, shall be specified in a regulation to be drawn up by the professors, and commu-

* This article was abrogated by a law of May, 1802; at present, the body of professors and the academy of sciences each name a candidate, for the acceptance of the king; but the voice of the professors is usually seconded by the academy.

nicated to the committee of public instruction."

The third section provides for the formation of a library, where all the books on natural history in the public repositories, and the duplicates of those in the national library, shall be assembled; and also the drawings of plants and animals, taken from nature in the Museum. The fourth clause insists on a correspondence with all similar institutions in France.

By this decree, twelve chairs were established, without naming the professors; the distribution of their functions being left to the officers themselves. These officers were:—

MM. Daubenton, keeper of the cabinet, and professor of mineralogy at the college of France; Fourcroy, professor of chemistry; Brongniart, demonstrator; Desfontaines, professor of botany; De Jussieu, demonstrator; Portal, professor of anatomy; Mertrud, demonstrator; Lamarck, botanist of the cabinet, with the care of the herbarium; Faujas Saint-Fond, assistant keeper of the cabinet, and corresponding secretary; Geoffroy, sub-demonstrator of the cabinet; Vanspaendonck, painter; Thouin, first gardener.

No difficulty occurred respecting those officers, who were already professors or demonstrators; but MM. Faujas and Lamarck were otherwise situated; the correspondence thenceforth pertaining to the assembly, and the herbarium being placed under the direction of the professor of botany, they were left without employment. In this embarrassment, M. Faujas, well known by his travels and his beautiful work on the volcanoes of the Vivarais, was made professor of geology; and M. de Lamarck, equally versed in zoology and botany, and reputed the best conchologist in France, was appointed to teach the history of invertebrated animals.

The administration was aware of the importance of dividing the zoological instruction into three parts; but as M. de Lacépède had a few months before resigned the place of sub-demonstrator and keeper of the cabinet, the third chair, to which he had unquestionable claims, was left vacant, in the hope that, at a more favourable moment, he would be called to fill it; which accordingly took place. In the mean time, M. Geoffroy, who had succeeded him in the cabinet, undertook alone to teach the history of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and reptiles.

On the 9th of July, 1793, the professors having received notice of this decree, met, and appointed M. Daubenton president, M. Desfontaines secretary, and M. Thouin treasurer. From that time, they assembled on stated days, and planned the supplementary regulations enjoined by the legislative body.

Their first care was to obtain the creation of certain places, which the recent changes rendered necessary.

The general administration of the cabinet belonged to the assembly; and the care of the collections, to the several professors; the places of keeper and assistant keepers of the cabinet were therefore suppressed. But as it was necessary to have some person charged with the key of the galleries, the preservation of the objects, and the reception of visitors,

these duties were devolved on M. Lucas, who had passed his life in the establishment, and enjoyed the confidence of Buffon.

M. Andrew Thouin being made professor of agriculture, M. John Thouin was appointed first gardener. Four places of assistant naturalist* were created, for the arrangement and preparation of objects under the direction of the professors, and three painters were attached to the Museum, viz.: M. Marechal and the brothers Henry and Joseph Redouté. These regulations and appointments were approved by the government.

At the same time the library was disposed for the reception of the books and drawings; which last were contained in sixty-four portfolios.

In 1794, M. Toscan was appointed librarian, and M. Mordant Delaunay adjunct; and the library was opened to the public on the 7th of September, 1794.

The animals from the menagerie at Versailles, those from Rincy, and others belonging to individuals who made a trade of exhibiting them for gain, having been removed to the Museum in 1794, dens were formed under the galleries of the cabinet for those which it was necessary to confine, and the others were placed in stables or among the forest-trees along the Rue de Buffon. In the mean time, a small building at the extremity of the avenue of horse chesnuts was arranged as a temporary menagerie for ferocious beasts.

The house of the intendant was disposed for the lodging of two professors: the saloons of the cabinet were more perfectly arranged; and it was decided that new galleries should be constructed on the second floor; in fine, a decision of the committee of public instruction of September, 1794, ordered the acquisition of the house and lands adjoining the Museum on the north-west; which had already been deemed necessary by the constituent assembly.

The report of the committee of public instruction, approved the regulations of the professors, and fixed the organization of the Museum in its present form, with the exception of slight modifications exacted by the change of circumstances. A law in conformity, of the 11th of December, 1794, created a third chair of zoology, to which M. de Lacépède was appointed; gave the whole of the administration of the establishment to the professors; increased their salary from 2,800 to 5,000 francs; fixed the expenses of the following year at 194,000 francs; and ordained that the land between the rue Poliveau, the rue de Seine, the river, the boulevard, and the rue Saint Victor, should be united to the Museum. A still more vast but impracticable plan had been presented, which was withdrawn at the solicitation of the professors.

The wretchedness of the times was now sensibly felt; the reduced state of the finances, the depreciation of the funds, the cessation of foreign commerce, and the employment of every species of revenue and industry for the

* Filled by MM. Desmoulins, Dufrese, Valenciennes, and Deleuze; the two first for zoology, the others for mineralogy and botany.

prosecution of the war, were serious hindrances to the projected improvements.

And, indeed, not only during the first years of terror and destruction, but from 1795 to the end of the century, the establishment presented astonishing contrasts. Houses and lands of great value were annexed to the Garden, magnificent collections were acquired, and the most useful buildings were commenced; yet every thing languished within: much was undertaken, and nothing completed. Funds were wanting to pay the workmen, to provide nourishment for the animals, and to defray the expense of the collections. Potatoes were cultivated in the beds destined for the rarest plants, and the establishment was threatened with a decay the more irreparable as it affected all its parts. One obstacle being surmounted, others started up: the funds received were bestowed on the object of most immediate necessity, and others scarcely less important were neglected. However, when the public distress had attained its utmost height, not a moment of discouragement was felt by the administrators; they deliberated on the best means of meeting the exigency, and made themselves respected by an example of zeal, moderation, and disinterestedness. Some of them being called to employments connected with the government, used their influence in favour of the establishment to which they were more particularly attached.

In 1796 Captain Baudin informed the officers of the Museum that, during a long residence in Trinidad, he had formed a rich collection of natural history, which he was unable to bring away, but which he would return in quest of, if they would procure him a vessel. The proposition was acceded to by the government, with the injunction that Captain Baudin should take with him four naturalists: the persons appointed to accompany him were Mauge and Levillain for zoology, Ledru for botany, and Reidley, gardener of the Museum, a man of active and indefatigable zeal.

Captain Baudin weighed anchor from Havre on the 30th of September, 1796. He was wrecked off the Canary Isles, but was furnished with another vessel by the Spanish government, and shaped his course towards Trinidad. That island having fallen into the hands of the English, so that it was impossible to land, he repaired to Saint Thomas; and thence, in a larger vessel, to Porto Rico. Having remained about a year in those two islands, he returned to Europe, and entered the port of Fecamp the 12th of June, 1798. His collections, forwarded by the Seine, arrived at the Museum on the 12th of July following.

Never had so great a number of living plants, and especially of trees, from the West Indies, been received at once: there were one hundred large tubs, several of which contained stocks from six to ten feet high. They had been so skillfully taken care of during the passage that they arrived in full vegetation, and succeeded perfectly in the hot-houses.

The result of this voyage was not confined to augmenting the store of living plants, but added greatly to the riches of the cabinets. The herbarium was increased by a vast number of specimens carefully gathered and dried

by MM. Ledru and Reidley. Reidley had besides made a collection of all the different kinds of wood of Saint-Thomas and Porto-Rico, with numbers affixed referring to the flower in the herbarium; which enabled the professor of botany to determine the species of the tree. The two zoologists brought back a numerous collection of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. That of birds made by Mauge was particularly interesting, from their perfect preservation, and from the fact that the greater part of them were new to the Museum.

In 1798 the professors presented a memoir to the government exposing the wants of the Museum. The magnificent collections which had been received were still in their cases, liable to be destroyed by insects, and comparatively useless, for want of room to display them. There were no means of nourishing the animals, because the contractors, who were not paid, refused to make further advances. The same distress existed in 1799, and it was the more to be regretted from the value of the recent collections. We will not stop to enumerate them here, but barely name the most important. In June, 1795, arrived the cabinet of the statholder, rich in every branch of natural history, and especially in zoology. In February, 1796, M. Desfontaines gave the Museum his collection of insects from the coast of Barbary. In November of the same year a collection was received from the low countries, and that of precious stones was removed from the Mint to the Museum. In February, 1797, the minister procured the African birds, which had served for the drawings of Levaillant's celebrated work. In 1798 the collection formed by Brocheton in Guyana, and the numerous objects of animated and vegetable nature, collected under the tropics, by Captain Baudin and his indefatigable associates, filled the hot-houses and the galleries of the Museum.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did every thing in its power to promote its interests; but the penury of its finances rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. Petitions were useless; the funds were absorbed by the armies, whose courage remained unabated amidst the disasters that overwhelmed them. The state of exhaustion was equally evident at home and abroad; when the events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources.

Embarrassment was still felt during the first months of 1800, and so small were the pecuniary supplies of the establishment, that it was necessary to authorize M. Delaunay, superintendent of the menagerie, to kill the least valuable animals to provide food for the remainder. The face of things, however, speedily changed.

The extraordinary man who was placed at

the head of affairs, felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone; and that having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home, by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the nation.

Among other objects, he turned his attention to the Museum, to which he furnished funds for continuing the works that were begun, acquiring land for its enlargement, and still further augmenting the collections.

All the parts of the establishment were conducted with equal judgment and zeal, because each was confined to a separate chief; and its progressive movement was no longer retarded.

Nevertheless, in October 1800, the professors had reason to apprehend its ruin, from a measure which the minister of the interior, brother of the first consul, wished to extend to this in common with other public institutions, viz. of appointing, under the title of accountable administrator, a director general, or intendant, charged with the general administration, and the correspondence with the government; thus reducing the officers of the Museum to the simple function of delivering lectures and preserving the collections.

The professors made the strongest representations to the minister on this subject: they proved that each part of the establishment required a separate director; that the administration was essentially linked with the instruction; that intendants were always inclined to favour particular branches, and that they could not be acquainted with all the parts of so vast a whole; that all those entrusted with the direction of the Garden, excepting Guy de la Brosse, Dufay, and Fagon, who were in fact its founders, had neglected it, and that several had checked its progress; that Buffon, the only person who had since taken pride in the institution and employed his credit for its advancement, had felt the necessity of a different system; that Daubenton had refused the title of perpetual director, offered him by his colleagues through respect for his age and gratitude for his services; that since the new organization the general order had not been an instant troubled, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, and the public misfortunes; that the Museum being immediately dependant on the minister, it was sufficient that an account should be rendered by the annual director, and that no extraordinary expenditure should be made without permission; that the place of intendant, given at first to some person distinguished in the natural sciences, might at length be bestowed on a man destitute of any just idea of their utility; that the funds destined for the Museum might be converted to other uses; that the professors would be placed in a state of subordination which would damp their zeal and paralyze their efforts; and that some amongst them, who held eminent posts under government, could no longer preserve their chairs when subjected to the control of a perpetual chief.

The minister turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances: he wished to appoint to the place

of director M. de Jussieu, who used his credit only to enforce the reasons of the professors, and to prevent the execution of a plan fraught with irreparable mischief. Happily nothing was decided, when, in the month of November, M. Chaptal, minister of the interior *ad interim*, determined the first consul to yield to their representations.

The steady progress and harmonious concurrence of all the parts of the Museum, demonstrate the utility of the present form of administration, and it is to be hoped that the project of concentrating an authority which has no connexion with politics, will not again be brought forward.

In 1801, during the ministry of M. Chaptal, to whom the Museum is under great obligations, the botanical garden, which had been filling up since 1773, was increased in extent one-third.

In the year 1804, the Museum was suddenly enriched by the most considerable accessions in zoology and botany that it had ever received. In the beginning of 1800, the Institute proposed to the first consul to send two vessels to Australasia, for the purpose of discovery in geography and the natural sciences. The project was embraced, and twenty-three persons were named by the Institute and the Museum to accompany the expedition. The two ships, the *Geographer* and the *Naturalist*, the first commanded by Captain Baudin, and the second by Captain Hamelin, sailed from Havre on the 19th of October, 1800. They touched at the Isle of France, where the greater part of the persons embarked with scientific views remained; reconnoitred the western shore of New Holland, and repaired to Timor, where they lay six weeks. They then revisited the same coast, made the circuit of Van Dieman's land, and steering northwards to Port Jackson, lay by in that harbour for five months: thence they resumed their course to Timor, by Bass's straits, and returning to France entered the port of Lorient the 25th of March, 1804.

In 1806, the cabinet of comparative anatomy was temporarily disposed for the admission of the public; who saw, methodically arranged, not only the skeletons of numerous animals, but a series of all their organs, prepared by M. Cuvier, or under his direction.

While occupied in forming the cabinet, M. Cuvier discovered that the greater part of fossil bones have no specific identity with existing animals; and wishing to pursue his researches, he neglected no means to assemble a collection of remains. Some very remarkable ones were found in the quarries of Montmartre: others were sent him from Germany and other countries. In a series of memoirs in the *Annals of the Museum*, he made known several species of quadrupeds, that existed before the last revolution that changed the surface of the globe, far more ancient than those found amongst the mummies of Egypt, and differing from those that now inhabit the earth in proportion to the remoteness of the periods at which they lived.

After this publication M. Cuvier gave his collection, the more valuable because singular in its kind, to the Museum, accepting in exchange only the duplicates of books on natural

history in the library. This collection, with that of fishes from mount Bolca, fills one of the saloons of the cabinet.

In 1808, M. Geoffroy brought from Lisbon a very beautiful collection in every branch of natural history. In 1809, the minister procured the samples of North American wood, collected by M. Michaux, author of a valuable history of the forest-trees of that country; and also a herbarium, containing the original specimens for the Flora of his father, who died in Madagascar. In 1810, twenty-four animals arrived from the menagerie of the King of Holland; minerals were sent from Italy and Germany, by M. Marcel de Serres; and presents of several animals, and a beautiful herbarium from Cayenne, by M. Martin, superintendent of the nurseries in that colony.*

In the disastrous year of 1813 the budget of the Museum was reduced, and important enterprises were deferred till better times. Even the expenses of the menagerie were curtailed; all correspondence with foreign countries was interrupted, and the number of students was diminished by the calls of the army. Nevertheless the most essential operations were regularly continued, and if no new acquisitions were made, means were found to preserve what were already possessed.

In 1814, when the allied troops entered Paris, a body of Prussians were about taking up their quarters in the garden: the moment was critical, and the professors had no means of approaching the competent authorities: the commander consented to wait two hours, and this interval was so employed as to relieve them from all further apprehension. A safeguard was obtained for the Museum, and an exemption from all military requisitions; and though no person was refused admittance, it sustained not the slightest injury. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, visited it to admire its riches, and to request duplicates of objects in exchange, and information for the founding of similar institutions in their own dominions.

In fact, the magnificent cabinet of the Statholder was reclaimed; and M. Brugmann was sent to Paris, to receive and transport it. This mission caused the liveliest solicitude to the administrators of the Museum: by the restoration of those objects the series would have been interrupted, and the collection left incomplete. M. Brugmann was too enlightened a man not to perceive, that they would no longer possess the same value when detached; and that in the galleries of Paris they would be more useful even to foreign naturalists. But he was obliged to execute the orders of his sovereign, and could only observe the utmost delicacy in his proceedings, listen to every plan of conciliation, and plead the cause of science, in de-

fending that of the Museum. In this dilemma the professors addressed themselves to M. De Gagern, minister plenipotentiary of Holland, who alone could suspend M. Brugmann's operations, and obtain a revocation of his orders. The application succeeded to their wish: it was agreed that an equivalent should be furnished from the duplicates of the Museum; and this new collection, consisting of a series of 18,000 specimens, was in the opinion of M. Brugmann himself more precious than the cabinet of the Statholder.

The Emperor of Austria caused M. Boose, his gardener at Schönbrunn, to transport to Paris such plants as were wanting in the King's Garden; presented to the Museum two beautiful collections, one of Fungi, modelled in wax with the greatest accuracy of form and colour, and the other of intestinal worms, formed by M. Bremser; and directed M. Schriber to send the professors a catalogue of the duplicates of his cabinet for selection, in consequence of which exchanges mutually advantageous took place.

Several wrought stones of price were returned to the Pope; and objects of natural history and books belonging to individuals, which had been sent to the Museum in the time of the emigration, and which were considered as a deposit, were restored with the permission of the government.

After the peace, the King continued to promote the interests of the Museum; but the finances were exhausted by the public misfortunes, and it was at first impossible to afford the requisite supplies. As it had suffered less than other establishments, there was less to repair, and during the two first years, only 275,000 francs, instead of 300,000, were granted for its expenditure: but every thing has been subsequently replaced on the former footing, and since then extraordinary funds have been granted for essential purposes.

Buffon had obtained permission from the King to send naturalists into foreign countries; and the travels of Commerson, Somerat, Dombey, and Michaux had procured considerable accessions to the Garden and the cabinet. Since the new organization, the two expeditions commanded by Captain Baudin, had doubled the collections. At the restoration the government continued the same advantages, and ordered travellers to be sent into regions little known, to examine their natural productions. Considerable remittances have already been made from Calcutta and Sumatra, by MM. Diart and Duvaucel; from Pondicherry and Chandernagor, by M. Leschenault; from Brazil, by M. St. Hilaire; and from North America, by M. Milbert. M. Lalande, who visited the Cape, and penetrated to a considerable distance into the country, has lately brought back the most numerous zoological collection since that of Peron.

Other travellers without a special mission have emulously proved their zeal for science: M. Dussumier Fonbrune has sent home a variety of objects from the Philippine Isles; M. Steven, a learned naturalist in the service of Russia, who had passed twelve years in the Crimea and the government of Caucasus, has enriched the botanical cabinet with a great

* M. Martin has introduced the culture of the bread-fruit, by slips of a stock brought from the Friendly Islands by MM. la Billardiere and de la Haye, and sent him after being kept a year in the hot-house of the Museum: he had several years before carried from the Isle of France to Cayenne, the clove, nutmeg, and pepper trees, which at present yield abundantly.

number of plants from those regions; and M. Dumont Durville, lieutenant of the royal navy, with a herbarium of the shores of the Euxine and the islands of the Archipelago. M. Freycinet has returned from a voyage to the southern ocean, with a general collection, made by the naturalists of the expedition;* and Captain Philibert, recently commanded by the government to traverse the Asiatic seas and visit Guyana, afforded such facilities to M. Perrotet, gardener of the Museum, who accompanied him, that he brought back 158 species of shrubs and trees, from six inches to five feet high, the greater part of which are not found in any garden of Europe.† To this invaluable collection were added several rare birds, and the celebrated gymnotus or electric eel. A number of living animals, and other objects, have been presented by M. Milius, late governor of the Isle of Bourbon.

Hitherto these instances of good fortune have happened at indeterminate periods, and when favourable circumstances induced us to solicit them; but a measure lately adopted by the government assures us in future of their regular annual recurrence.

According to a plan submitted to the King by M. de Cazes, a yearly sum of 20,000 francs has been appropriated to the support of travelling pupils of the Museum, to be appointed by the professors. During the first year they are to prepare themselves under the direction of the professors, and are then to be sent into countries that promise the most abundant harvest of discoveries in natural history. They are required to keep up a constant correspondence with the Museum, and to transport the natural productions of Europe to other quarters of the globe.

Unfortunately the first use of this munificence has been productive only of regret. Of the four travellers commissioned in 1820, two fell victims to their zeal on arriving at the place of destination. M. Godefroy, from whose extensive knowledge important services were expected, perished in a fray with the natives, on landing at Manilla; and M. Havet, a young man distinguished by sound erudition and nobleness of character, died of fatigue at Madagascar. He had studied the language of that island, and was recommended to one of the kings, whose two sons were residing at Paris for their education. It was expected that he would make known the productions of a country, the interior parts of which have never been explored by any naturalist.

The mineralogical chair was at first filled by M. Daubenton; he was succeeded by M. Dolomieu, who had been long celebrated as a mineralogist, and as the founder of geology in France. This learned man, who joined the expedition to Egypt, had been thrown into prison at Messina, on his return, on a groundless suspicion of having been necessary to the invasion of Malta. M. Dolomieu was liberated on the 15th of March, 1801, by an article in the

treaty between France and Naples. He hastened to Paris, and on his first appearance in the amphitheatre, was received by the audience with an enthusiasm which manifested their opinion of his merit, and their interest in his sufferings. After finishing his course, he wished to take advantage of the remainder of the summer to visit the Alps, Switzerland, and Dauphiny, to collect minerals for the cabinet; but his health, impaired by the hardships he had undergone, yielded to the fatigues of the journey. On his return he stopped at Neuchatel in the Charolois, at the house of his brother-in-law, and was there seized with an illness, of which he died on the 26th of November, 1801.

M. Haüy was called, on the 18th of December, 1801, to fill the chair of mineralogy, for which there could be no competition; and from that time the instruction has been conformed to the crystallo-graphic method.

It was at first feared, that this method would embarrass students not prepared to understand it; but M. Haüy found means to smooth its asperities, and to render sensible the laws of decrement and transformation, by models; while, by presenting the minerals in their pure state, he taught the pupil to distinguish the variations produced by a mixture of different substances.

Since the new organization, M. Desfontaines has had no occasion to change the method introduced by him in 1786. His lectures are given three times a week during the months of May, June, July, and August, and are generally attended by five or six hundred pupils.

Of all the branches of natural history, botany is the best suited to the female sex; it presents nothing to offend their delicacy; it furnishes them amusement in retirement, and lends interest to their walks; attaches them to the cultivation of their gardens; assists them to develop a habit of observation in their children; and affords an opportunity of gratifying their benevolence, by making the poorer inhabitants of the country acquainted with useful plants. The letters of Rousseau first excited a taste for this science in the ladies of France, which has increased with the facility of obtaining instruction. A considerable number repair to the garden at an early hour to attend the lectures, and a separate space has been reserved for them in the amphitheatre.

Since 1770, M. de Jussieu has continued his herborisations during the summer.

The course of agriculture is delivered by M. Thouin, with such illustrations as are possible from the practice in the Garden and the collection of models. M. Thouin is charged with the correspondence with all the public gardens of France and other countries, and with the yearly distribution of more than 20,000 parcels of seeds, the produce of the garden, or collected by travellers.

After the suppression of the universities, the Museum being the only remaining institution of science, M. de Fourcroy redoubled his efforts to confirm the favourable impression made, at the opening of his career, and his activity seemed to augment with the sphere of his exertions. Though called by his celebrity to different political posts, he continued his

* M. Gaudichaud for botany, and MM. Quay and Gaimard for zoology and mineralogy.

† The vegetables of Cayenne were furnished by M. Poiteau, director of the establishment for naturalizing foreign plants in that island.

lectures with undeviating regularity; but when appointed counsellor of state, and charged with the ministry of public instruction, he found it necessary to call in the aid of an assistant. For this purpose he selected his pupil and relative M. Laugier, who performed the duty for several years, and succeeded him as titular professor at his death, which took place in 1809, at the age of fifty-five years. M. Laugier recalls the method of his master, by expounding with clearness the whole science, as augmented by the discoveries of the last twenty years.*

When a chair of chemical arts was substituted for the office of demonstrator, it was given of right to M. Brongniart, who had succeeded Rouelle the younger in 1779. He was the better qualified to fill it, as in his lectures at the King's Garden, at the school of pharmacy, and the lyceum of arts; he had always preferred the exhibition of useful processes to surprising and brilliant experiments.

At his death, in February, 1804, he was succeeded by M. Vauquelin, who, having made practical chemistry his peculiar study, was enabled to give greater scope to this important part of the science: by the improvement of analytic chemistry and the art of assaying, by the discovery of chrome and other substances, and by the introduction of more scientific methods into common practice, he is allowed to have exerted a great and beneficial influence on our manufacturers.

As early as the beginning of last century botany was cultivated with success. A great number of plants were assembled in the King's Garden, rich herbariums had been formed, and Tournefort, from the examination of all the plants then known, had deduced a method, which in general preserved the natural relations. The progress of zoology was less rapid, not from a neglect of that science, but from the want of resources. Separate descriptions of animals were published, curious observations were made upon insects, and Linnæus had presented in systematic order, and described in precise and picturesque language, the varieties of animated nature. Nevertheless the greater part of the animals of the old and new world were imperfectly known, for want of opportunities of comparing them, and of observing the differences produced by age and other circumstances in the same species.

To the collections of the King's Garden, and to the works of which they facilitated the execution, are owing the wider range and greater exactness of zoology at the present day. The history of quadrupeds by Buffon and Daubenton, that of birds by Buffon and Montbelliard, and that of the cetaceous animals and fishes by M. de Lacépède, made known with accuracy the species which Linnæus had only indicated, and many others whose existence he had not suspected. The galleries of the Museum furnished M. de Lamarck with materials for his history of invertebrated animals, and enabled

M. Latreille to perfect his great work on insects. M. Cuvier soon after accomplished in favour of zoology what M. de Jussieu had done for botany, by founding, upon natural relations and invariable characters, a classification now generally adopted.

The three chairs of zoology are still occupied by the professors first appointed to fill them, and the number of their pupils is yearly increasing, as a taste for the science becomes more generally diffused, and the collections afford means of more positive and varied instruction.

M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire resumed his lectures at his return from Egypt, where he was employed during four years. In his annual course, after describing the animals by their apparent characters, he presents zoology under a general view, embracing and connecting all its parts. This method reposes on four considerations, which may be termed the four primordial views of anatomical philosophy: viz. the theory of analogies; the principle of connexions; the balance of dimensions; and the elective affinities of the organic elements. According to this plan he no longer confines himself to the description of external forms, but shows the cause of these forms in the modifications of the interior organization; thus seeking to link the parts to the whole, and to present the science under a larger aspect.

M. Geoffroy had taught the history of all the vertebrated animals for eighteen months, when the law of the 7th December, 1794, at the request of the professors, erected a separate chair for oviparous quadrupeds, reptiles and fishes; to which M. de Lacépède, who had left the Garden two years before, was called in January, 1795. Not contented with completing his course of lectures, M. de Lacépède resumed his former labours in the cabinet, and soon after, on M. Geoffroy's departure for Egypt, took charge of the birds and quadrupeds, in addition to the objects especially committed to his care. By him the collection of birds, the most magnificent that had ever been assembled, was arranged in beautiful order for exhibition, and rendered classical for the study of ornithology. The celebrity which he had acquired by his works, and by his connexion with Buffon, attracted crowds of young men to his lectures, whom he induced to attach themselves to a branch of natural history which had been little cultivated in France. During ten years his whole time was employed in facilitating the study of a science which owed much of its progress to himself; and when called to a post under government, which left him no leisure for these pursuits, he ensured the solid instruction of his pupils by choosing for his assistant M. Duméril, author of the *Analytic Zoology*, and the co-operator of M. Cuvier in the first volumes of his *Comparative Anatomy*.

The chevalier de Lamarck, so highly distinguished by his works on invertebrated animals, has for twenty-five years taught the history of mollusca, crustacea, insects, worms, and zoophytes. He has also classed the shells and polypuses of the cabinet after a more scientific and exact method, and has characterized all the genera, and determined a great number of living and fossil species. His impaired sight

* M. Laugier's place of assistant naturalist was bestowed upon M. Chevreul, author of several memoirs in the *Annals of the Museum*, and of the chemical part of the *Dictionary of Natural History*.

not permitting him to continue his demonstrations, he is replaced by M. Latreille, whose numerous writings, and especially his great work on the classification and generic characters of crustaceous animals and insects, rank him among the first entomologists of Europe.

The three courses just mentioned are delivered in the summer, and continue three or four months.

The chair for human anatomy has always been filled by professors of distinguished merit, and for many years it afforded a more complete body of instruction than any other in the kingdom. In later times, as anatomical courses have been multiplied, though it no longer boasts the same superiority, it has not lost its ancient reputation: since 1778 it has been occupied by M. Portal, first physician to the king and president of the academy of medicine.

M. Mertrud had for several years studied comparative anatomy under Daubenton; yet he did not consider that science in its most elevated point of view. M. Cuvier, appointed to assist him on the 15th of November, 1795, and named professor after his death on the 1st of November, 1802, has taught it in its generality and in its details, embracing the analogies of all classes of animals, from the polypus to the elephant, by the comparison of their essential organs. He has also formed the cabinet of comparative anatomy, from materials furnished by the menagerie, or contributed by travellers and foreign naturalists.

The establishment of a course of geology, distinct from that of mineralogy, was a most judicious innovation.* Without the precise characters afforded by mineralogy, the geologist cannot ascertain the genera and species in their pure state, nor discern the elements of an aggregate body, and the alteration of the primitive forms by the mixture of different substances; but the history of the great masses which cover the globe, of the relative situation and different formation of rocks, of subterranean fires and volcanic productions, of thermal waters, of fossil bones and shells found at different depths, forms a peculiar science, founded on innumerable observations, and exempt from the systematic absurdities that have disgraced the theory of the earth.

M. Faujas de St. Fond first occupied the chair of geology in the Museum. If the science, notwithstanding the facts with which he had enriched it, was not sufficiently advanced for the establishment of positive laws, he at least had the merit of rendering it popular, and of contributing to its progress since the beginning of the century. The impaired state of his health during the last years of his life, obliged him to reside chiefly in the country, though attached to Paris by the duties of his office and the friendship of his colleagues; he terminated his career at his estate of St. Fond, near Montelimar, the 18th July, 1819, at the age of seventy-eight.

* Geology was formerly so little attended to that even the name was known only to men of learning. The word *geology* was not found in the dictionary of the academy, although the analogous terms *zoology* and *zography* were inserted.

M. Cordier, an inspector of the mines, and the pupil and travelling companion of Dolomieu, was named by the professors of the Museum and by the academy of sciences to succeed M. Faujas, and appointed by an ordinance of the 13th of September, 1819. At his entrance into the Garden he lost no time in reorganizing the cabinet of geology, by distributing the rocks into three series, according to their nature, their position, and their locality. In his lectures he contents himself with exposing the actual state of the globe, by a connected view of facts ascertained by observation: and insists particularly on the riches of our own mineral kingdom, and the means of rendering them subservient to the progress of the arts and to the wants of society.

Natural history cannot dispense with the aid of drawings, and the most exact descriptions leave but a vague impression on the mind if unaccompanied by figures; language suffices to express essential characters, but cannot give an idea of the physiognomy and general appearance of objects; it was a fortunate conception therefore, to attach a professor of the art to the Museum. This institution has both diffused a taste for drawing, and given it a more useful direction. It is easy to see by comparison, how much the figures in works of natural history are superior at the present day to those of the last century. M. Vanspaendonck, since his appointment in 1774, has formed numerous artists. Though the primary object of his lectures is the imitation of scientific characters, beauty and effect are not neglected; and to this source may perhaps be traced the perfection to which the art of painting flowers is carried in France, and its influence on several of our manufactures. His lessons of iconography, which are attended by a great number of young ladies, are given in the library three times a week during four months. The library on these occasions is open only to the pupils, who are at liberty to continue their work on the intervening days, and are often assisted with the advice of the professor.

As it is necessary to adapt the instructions to the greater number of pupils, the professors cannot in their courses enter into minute details, nor expose discoveries and principles which would be understood only by men versed in science; for these objects the annals of the Museum offer an appropriate medium of communication. In this work M. Haüy has fixed the characters of different minerals recently added to his cabinet, and shown the simplicity of the laws of crystallography, and the advantage of analytic formulas; MM. Fourcroy, Vauquelin, and Laugier have communicated the most important results of their experiments in the chemical laboratory; M. Desfontaines has described new genera of plants, that have bloomed in the garden, or been found in the herbarium; M. de Jussieu has defined the characters of the principal natural families, with such additions and corrections as the progress of the science has necessitated in his work; M. Thouin has explained in detail the management of the seed-beds and plantations, and the processes of grafting; MM. Geoffroy and Lacépède have published new genera of quadrupeds, bats, reptiles, and fishes; M. de Lamarck

has described the fossils of the environs of Paris; M. Cuvier has made known the anatomy of mollusca, and the skeletons of extinct animals, whose bones he had collected; and the professors in general have contributed extracts from their correspondence with other establishments, or with travellers and foreign naturalists.

Such is a sketch of the history of the French Museum. A more particular account of its present state, and of its actual professors, which we should have added to the foregoing had our space permitted, we must defer till another opportunity.

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From the Retrospective Review.

THE WORKES OF THAT FAMOUS CHIRURGEON AMBROSE PAREY.

Translated out of Latin and compared with the French, by Th. Johnson, Esq. London, printed by Th. Cotes and R. Young. Anno, 1634.

The illustrious name of Ambrose Paré (or Parey) is familiar to the ear of every medical man in any degree conversant with the literature of his profession. Parey was one of those extraordinary persons upon whom nature appears to have bestowed a peculiar aptitude for the study of a particular science, and who, by the exertion of their superior genius, confer a lasting obligation on mankind. Like our own famous surgeon, John Hunter, he was not a man of profound learning; but he possessed that which is often more valuable than learning, originality of thought and capacity of invention.

Ambrose Parey was born at Laval, in the district of Maine, in the year 1509. From his earliest youth he studied the art of surgery, which he prosecuted both in the hospitals and in the army. So distinguished was the reputation which he enjoyed in his profession, that in the year 1552, he was appointed surgeon in ordinary to Henry II., and subsequently served the succeeding monarchs, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. in the same capacity, as we learn from the dedication of his works to the latter sovereign. Being, in faith, a Huguenot, and firmly attached to his religion, Parey would undoubtedly have perished on that awful night which witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had not Charles IX., who duly appreciated his professional services and talents, sent for him ere the work of destruction begun, and afforded him the sanctuary of the royal chamber. Could any thing increase the detestation with which the character of Charles IX. must be for ever regarded, it is this fact, that, where his own personal interests were concerned, he could subdue the madness of his fanaticism,—but that where the lives of his subjects were the only sacrifice, he did not hesitate to offer them upon the altar of his bigotry. In the course of his professional life, Parey was frequently called upon to accompany the French armies in various campaigns, and he has left us an account of these expeditions in a short tract, entitled “The Apo-

logy and Treatise, containing the Voyages made into divers Places, by Ambrose Parey, of Laval, in Maine, Councillor and Chief Chirurgion to the King.” It is to this portion of his works that we propose to confine our attention on the present occasion, which we are induced to do by the very interesting nature of these travels, which will be found to afford much amusement, independently of their value in a professional point of view. Having long been regarded as the head of his profession, and highly esteemed for his private virtues, Parey died in 1590, at the age of 81.

“It was an enthusiastic desire of learning his profession, (says Mr. John Bell in his introduction to his excellent work on the Principles of Surgery,) that induced Parey to follow the French armies while yet very young; and we have a singular testimony of his early abilities from an old physician, who, after the taking of the city of Turin, always called for young Parey “when any great surgical work was in hand, because he was delighted with the bold and spirited manner in which he performed all the great operations.” To the Seigneur le Mareschal Montjan, this old physician said, at parting, “My Lord, you have got a surgeon young in years, but old in experience and wisdom. Keep him carefully, for he will do you both service and honour.” Parey himself tells this tale of his early days in the mere garrulity of old age, but along with this ebullition of vanity there is good sense and even modesty; for he adds, soon after, “But the good old man did not know that I had lived three years in the Hotel Dieu, attending the sick.”

Parey begun his career in the Hotel Dieu. He perfected himself by practising in the camps and armies, and having lived in familiar society with the king and nobles of France, he finished a long, honourable, and busy life in the city of Paris. It is seen in the history of the French academy, that the princes and generals willingly took the field when they could prevail upon Parey to go out along with them; and at the time when all the noblesse of the kingdom were shut up in Mentz, which was besieged by Charles V. in person, at the head of 100,000 men, they sent a sort of embassy to the king, their master, beseeching him to send Parey to them. An Italian captain, for a great reward, introduced him into the city. They instantly sent at midnight to awaken the prince, who commanded the city, with the good news of his arrival. The governor begged of him that he would go, next day, and show himself upon the breach: he was received with shouts of triumph. Mentz was then the bulwark of France; and it has always been ascribed to the presence of this single man, (so perfect was their confidence in him), that they kept the city till the gallant army which lay around it, perished beneath its walls. Charles lost upwards of thirty thousand men by disease and by the enemy.

The name of Parey is held in the highest veneration by his countrymen, as the following very absurd paragraph from *Larrey's Memoires de Chirurgie Militaire* will testify:—“A notre passage à Laval qui a vu naitre Ambrose Paré, le père de la chirurgie Francaise,

nous nous fimes indiquer la maison qu'il avait habitée. En y entrant, je fus saisi d'un sentiment de veneration tel que, m'abandonnant à une douce illusion, je crus que j'allais voir paraître à nos yeux ce grand homme, lorsque, tout-à-coup, la presence des propriétaires de la maison, venus à notre rencontre pour nous montrer la chambre qu'il avait occupée, détruisit le prestige qui abusait mon imagination."

But let us hear Parey's own account of himself: he says, addressing himself to one of his adversaries, (for, like our own celebrated Hunter, he had to encounter the opposition of men now only known as the enemies of his genius;)

"Moreover, you say that you will teach me my lesson in the operations of surgery, which I think you cannot do; because I have not only learned them in my study, and by the hearing of many years the lessons of doctors of physic: but, as I said before, in my epistle to the reader, I was resident the space of three years in the hospital of Paris, where I had the means to use and learn divers works of surgery upon divers diseases, together with the anatomy upon a great number of dead bodies; as oftentimes I have sufficiently made trial publicly in the physicians' school at Paris, and my good luck hath made me see much more. For being called to the service of the king of France (four of which I have served), I have been in company at battles, skirmishes, assaults, and besieging of cities and fortresses; as also, I have been shut up in cities with those that have been besieged, having charge to dress those that were hurt. Also I have dwelt many years in this great and famous city of Paris, where, (thanks be to God), I have lived in very good reputation amongst all men, and have not been esteemed the least in rank of men of my profession, seeing there was not any cure, were it ever so difficult and great, where my hand and my counsel have not been required, as I make it appear in this my work. Now, dare you, (these things being understood), say you will teach me to perform the works of surgery, since you never went further than your own study?"

"The operations of chirurgery are learnt by the eye and by the touch. I will say that you much resemble a young lad of Low Brittany, *bien fessu et materiel*, who demanded leave of his father to come to Paris, to take France. Being arrived, the organist of our lady's church met with him at the palace gate, who took him to blow the bellows for the organ, where he was remaining three years; he saw he could somewhat speak French, he returns to his father; and told him that he spake good French, and moreover he knew well to play on the organs: his father received him very joyfully, for that he was so wise and learned in a short time. He went to the organist of their great church and prayed him to permit his son to play on the organ, to the end he might know whether his son was become so skilful a master as he said he was; which the organist agreed to very willingly. Being entered to the organ, he cast himself with a full leap to the bellows; the master organist bid him play, and that he would blow. Then this good or-

ganist answers, *let him play himself on the organ, if he would; for him, he could do nothing but play on the bellows*. I think also, my little master, that you know nothing else, but to prattle in a chair; but I will play upon the keys, and make the organ sound, (that is to say) I will do the operations of chirurgery, that which you cannot in any wise do, because you have not gone from your study or the schools, as I have said before.

"You see now (my little master,) my answers to your calumniation, and I pray you, if you bear a good mind, to review and correct your book, as soon as you can, and not to hold young chirurgeons in this error by reading of the same, where you teach them to use hot irons, after the amputation of limbs, to stay a flux of blood; seeing there is another means and not so cruel, and more sure and easy. Moreover, if to-day, after an assault of a city, where divers soldiers have had arms and legs broken and shot off by cannon-bullets, cutlasses and other instruments of war, to stay the flux of blood, if you should use hot irons, it would be needful to have a forge and much coals to heat them; and also the soldiers would hold you in such horror for this cruelty that they would kill you like a calf: even as in time past they did one of the chiefest chirurgeons of Rome, which may be found written in the third chapter of the first book."

Although Parey did not invent the method of tying divided arteries, to which he alludes in the above paragraph, yet he greatly promoted the practice. His plan was to draw the arteries out naked and to pass a ligature over them.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from the Travels of this celebrated man.

The Voyage of Thurin, 1535. "Moreover I will here show to the readers the places where I have had means to learn the art of surgery; and first, in the year 1536, the king of France sent a great army to Thurin, to recover the city and castles which the Marquis of Guast, lieutenant-general of the emperor, had taken; where the High Constable of France was lieutenant-general of the army, and Monsieur de Montain, colonel-general of the foot, of which I was then surgeon. A great part of the army arrived in the country of Suze: we found the enemy, which stopt the passage, and had made certain forts and trenches, insomuch that to hunt them out and make them leave the place, we were forced to fight where there were divers hurt and slain, as well of the one side as the other; but the enemies were constrained to retire and get into the castle, which was caused partly by one captain Ratt, who climbed with divers soldiers of his company upon a little mountain there, where he shot directly upon the enemy: he received a shot upon the ancle of his right foot, wherewith presently he fell to the ground, and said then—now is the Ratt taken. I dressed him, and God healed him; we entered the throng into the city, and passed over the dead bodies, and some which were not yet dead; we heard them cry under our horses' feet, which made my heart relent to hear them. And truly I repented to have forsaken Paris to see such a pitiful spectacle.

"Being in the city, I entered into a stable, thinking to lodge my own and my man's horse, where I found four dead soldiers, and three which were leaning against the wall, their faces wholly disfigured; and neither saw, nor heard, nor spake; and their clothes did yet flame with gunpowder, which had burnt them. Beholding them with pity, there happened to come an old soldier, who asked me, if there were any possible means to cure them? I told him, no: he presently approached to them, and cut their throats, without choler; [or, as Parey says, 'Il s'approcha d'eux et leur coupa la gorge doucement et sans colère.'] Seeing this great cruelty, I told him he was a wicked man; he answered me, that he prayed to God, that whosoever he should be in such a case, that he might find some one who would do as much for him, to the end, that he might not miserably languish.* To return to our former discourse, the enemy was summoned to surrender, which they soon did, and went out—their lives only saved, with a white staff in their hands; the greatest part whereof went, and got to the castle of Villane, where there were about two hundred Spaniards. Monsieur, the Constable, would not leave them behind, to the end that the way might be made free. This castle is seated upon a little mountain, which gave great assurance to them within, that one could not plant the ordnance to beat upon it, and they were summoned to surrender, or that they should be cut in pieces; which they flatly refused, making answer, *That they were as faithful servants to the emperor, as Monsieur, the Constable, could be to the king, his master.* This answer heard, they made, by force of arms, two great cannons to be mounted in the night with cords and ropes, by the Swissers and Lasquenets; when, as ill-luck would have it, the cannons being seated, a gunner, by great negligence, set on fire a great bag of gunpowder, wherewith he was burned, together with ten or twelve soldiers; and moreover, the flame of the powder was a cause of discovering the artillery, which made them in the castle do nothing but shoot all

* In one of the most interesting little books that has been published for some time, written by a private soldier, and entitled "*Recollections of an Eventful Life*," the second volume of which has just appeared, there is a similar case.

"In particular places of the village, where a stand had been made, or the shot brought to bear, the slaughter had been immense, which was the case near the river, and at the small chapel on our side of the town. Among the rest, lay one poor fellow of the 88th light company, who had been severely wounded, and seemed to suffer excruciating agony, for he begged of those who passed him to put him out of torture. Although, from the nature of his wound, there was no possibility of his surviving, yet none felt inclined to comply with his request, until a German of the 60th rifle battalion, after hesitating a few moments, raised his rifle, and putting the muzzle of it to his head, fired the contents of it through it. Whether this deed deserved praise or blame, I leave others to determine." Vol. ii. p. 20.

night long at that place, where they discovered the two pieces of ordnance; wherewith they killed and hurt a great number of people.

"The next day, early in the morning, a battery was made, which, in a few hours, made a breach; which, being made, they demanded to parley with us; but it was too late for them, for, in the mean time, our French foot, seeing them amazed, mounted to the breach, and cut them all in pieces, except a fair young lusty maid of Piedmont, which a great lord would have kept, and preserved for himself, to keep him company in the night, for fear of the greedy wolf. The captain and ensign were taken alive, but soon after were hanged upon the gate of the city, to the end, that they might give example and fear to the imperial soldiers, not to be so rash and foolish, to be willing to hold such places, against so great an army. Now, all the soldiers of the castle, seeing our people coming with a most violent fury, did all their endeavours to defend themselves; they killed and hurt a great company of our soldiers, with pikes, muskets, and stones, when the surgeons had good store of work cut out. Now, at that time, I was a fresh-water soldier; I had not yet seen wounds made by gun-shot, at the first dressing. It is true, I had read, in John de Vigo, that wounds made by weapons of fire did participate of venosity, by reason of the powder; and for their cure, he commands to cauterize them with oil of elder, scalding hot, in which should be mingled a little treacle. Before I applied the said oil, knowing that such a thing would bring to the patient great pain, I was willing to know first before I applied it, how the other surgeons did for the first dressing, which was to apply the said oil, the hottest that was possible, into the wounds, with tents and setons; inasmuch, that I took courage to do as they did. At last I wanted oil, and was constrained, instead thereof, to apply a digestive of yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night, I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterizing, and that I should find those to whom I had not used the burning oil, died poisoned; which made me rise very early to visit them, where, beyond my expectation, I found those to whom I had applied my digestive medicine, to feel little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or tumour, having rested reasonably well that night. The others, to whom was used the burning oil, I found feverish, with great pain and tumour about the edges of their wounds. And then I resolved with myself, never so cruelly to burn poor men wounded with gun-shot. Being at Thurin, I found a surgeon, who had the fame, above all others, for the curing of the wounds of gun-shot; into whose favour I found means to insinuate myself, to have the receipt of his balm, as he called it, wherewith he dressed wounds of that kind, and he held me off the space of two years, before I could draw the receipt from him. In the end, by gifts and presents, he gave it me, which was this: to boil young whelps, new pupped, in oil of lilies, prepared earth-worms, with turpentine of Venice. Then was I joyful, and my heart made glad, that I had understood his remedy, which was like that which I had obtained by great

chance. See, then, how I have learned to dress wounds made with gun-shot, not by books."

Parey preceeds to give an account of the high estimation in which he was held, and of the great number of wounded soldiers confided to his care.

The Voyage of Marolle and of Low Britany, (Basse Bretagne) 1543.

"I went to the camp of Marolle, with the deceased Monsieur De Rohan, where King Francis was in prison; and I was surgeon of the company of the said Monsieur de Rohan. Now the king was advertised by Monsieur D'Estampes, governor of Britany, that the English had hoist sail to land in Low Britany, and prayed him that he would send Monsieur De Rohan and Monsieur De Lowal for succour, because they were lords of that country; and, for their sakes, those of that country would beat back the enemy and keep them from landing. Having received this advertisement, his majesty despatched the said lords for the relief of their country; and to each was given as much power as to the governor, inasmuch as they were all there the king's lieutenants: they took, willingly, this charge upon them, and speedily they went away in post, and led me with them to Landreneau: there where we found every one in arms, the alarm-bells sounding on every side; yea, five or six leagues about the harbours, that is to say, Brest, Conquet, Crozon, Le Fou Doulae, Landanac, each of them well furnished with artillery, cannons, demi-cannons, culverins, sakers, serpentine, falcons, harquebusses, in brief, there was nothing in artillery or soldiers, as well Britans as French, to hinder that the English made no landing, as they had resolved at their parting from England. The enemy's army came unto the very mouth of the cannon; and when we perceived that they would land, they were saluted with cannon-shot, and we discovered our men of war, together with our artillery; they flew to sea again: where I was glad to see their vessels hoist sail again, which was in great number, and in good order, and seemed like a forest which marched upon the sea. I saw a thing also at which I marvelled much, which was, that the bullets of great pieces made great rebounds, and grazed upon the water as upon the ground.

"Now, to make the matter short, the English did no harm, and returned whole and sound into England, and left us in peace. We staid in that country, in garrison, till we were assured that their army was dispersed. In the mean time, our horsemen exercised their feats of activity, as to run at the ring, fight in duel, and other things; so that there were still something to employ me withal. Monsieur D'Estampes, to make sport and pleasure to the said De Rohan and Lowal, and other gentlemen, caused divers country wenches to come to the feasts, to sing songs in Low Britain tongue, where their harmony was like the croaking of frogs, while they are in love. Other whiles, they caused the wrestlers of the cities and towns to come, where there was a prize for the best wrestler; and the sport was seldom ended, but that one or other had a leg or arm broken, or the shoulder or thigh displaced. There was

a little man of Low Britany, of a square body and well set, who held a long time the credit of the field, and, by his skill and strength, threw five or six to the ground; there came to him a great schoolmaster, who was said to be one of the best wrestlers of all Britany; he entered into the lists, having taken off his long jacket, in hose and doublet, and being near the little man, he seemed as if he had been tied to his girdle; notwithstanding, when each of them took hold of the collar, they were a long time without doing any thing, and they thought they would remain equal in force and skill: but the little man cast himself with an ambling leap under this great pedant, and took him on his shoulder, and cast him on his back, spread abroad like a frog, and then all the company laughed at the skill and strength of the little fellow. This great *Dutiro* had a great spite for being cast by so little a man: he rose again in anger, and would have his revenge. They took hold again of each other's collars, and were again a good while at their hold without falling to the ground: in the end, this great man let himself fall upon the little fellow; and, in falling, put his elbow upon the little man's stomach and burst his heart, and killed him stark dead; and knowing that he had given him his death blow, took again his long cassock, and went away with his tail between his legs, and hid himself, seeing that the little man came not again to himself, either for wine, vinegar, or any other thing that was presented unto him. I drew near to him, and felt his pulse, which did not beat at all, then I said he was dead. Then the Britans who assisted the wrestling, said aloud, in their jabbering, *That is not in the sport*. And some said that the said pedagogue was accustomed to do so; and that, but a year past, he had done the like in a wrestling. I would needs open the body, to know the cause of this sudden death, where I found much blood in the thorax, and in the inferior belly, and I strived to find out any apertion in the place from whence might issue so great a quantity of blood, which I could not do for all the diligence I could make. Now, I believe it was by the apertion of the mouths of the vessels, or by their porosities. The poor little wrestler was buried. I took leave of Messieurs De Rohan, De Lowal, and D'Estampes. Monsieur de Rohan gave me a present of fifty double ducats, and an ambling horse, and Monsieur De Lowal, another for my man; Monsieur D'Estampes, a diamond of the value of thirty crowns; and so I returned to my house at Paris."

The Voyage of Perpignan, 1543.

In this chapter, Parey relates a case of a soldier who had received a musket ball, which several of the most expert surgeons endeavoured to extract, but in vain. They were, therefore, obliged to send for Parey, to discover where it lay: "Having found it, I showed them the place where it was, and it was taken out by Master Nicholas Lavernant; yet, notwithstanding, the honour remained to me for finding it." The following history is not uninteresting:—

"I saw one thing of great remark, which is this:—That a soldier in my presence gave to

one of his fellows a stroke with an halbard upon his head, penetrating even to the left ventricle of the brain, without falling to the ground. He that struck him said, that he had heard that he cheated at dice, and that he had drawn a great sum of money, and that it was his custom to cheat. I was called to dress him, which I did, as it were, for the last, knowing well that he would quickly die. Having dressed him, he returned all alone to his lodgings, which was at least two hundred paces distant. I bid one of his companions send for a priest to dispose of the affairs of his soul; he helped him to one, who staid with him to the last gasp. The next day the patient sent for me by his she-friend, in a boy's apparel, to come to dress him, which I would not do, fearing he would die under my hands; and to put it off, I said that I must not take off the dressing till the third day, by reason he would die, though he were never touched. The third day, he came staggering, and found me in my tent, and prayed me most affectionately to dress him, and showed me a purse, wherein he had a hundred and six-score pieces of gold, and that he would content me to my desire; for all that, notwithstanding, I deferred taking off his dressing, fearing lest he should die at the same instant. Certain gentlemen desired me to go to dress him, which I did at their request; but, in dressing, he died under my hands in a convulsion. *Now this priest accompanied him until death, then seized upon the purse, lest another should take it, saying, he would say masses for his soul.* Moreover he furnished himself with his clothes, and with all the rest of his things. I have recited this history as a monstrous thing, that the soldier fell not to the ground when he had received this great stroke, and was in his senses even till death. Soon after, the camp was broken for divers causes; the one, because we were advertised, that four companies of Spaniards were entered into Perpignan; the other, that the plague begun much in our camp; and it was told us by the people of the country, that shortly there would be a great overflowing of the sea, which arose in such manner that there remained not one tent which was not broken and overthrown, for all the strength and diligence that could be given; and the kitchens being all uncovered, the wind raised so the dust and sand, which salted and powdered our meat in such a manner that we could not eat it, so that we were constrained to boil it in pots and other vessels well covered. Now we did not encamp ourselves in so good time, but that there were many carts and carters, mules and mule-drivers, drowned in the sea, with great loss of baggage. The camp broken, I returned to Paris."

The Voyage of Boulogne, 1545.

"A little while after we went to Boulogne, where the English, seeing our army, left the forts which they had, that is to say Moulambert, the little paradise, Monplaisir, the fort of Chatillon, the fort Dardelot. One day, going through the camp to dress my hurt people, the enemies who were in the Tower of Order, shot off a piece of ordnance, thinking to kill horsemen who staid to talk with one another. It happened, that the bullet passed very near

one of them, which threw him to the ground, and it was thought the said bullet had touched him, which it did not at all, but only the wind of the said bullet in the midst of his coat, which went with such a force that all the outward part of the thigh became black and blue, and he had much ado to stand. I dressed him, and made divers scarifications to evacuate the effused blood, which the wind of the said ball had made; and the rebounds that the ball made from the ground, killed four soldiers, which remained dead in the place. I was not far from this stroke, so that I felt, somewhat, the moved air, without doing me any more harm than a little fear, which made me stoop my head very low; but the bullet was already passed far beyond me. The soldiers marked me to be afraid of a bullet already gone. My little Master, I think if you had been there, that I had not been afraid alone, and that you would have had your share of it."

In the above chapter, Parey's account of what is termed the wind of a cannon ball is interesting. It is a singular fact, that a cannon ball may produce most dreadful injury, and even death, without breaking the skin. The bones may be broken, and the texture of the muscles destroyed, and yet the skin remain without a wound. This injury was thought to arise from the violent motion of the air produced by the cannon shot; an idea now exploded; for it has been well remarked, if this theory were correct, the effect in question would constantly happen whenever a ball passes near any part of the body. That this is not the case, however, we know from the fact that pieces of soldiers' and seamen's hats, of their feathers, clothes, and even hair, are often shot away without doing any injury. Professor Thomson, of Edinburgh, who visited the wounded after the battle of Waterloo, in his observations, made in the British Military Hospitals, has given the following information on this subject. "We saw, and were informed, of many instances in which cannon-balls had passed quite close to all parts of the body, and had removed portions of the clothes and accoutrements, without producing the slightest injury of any kind. In other instances, portions of the body itself were removed by cannon balls, without the contiguous parts having been much injured. In one case, the point of the nose was carried off by a cannon ball, without respiration being at all affected; and in another very remarkable case, the external part of the ear was shot away, without even the power of hearing being sensibly impaired."

* In the "*Eventful Life of a Soldier*," vol. ii. p. 34, an instance of this kind occurs.

"A French officer, while leading on his men, having been killed in our front, a bugler of the 83d regiment, starting out between the fire of both parties, seized his gold watch; but he had scarcely returned, when a cannon shot from the enemy came whistling past him, and he fell lifeless on the spot. The blood started out of his nose and ears, but with the exception of this, there was neither wound nor bruise on his body."

While we are quoting from this curious

"At the bombardment of the French fleet in the basin of Antwerp, in 1514," says Mr. Samuel Cooper, "a cannon shot shattered the legs of two officers so badly that the limbs were amputated. These gentlemen were walking at the moment of the accident in the village of Merksam, taking hold of the arm of my friend, Surgeon Stobo, who was in the middle. Now the ball, which produced the injury, did not the slightest harm to the latter gentleman, although it must have passed as close as possible to his lower extremities, and, most probably, between them. The mischief," says this intelligent surgeon, "which is imputed to the air, is occasioned by the ball itself. Its producing a violent contusion, without tearing the skin and entering the limb, is to be ascribed to the oblique direction in which it strikes the part, or, in other instances, to the feebleness with which the ball strikes the surface of the body, in consequence of its having lost the greater part of its momentum, and acting principally by its weight, being, in short, what is called a spent ball. Daily observation evinces that balls, which strike a surface obliquely, do not penetrate that surface, but are reflected; though they may be impelled with the greatest force, and the body struck may be as soft and yielding as water."

We think the above facts and arguments are tolerably conclusive on this subject; and we must confess, we do not put much faith in what Parey tells us, of his feeling the wind. He is as remarkable for candour as for genius; but, in the above case, his imagination appears to have got the better of his judgment.

We shall not make any extracts from *The Voyage of Germany*, 1552, as it does not contain anything very interesting. We now come to

The Voyage of Dauvilliers.

"At the return from the German camp, King Henry besieged Dauvilliers; those within would not render. They were well beaten, and our power failed us; in the mean time, they shot much at our people. There was a shot passed the tent of Monsieur de Rohan, which hit a gentleman's leg, who was of his

work, which we recommend to all our readers for its vivid pictures of war, and its interesting narratives of individual exploits, as well as for the apparently amiable and worthy character of its author, who, though a private soldier, is an excellent writer; we will add that another remarkable surgical phenomenon.

"A few of our lads, and some of the 79th, were standing together, where a poor fellow lay a few paces from them weltering in his blood. As he belonged to the 79th, they went over to see who he was: the ball had entered the centre of his forehead, and passed through his brain, and to all appearance he was completely dead; but when any of the flies which were buzzing about the wound, entered it, a convulsive tremor shook his whole body, and the muscles of his face became frightfully distorted; there could scarcely be imagined any thing more distressing or more appalling to the spectator."

train, which I cut off without applying hot irons.

"The king sent for powder to Sedan; which being come, they began a greater battery than before, in such sort, that they made a breach. Messieurs De Guise and the High Constable, being in the chamber, told him, that they concluded the next day to make assault, and that they were assured they should enter into it, and that they should keep it secret, lest the enemy were advertised. And all of them promised not to speak of it to any one. Now, there was a groom of the king's chamber, who lay under the king's bed, in the camp, to sleep; he, understanding that they resolved the next day to give an assault, presently revealed it to a certain captain, and told him, that for certain, the day following, assault would be given, and that he had heard it of the king, and prayed the said captain, that he would not speak a word of it to any body, which he promised; but his promise was not kept. So, at the same instant, he went and declared it unto a captain, and this captain unto another captain, and from the captains to some of the soldiers, saying always, *say nothing*. It was so well hid, that the next day, early in the morning, there was seen the greatest part of the soldiers, with their round hose and their breeches cut at the knee, for the better mounting of the breach. The king was advertised of the rumour which ran through the camp, that the assault must be given, whereof he much marvelled; seeing there were but three of that advice, who had promised, one to another, not to tell it to any one.

"The king sent for Monsieur de Guise, to know if he had not talked of this assault: he swore and affirmed to him, that he had not told it to any body. And Monsieur the Constable said as much; who said to the king, he must expressly know who had declared this secret counsel, seeing there were but three. Inquiry was made from captain to captain,—in the end, the truth was found; for one said, it was such an one told me; another said as much, till, at length, they came to the first, who declared he had learnt it of a groom of the king's chamber, named Guyard, born at Blois, the son of the barber of the late King Francis. The king sent for him into his tent, in the presence of Monsieur de Guise, and of Monsieur, the Constable, to understand from him whence he had it, and who told him that this assault was to be given. The king told him, that if he did not tell the truth, that he would cause him to be hanged; and then he declared, he lay down under his bed, thinking to sleep, and so having heard it, he declared it to a captain, a friend of his, to the end, that he might prepare himself, with his soldiers, the first for the assault. After the king knew the truth, he told him, that he should never serve him again, and that he deserved to be hanged, and forbade him ever to come to court again. My groom of the chamber went away with this sad news, and lay with one of the king's surgeons in ordinary, named Master Lewis; and in the night gave himself six wounds with a knife, and cut his throat; yet the said surgeon perceived nothing till morn-

ing—till he saw the bed bloody, and the dead body by him. He much marvelled at this spectacle, upon his waking, and was afraid lest they should say he was the cause of this murder; but he was soon freed, the cause being known to be from desperation, having lost the good amity which the king bore to him. The said Guyard was buried. And those of Dauvilliers, when they saw the breach large enough for them to enter in, and the soldiers prepared for the assault, yielded themselves to the mercy of the king. The chief of them were prisoners, and the soldiers sent away without arms.

"The camp being broken up, I returned to Paris, with my gentleman, whose leg I had cut off. I dressed him, and God cured him. I sent him to his house merry, with his wooden leg, and was content, saying, that he had escaped cheaply, not to have been miserably burnt, as you write in your book, my little master."

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from Parey's account of the siege of Metz, by the Emperor, Charles V.—Charles's army, according to Dr. Robertson, amounted to sixty thousand men, forming one of the most numerous and best appointed armies, which had been brought into the field, in that age, in any of the wars among Christian princes. "The Duke of Guise, Francis of Lorraine, was nominated to take the command of Metz, during the siege. Several princes of the blood, many noblemen of the highest rank, and all the young officers, who could obtain the king's permission, entered as volunteers."

The Voyage of Mets. 1552.

"The emperor having besieged Mets, and in the hardest time of winter, as each one knows of fresh memory, and that there was in the city five or six thousand men, and, amongst the rest, seven princes; that is to say, Monsieur the Duke of Guise, the king's lieutenant, Messieurs D'Anguien, De Conde, De Montpensier, De la Roch, upon Yon Monsieur De Nemours, and divers other gentlemen, with a number of old captains of war, who often made sallies forth upon the enemies, which was not without slaying many, as well on the one side as the other. For the most part, all our wounded people died; and it was thought, the medicaments, wherewith they were dressed, were poisoned; which caused Monsieur De Guise, and other princes, to send to the king for me; and that he would send me, with drugs, to them, for they believed theirs were poisoned, seeing that, of their people, few escaped. I do not believe there was any poison; but the great strokes of the cutlasses, musket-shot, and the extreme cold, were the cause. The king caused some one to write to Monsieur, the Marshal St. Andrew, who was his lieutenant at Verdun, that he might find some means to make me enter Mets. The said lord marshal got an Italian captain, who promised him to make me enter in, which he did, and for which he had fifteen hundred crowns.

"The king having heard of the promise which the Italian captain had made, sent for me, and commanded me to take of his apothecary, named Daigue, such and as many drugs

as I should think fit for the hurt who were besieged, which I did, as much as a post horse could carry. The king gave me charge to speak to Monsieur de Guise, and to the princes and captains who were at Mets. Being arrived at Verdun, a few days after Monsieur the marshal of St. Andrew caused horses to be given to me, and my man, and for the Italian, who spake very good high Dutch and Spanish.

"When we were within eight or ten leagues of Mets, we went not but in the night; and being near the camp, I saw, a league and a half off, bright fires about the city, which seemed as if all the earth had been on fire, and I thought we could never pass through those fires without being discovered, and, by consequence, be hanged and strangled, or cut in pieces, or pay a great ransom. To speak truth, I wished myself at Paris, for the imminent danger which I foresaw. God guided so well our affairs, that we entered the city at midnight, with a certain token which the captain had with another captain of the company of Monsieur de Guise; which lord I went to, and found him in bed, who received me with many thanks, being joyful at my coming. I did my message to him, of all that the king had commanded me to say to him: I told him I had a little letter to give to him, and that the next day I would not fail to deliver it to him. That done, he commanded me a good lodging, and that I should be well used; and bid me I should not fail to be the next day upon the breach, where I should meet with all the princes and divers captains, which I did; who received me with great joy, and did me the honour to embrace me, and tell me I was very welcome, adding, they did not think they should die if they should chance to be hurt. Monsieur de la Roch was the first that feasted me, and inquired of me what they said at the court concerning the city of Mets. I told him what I thought good. Then presently he desired me to go and see one of his gentlemen, named Monsieur De Magpane, lieutenant of his majesty's guard, who had his leg broken by a cannon-shot. I found him in his bed, his leg bended and crooked, and without any dressing upon it, because a gentleman had promised him a cure, having his name and his girdle with certain words. The poor gentleman wept and cried with the pain which he felt, not sleeping night nor day, for four days. Then I mocked at this imposture and false promise. Presently, I did so nimbly restore and dress his leg, that he was without pain, slept all night, and since (thanks be to God,) was cured, and is yet, at this present time, living, doing service to the king. The said lord sent me a tun of wine to my lodging, and bid tell me, when it was drunken, he would send me another. That done, Monsieur De Guise gave me a list of certain captains and lords, and commanded me to tell them what the king had given me in charge; which I did, which was to do his commendations and a thanksgiving for the duty they had done and did in the keeping of the city of Mets, and that he would acknowledge it. I demanded, afterwards, of Monsieur De Guise, what pleased him I should do with the drugs which I had brought him; he bid me impart them to the surgeons and apothecaries.

and, chiefly, to the poor hurt soldiers in the hospital, which were in great number; which I did, and can assure you, I could not do so much as go and see them, but they sent for me to go and dress and visit them. All the besieged lords prayed me carefully to solicit, above all others, Monsieur De Pienne, who was hurt at the breach by a stone, raised by a cannon-shot, in the temple, with a fracture and depression of the bone. They told me, that presently when he received the stroke, he fell to the earth as dead, and cast blood out of his mouth, nose, and ears, with great vomitings, and was fourteen days without speaking one word, or having any reason; there happened to him also, startings somewhat like convulsions, and he had all his face swelled and livid. He was trepanned on the side of the temporal muscle upon the *os coronale*. I dressed him, with other surgeons, and God cured him, and he is at this day living, God be thanked.

"The emperor caused a battery to be made, with forty double cannons, where they spared no powder night nor day. Presently, when Monsieur De Guise saw the artillery seated to make a breach, he made the nearest houses be pulled down to make ramparts, and the posts and beams were ranged end to end, and between two clods of earth, beds and packs of wool, and then other posts were put again upon them as before. Now much wood of the houses and of the suburbs, which had been put to the ground, for fear lest the enemy should be lodged close covered, and that they should not help themselves with any wood, served well to repair the breach. Every one was busied to carry earth to make the ramparts, night and day. Messieurs the princes, lords and captains, lieutenants, ensigns, did all carry the basket, to give example to the soldiers and the citizens to do the like, which they did: yea, both ladies and gentlewomen, and those which had not baskets, helped themselves with kettles, panners, sacks, sheets, and with what else they could to carry earth. Inasmuch that the enemy had no sooner beaten down the wall, but he found behind it a rampart more strong. The wall being fallen, our soldiers cried to those without, the Fox, the Fox, the Fox! and spake a thousand injuries to one another. Monsieur De Guise commanded upon pain of death, that no man should speak to them without, for fear lest there should be some traitor who would give them intelligence what was done in the city. The command made, they tied living cats at the end of their pikes, and put them upon the wall, and cried with the cats, *miau, miau*.

"Truly the Imperialists were very much vexed to have been so long making a breach, and at so great an expense, which was the breach of fourscore steps, to enter fifty men in front, where they found a rampart more strong than the wall. They fell upon the poor cats, and shot at them with their muskets as they do at birds. Our people did often make sallies by the command of Monsieur De Guise. The day before, there was a great press to make themselves enrolled, who must make the sally, chiefly of the young nobility, led by well-experienced captains: inasmuch, that it was a great favour to sally forth and run upon the

enemy; and they sallied forth always the number of one hundred, or sixscore, armed men, with cutlasses, muskets, pistols, &c., who went even to their trenches to awaken them, where they presently made an alarm throughout all their camp, and their drums sounded *plan, plan, ta, ti, ta, ti, ta, tou, touf*; likewise their trumpets sounded, to the saddle, to the saddle, to the saddle; to horse, to horse, to horse; to the saddle; to horse; and all their soldiers cried, to arms, to arms, to arms; arm to arms, arm to arms, like the cry after wolves, and all divers tongues, according to their nations: and they were seen to go out from their tents and little lodgings as thick as little bees when their hive is discovered, to succour their fellows, who had their throats cut like sheep. The horsemen, likewise, came from all parts a great gallop. *Patati, patata, patati, patata, ta, ta, patata, patata*, and tarried well that they might not be in the throng where strokes were imparted to give and receive; and when our men saw they were forced, they returned into the city, still firing, and those who run after were beaten back with the artillery, which they had charged with flint stones and pieces of iron; and our soldiers, who were upon the said wall, made a volley of shot, and showered down their bullets upon them, like hail, to send them back to their lodging. Divers remained in the place of the combat; and also our men did not all come off with whole skins: and there still remained some for the tithe who were joyful to die in the bed of honour. And when there was a horse hurt, he was flayed, and eaten by the soldiers instead of beef and bacon: and it was fit I must run and dress our hurt men. A few days after, other sallies were made, which did much anger the enemies, because they did not let them sleep but little in safety. Monsieur De Guise made a war-like stratagem, which was, he sent a peasant, who was none of the wisest, with two pair of letters toward the king, to whom he gave ten crowns, and promised that the king should give him an hundred, provided he gave him the letters. In the one, he sent word that the enemy made no sign of retiring himself, and by all force made a great breach, which he hoped to defend, yea to the losing of his life, and of all those that were within; and that the enemy had so well placed his artillery in a certain place, which he named, that with great difficulty was it kept; that they had not entered into it, seeing it was a place the most weak of all the city: but he hoped quickly to fill it up in such sort, that they could not be able to enter. One of these letters was sewed in the lining of his doublet, and he was bid to take heed that he told it not to any man. And there was also another given to him, wherein the said Monsieur De Guise sent word to the king, that he and all the besieged did hope well to keep the city, and other matters which I cease to speak of. They made the peasant go forth in the night; and, presently after, he was taken by one that stood centinel and carried to the Duke of Albe, to understand what was done in the city; and they asked him if he had any letters; he said, yes, and gave them one; and having seen it, he was put to his oath whether he had any other, and he swore not; then they felt and

searched him, and found that which was sewed in his doublet, and the poor messenger was hanged.

"The said letters were communicated to the emperor, who caused his council to be called there, when it was resolved, since they could do nothing at the first breach, that, presently, the artillery should be drawn to the place which they thought the most weak, where they made great attempts to make another breach, and digged and undermined the wall, and endeavoured to take the Tower of Hell; yet they durst not come to the assault. The Duke of Albe declared to the emperor that the soldiers died daily, more than the number of two hundred, and that there was but little hope to enter into the city, seeing the season, and the great quantity of soldiers that were there. The emperor demanded what people they were that died, and if they were gentlemen of remark or quality. Answer was made that they were all poor soldiers. Then, said he, it makes no matter if they die, comparing them to caterpillars and grasshoppers, which eat the buds of the earth; and if they were of any fashion, they would not be in the camp for twelve shillings the month, and therefore no great harm if they died. Moreover, he said, he would never part from before the city till he had taken it by force or famine, although he should lose all his army, by reason of the great number of princes which were therein, with the most part of the nobility of France, from whom he hoped to draw double his expense; and that he would go once again to Paris, to visit the Parisians, and make himself king of all the kingdom of France.

"Monsieur De Guise, with the princes, captains, and soldiers, and generally all the citizens of the city, having understood the intention of the emperor, which was to extirpate us all, they advised of all they had to do; and since it was not permitted to the soldiers nor citizens, no nor to the princes nor lords themselves, to eat either fresh fish or venison, as likewise partridges, woodcocks, larks, for fear lest they had gathered some pestilential air which might give us any contagion, but that they should content themselves with the ammunition fare, that is to say, with biscuit, beef, cows' lard, and gammons of bacon; likewise fish; also peas, beans, rice, oil, salt, pepper, ginger, nutmegs, &c. &c. to put into pies, chiefly to horse-flesh, which, without that, would have a very ill taste. Divers citizens, having gardens in the city, sowed therein great radishes, turnips, carrots, leeks, which they kept well and full dear, against the extremity of hunger.

"Now, all these ammunition victuals were distributed by weight, measure, and justice, according to the quality of the person, because we knew not how long the siege would last; for having understood from the mouth of the emperor, that he would never part from before Metz till he had taken it by force or famine, the victuals were lessened; for that which was wont to be distributed among three, was now shared amongst four, and defence made they should not sell what remained after their dinner, but 'twas permitted to give it to the

wenches that followed the camp. They rose also from table with an appetite, for fear they should be subject to take physic. And before we would yield ourselves to the mercy of our enemies, we had resolved to eat our asses, mules, horses, dogs, cats, and rats; yea, our boots and other skins which we could soften and fry. All the besieged did resolve to defend themselves with all sorts of instruments of war, that is to say, to rank and charge the artillery at the entry of the breach with bullets, stones, cast-nails, bars, and chains of iron; also, all kinds and differences of artificial fire, as basiquadoes, granadoes, posts, lances, torches, squibs, burning-faggots; moreover scalding-water, melted lead, powder of unquenched lime, to blind their eyes. Also, they were resolved to have made holes through and through their houses, there to lodge musqueteers, there to batter in the flank and hasten them to go, or else to make them lie altogether. Also, there was order given to the women to unpave the streets, and to cast out at their windows billets, tables, tressels, forms and stools, which would have troubled their brains. Moreover, there was, a little further, a strong court of guard filled with carts and pallisadoes, pipes and hogsheds, filled with earth, for barricadoes to serve to interlay with faulcons, faulconets, field-pieces, harquebuses, muskets, pistols, and wild-fire, which would have broken legs and thighs, insomuch that they had been beaten in head, in flank, and in tail; and when they had forced this court of guard, there were others at the crossings of the streets, each distant an hundred paces, who had been as bad companions as the first, and would not have been without making a great many widows and orphans; and if fortune would have been so much against us as to have broken our courts of guard, there were seven great battalions ordered in square and triangle to combat together, each one accompanied with a prince, to give them boldness and encourage them to fight, even till the last gasp, and to die altogether. Moreover, it was resolved, that each one should carry his treasure, rings, and jewels, and the household stuff, of the best, to burn them in the great place and to put them into ashes, rather than the enemy should prevail, and make trophies of their spoils. Likewise, there were people appointed to put fire to the munition, and to beat out the heads of the wine casks; others, to put the fire into each house, to burn our enemies and us together. The citizens had accorded it thus, rather than to see the bloody knife upon their throat, and their wives and daughters violated, and be taken by force by the cruel and inhuman Spaniards.

"Now we had certain prisoners whom Monsieur De Guise sent away upon their faith, to whom was secretly imparted our last resolution, will, and desperate minds, who being arrived in their camp, do not defer the publishing, which bridled the great impetuosity and will of the soldiers to enter any more into the city to cut our throats, and to enrich themselves of our pillages. The emperor having understood this deliberation of the great warriors, the Duke of Guise put water in his

wine," and restrained his great choler and fury; saying, he could not enter into the city without making a great slaughter and butchery, and spill much blood, as well of the defendants as of the assailants, and that they should be dead together, and, in the end, could have nothing else but a few ashes, and that, afterwards, it might be spoken of, as of the destruction of Jerusalem already made by Titus and Vespasian. The emperor then having understood our last resolution, and seeing that they prevailed little by their battery and undermining, and the great plague which was in his whole army, and the indisposition of the time, and the want of victuals and money, and that his soldiers forsook him, and went away in great companies, concluded, in the end, to retire, accompanied with the cavalry of the vanguard, with the greatest part of his artillery, and the battalion. The Marquess of Brandenburg was the last which decamped, maintained by certain bands of Spaniards, Bohemians, and his German companies, and remained a day and a half after, to the great grief of Monsieur De Guise, who caused four pieces of artillery to be brought out of the city, which he caused to be discharged at him on one side and the other, to hasten them to be gone, which he did full quickly, with all his troops. He being a quarter of a league from Mets, was taken with a fear lest our cavalry should fall upon him in the rear, which caused him to put fire to his munition powder, and leave certain pieces of artillery and luggage which he could not carry. Our horsemen would, by all means, have gone out of the city to have fallen upon their breech, but Monsieur De Guise would never permit them, but, on the contrary, would rather make plain their way, and let them go, being like a good shepherd who will not lose sight of his sheep.

"See now, how our well-beloved imperialists went away from before the city of Mets, which was the day after Christmas-day, to the great contentment of the besieged and honour of princes, captains, and soldiers, who had endured the travels of this siege the space of two months. Notwithstanding they did not all go; there wanted twenty thousand who were dead, as well by artillery as by the sword, as also by the plague, cold, and hunger, and for spite that they could not enter the city to cut our throats and have the pillage; and also a great number of their horses died, of which they had eaten a great part instead of beef and bacon. They went where they had been encamped, where they found divers dead bodies not yet buried, and earth all digged like St. Innocent's churchyard in the time of the plague. They did likewise leave in their lodgings and tents divers sick people; also bullets, arms, carts, waggons and other baggage, with a great many munition loaves, spoiled and rotten by the rain and snow, yet the soldiers had it but by weight and measure; and, likewise, they left great provision of wood, of the remainders of the houses of the villages which they had plucked down, two or three miles compass; likewise divers other houses of pleasure belonging to the citi-

* A French proverb, signifying that he cooled his passion.

zens, accompanied with beautiful gardens filled with fruit trees, for, without that, they had been starved with cold, and had been constrained to have raised the siege sooner. The said Monsieur De Guise caused the dead to be buried, and dressed their sick people; likewise the enemies left, in the abbey of St. Arnoul, divers of their hurt soldiers which they could not lead with them; the said Monsieur De Guise sent them all victuals enough, and commanded me and other surgeons to go and dress them and give them medicines, which we willingly did, and think they would not have done the like toward others, (because the Spaniard is most cruel, perfidious, and inhuman, and, therefore, enemy to all nations,) which is proved by Lopez, a Spaniard, and Benzo of Milan, and others who have written the history of America and the West Indies, who have been constrained to confess, that the cruelty, avarice, blasphemy, and wickedness of the Spaniards, have altogether alienated the poor Indians from the religion which the said Spaniards are said to hold. And all write that they are less worth than the idolatrous Indians, by the cruel usage done to the said Indians.

"After the camp was wholly broken, I distributed my patients into the hands of the surgeons of the city, to finish their cure; then I took leave of Monsieur de Guise, came back towards the king, who received me with a loving countenance, and demanded of me, how I did enter into the city of Mets. I recounted to him all that I had done: he caused two hundred crowns to be given me, and one hundred I had at my going out; and he told me, he would not leave me poor: then I thanked him, most humbly, for the good and the honour which he pleased to do me."

At the siege of Hedin, which follows next, Parey appears to have passed his time very uncomfortably. "For," says he, "council was held, where I was called to know, if I would sign, as divers captains, gentlemen, and others, had done, that the place should be rendered up. I made answer, that it was not possible to be held, and that I would sign it; for the little hope that I had, that we could resist the enemies, and also, for the great desire which I had to be out of this torment and hell; for I slept not, either by night or day, by reason of the great number of hurt people, which were about two hundred. When I entered into one lodging, soldiers attended me at the door, to go and dress others at another lodging; when I went forth, there was striving who should have me; and they carried me, like a holy body, not touching the ground with my foot, in spite of another. Nor could I satisfy so great a number of hurt people." Such was the general estimation in which this celebrated man was held.

We shall conclude our extracts from this work with the following instance of Parey's love of his country. After relating the manner in which he was taken prisoner, he thus proceeds:

"The emperor's surgeon took me apart, and told me, if I would remain with him, that he would use me very well. I thanked him very kindly for the honour he did me; and told him, that I had no desire to do any service to the

enemies of my country. Then he told me, I was a fool, and if he were prisoner as I, he would serve the devil to get his liberty. I told him flatly that I would not dwell at all with him."

The works of Ambrose Parey were collected and translated into Latin by an unknown hand, and published at Paris, in the year 1582, by his pupil, Jacques Guillemeau, surgeon to the King of France. They were afterwards translated into most of the European languages; and, in the year 1634, an English version of them, by Thomas Johnson, a surgeon of some eminence, appeared, dedicated to Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. The *Travels*, not being contained in the Latin edition, were translated from the French, by George Barker.

From the Literary Gazette.

"LAST RITES.

By MRS. HEMANS.

"By the mighty Minster's bell,
Tolling with a sullen swell;
By the colours half-mast high
O'er the sea hung mournfully;
Know, a Prince hath died!"

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying musket's tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills,
Reverently, the ancient hills,
Learn that, from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white,
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose.

Which is tenderest rite of all?
Buried virgin's coronal—
Requiem o'er the monarch's head—
Farewell gun for warrior dead—
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe?
Each of hope and strength brought low?
Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings,
"Ere life's day grow dim!"

From the Same.

"THE BROKEN GOLD."

By MRS. C. BARDON WILSON.

"I LOOK upon this BROKEN GOLD—
And memory traces o'er each scene
Of happier hours and days of old,
When life and love were green:—
Joys that danced o'er my light heart then,
Such as can ne'er be mine again!"

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD;—
'Twas sever'd in love's trusting hour,
Ere the young pulse of hope grew cold,
Or the world's storms had power
To make the spirit's gladsome wing
A drooping and a blighted thing!"

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD,
When from the busy crowd I steal;
I would not scoffers should be told
All I *have* felt—and all I *feel*;
Nor mark how throbs this burning brow
With thoughts—that should be banish'd now!

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD,
Remembrancer of years gone by;—
The hand pledged with it now is cold:
The heart, too, long has ceased to sigh;
And of love's early-riven chain,
I (sever'd link) alone remain!

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD—
Alas! it glads these eyes no more;
As sinking mariners behold
Some beacon light the distant shore,
Too late to save—it shows to me
The wreck that life must henceforth be!

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD;—
What lesson does it teach me now?
It says, that years have o'er me roll'd,
That time in shadow wraps my brow;
And whispers—'tis as wrong as vain
To sigh for YOUTH's bright charms again!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.

Is there any reader of *Maga* (and to whom in the civilized world does that epithet not apply?) whose heart did not, as it were, leap within him, responsive to the voice of that article on "Birds," so "redolent of Spring," which ushered in and accompanied at that delightful season the notes of its leafy choristers, and which (thanks to Faustus and his *inky* devil) remains to console us with its delicious echoes, now that the music of the woods is for a season hushed?

Breathed there the man, "in populous city pent," whom the eloquent article "Cottages" did not send on a wild-geese chase after every circling wreath of smoke, or white-washed gable peeping through trees, which might seem to indicate such a blessed retreat from the "thousand ills that *town* is heir to?"

Did not the meek, yet exhilarating spirit of old Isaac Walton suddenly revisit and animate thousands of his degenerate disciples, when the gush of "*Streams*" came o'er the earth through the busy hum of Prince's Street, like the voice of a brother in the wilderness, or the plash of a fountain in the desert? Did not one and all catch up line and basket, and "those *fish* now who never *fished* before?" till the trout in every burn and loch in Scotland breathed curses, not loud, but deep, on Christopher North and his myrmidons?

All this, and more, was achieved by the magic of words, suited not alone, as the Prince of

Denmark would have it, to the action but to the time; to the suggestions of external nature, and their unerring echo in the breast of man. But Spring and its songsters have alike withdrawn their charms; the cottage woodbines have fallen prematurely into the "sear and yellow leaf," and the patient angler, so lately vexed with cloudless skies and curless pools, will ere long transfer his spleen to the chill breezes and drenching floods of autumn, as he stands shivering on the brink, in fruitless expectation of a glorious nibble!

There are sports, however, afoot, which laugh to scorn his sober and solitary pastime. Thousands of mighty hunters, from the veteran Thorntons of a former century, to the Cockney novice, who starts at the sound of his own gun, are vowing vengeance deep and dire against the most timid and harmless of God's creatures. I blame them not;—it would ill become me; for time was, when I out-Nimroded the keenest of them all; but I neither envy them nor pity myself, because that time has for ever passed away.

The skill and energy which, had I been an elder brother, might have found glorious vent at the muzzle of a Joe Manton, and objects of legitimate ambition, in five-barred gates, were directed by stern necessity to more lucrative, though more ignoble pursuits; but let no squire, even from the back of his tallest hunter, look down with contempt on his brother-sportsmen of the Bar. Foxes and lawyers have been convertible terms ever since the days of Esop; and in those of Homer, he tells us, "when Greek met Greek then came the tug of war." To follow up the doublings and windings of a cautious legal adversary, is to paltry couraging what champaigne is to small beer; and levelling to the ground a whole array of plausible arguments by one well-directed hit, is finer sport (and I speak from experience) than bringing down, right and left, a whole covey of partridges at a shot. But, alas! I must speak in the past tense of both feats, though the latter is preter-pluperfect indeed! Othello's occupation, whether of biped or quadruped warfare, has long been gone, and yet the instinctive propensity which makes the life of man one perpetual chase, compels me at this congenial season to equip myself for the field, to partake of the excitement of my fellows; nay, even to distinguish myself by the superior dignity of the game, or rather quarry I pursue.

Well may I smile in derision on the noisy preparations and rabble rout of the fox-chase! Well may I view with supercilious disdain the scientific equipments and elaborate contrivances of the subtle circumventor of the feathered tribe! Well may I bestride, with all the conscious elevation of him of La Mancha, the humble Rosinante which performs for me the office of limbs, prematurely invalidated; for aiming right and left, as living folly catches my mind's eye, or departed excellence rises on the wave of memory, I too will be to-day a sportsman, and my game shall be Man.

But it is best hunting characters in couples, and a bottle-holder is not more essential to a pugilist, than a listener to a valetudinarian who has got upon his hobby. Gentle reader! (if

there be at this moment one wight north of the Tweed, whose gun is not at his shoulder, and his whip at his button-hole,) you have only to try and provide yourself with a pony as docile and tractable as Dumble (own cousin, only seven times removed, to him of Charlie's Hope), and take a sober trot along the road with me; and as I know every man and boy in the parish, (myself excepted,) I'll tell you, as we go along, all that is worth knowing of every individual who crosses my path or my fancy. You are out of luck, if Fate does not send you an original in the first hundred yards; they are as plentiful in the parish as partridges.

But you are loitering behind already; and Dumble likes ill to be checked in his usual firm though moderate pace. Oh! you have been listening to Tom Neerdoweel's pitiable tale; and I see I am too late to prevent the misapplication of perhaps the worst spent shilling you ever took out of your waistcoat pocket.

Had we been peripatetic, instead of equestrian philosophers, and aimed at doing things *selon les règles*, that fellow would have been a treasure in the construction of a climax; for we might have ranged the world without finding any thing nearer zero in the scale of humanity.

That long lank compound of rags and filth, whose abject appearance renders him a sort of walking libel on the species, is, as his complexion indicates, of gipsy or tinkler origin, though he disdains to exercise even the equivocal industry of his tribe. Furnished with a helpmate from the same hopeful stock, he has brought into the world, and reared in absolute idleness and hereditary villany, a brood of sturdy vagabonds, all efforts to reclaim whom have hitherto proved hopeless, and who, after being the dread and nuisance of half the parishes round, at length established themselves in ours by the system of *squatting*, so common in the back woods of America. Taking possession, in the face of all prohibitions, of an uninhabited hovel on the estate of a good-natured laird, they stooed their ground with laudable perseverance, till he was driven, by their flagrant misdemeanours, to serve on them the summary process of ejection peculiar to Scotland, viz. taking the roof off their heads! To a previous remonstrance on the score of their barefaced depredations, Tom, like the French libeller who had written against Choiseul, boldly answered, "Folk maun live;" to which, I am sure, the laird might have replied with the Minister, "I don't see the necessity."

To describe the scenes of brutal strife—of alternate starvation and intemperate indulgence, which render the abode of Tom Neerdoweel a disgrace to human nature, would neither be profitable to you nor myself; but it might read a lesson to some who think that nature carries within itself materials of perfectibility, alike independent of the laws of God and man.

But it is my turn to hunger, for I must say a few words to honest John Walker, whom I am glad to see again at work, after a brief pause given to the most natural grief that ever saddened a father's heart.

If I had searched the parish through for a contrast to the painful character chance last

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throw in our way, I could not have found one more complete than accident has here provided. I shall be garrulous if I begin on the subject, for I love the poor, and their fire-side virtues, and their quiet home-bred joys and sorrows. Ay, and it is impossible not to respect a man like John Walker, who, with only the produce of his own industry as a labourer, and his tidy wife's incomparable management, has reared in cleanliness and comfort, and trained to honest usefulness, nay, educated with decent Scottish pride, half a score of promising children, most of whom live to look up to him with filial veneration, and, I trust, to repay to his grey hairs the toils and solicitudes which made them what they are.

From the day that John Walker married his dear industrious stirring cousin, Mattie, his pick-axe was always the first heard in the adjoining quarry, and her wheel the earliest and the latest in the village; John's Sabbath suit the decentest and best brushed in the kirk, and Mattie's butter the nicest and most inquired for in the market. Few would have thought the rude quarry braes a field for a cow; but Mattie knew that if bread is the staff of life to manhood, milk is no less the panacea of infancy; and every summer night she might be seen in the gloaming with her cow's supper and far-fetched grass on her head; while John only threw down the pick-axe to take up the spade, which made his garden worth double those of his idler neighbours.

Children came, and with them new cares and redoubled industry. They were rosy thriving urchins, more forward at six years old than puny neglected starvelings are at nine. No sooner could they lisp or totter, than they learned to fear God, and be useful. The very youngest girl, (always selected for the idle employment of herding the cow) would as soon have thought of going to herd without her breakfast, as without her hymn-book and her knitting. The elder ones were chiefly boys, and though they had all the spirit and love of amusement which the name implies, no one accused them of wanton mischief, and they were fitter to leave school and go to trades at twelve, than other lads are at sixteen. If openings did not immediately offer, they had at least the strong innate disposition to work which forms a poor man's best inheritance. In the harvest-field, or the quarry, John Walker's boys could earn men's wages, and if a steady lad was wanted for a distant errand, none were like them for never loitering on the road, and then foundering a poor dumb animal to atone for idle delay.

It was just at the critical period when John had wrestled through all the infancy of his family, and when apprentice-fees, and an impending, though unforeseen calamity, might have proved beyond his unassisted resources, that an event occurred, which, while it rewarded the manly exertions of his past life, set the character of my cottage here in a new and no less superior point of view. An almost forgotten sea-faring uncle died, leaving a large fortune to be divided according to the laws of consanguinity, between a host of needy relations, among whom John Walker and his wife, by being cousins-german, came in for a double

portion. This, by the by, I always considered as a piece of poetical justice for John's having preferred in early life his portionless Mattie to a richer damsel.

When John first came to show me the letter, announcing to him his probable succession (for there were difficulties which I of course removed) to upwards of three hundred pounds, I did not think the worse of him for a little natural exultation, and for an exuberance of joy, chiefly manifested in ejaculations of thankfulness to Providence. But when, on being put in actual possession of this unheard-of wealth, John, after reserving an apprentice fee for his eldest son, and a new gown which he insisted on buying for his wife, brought me the remainder to be carefully laid up for old age and infirmity; when the pickaxe of this village *Cæsar*, and the wheel of his diligent helpmate, were heard as early and as late as ever, while not the slightest change took place in their frugal and laborious mode of living, I set down John Walker for a philosopher, in the best sense of the word.

But John's Christian philosophy was soon destined to be tried in the tenderest point, and even there it has not failed him. He loved all his children, from his dutiful first-born, (who, though almost as tall as his father, was still the little Willy of his mother's fond remembrance,) to the child of his old age, the curly Benjamin, who climbed his knees when he came home at even from the toils of the day. But there grew at his fire-side a creature whom few fathers could have looked on without predilection, or talked of without pride. Three chubby smiling rogues of sons had been followed into the world by a sweet gentle fairy of a daughter, whose noiseless step and quiet pastimes soon no less distinguished her, than her flaxen ringlets, and her small though well-turned limbs. From the hour that she could smile in his face with answering consciousness, this babe was never off John Walker's knee; till, in all the childish gravity of premature womanhood, she found a nestling-place on a stool at his feet, whence her fair hair gleamed in the firelight on the yet unopened boards of the large family Bible.

It is not fancy which invests beings doomed to early dissolution with rare and mysterious qualities. Ellen Walker was never a child, save in the guileless simplicity and happy innocence of that bewitching character. In premature thought, in watchful domestic cares, in tender sympathy with all around her, she was from infancy a woman; and often has her mother sighed, she knew not why, and ceased a moment to ply her busy wheel, in admiration of the intuitive thrift and instinctive order of her childish deputy.

Her father claimed the earliest cares of Ellen's affectionate heart. It was she, who, ere the dew was off the grass, cautiously slid down the steep face of the quarry with the breakfast her hand had prepared for him; it was she, who at noon duly set his chair, and flanked the huge dish of potatoes with her own gay china jug of fresh drawn milk; and late late on Saturday night, when her mother, wearied with the toils of the week, had retired to rest, it was Ellen who groped in the ample *kist* and well-stocked *amrie*, and drew forth with

filial anxiety her father's Sunday suit, repaired its casual blemishes, and displayed it on the high-backed elbow chair, to meet his opening eye in the morning.

And did he not wake to bless the being thus sent for his solace and consolation? Did there not sometimes tremble in his eye

"Tears such as pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head?"

Yes! but ere long the character of these tears was changed, and painful anxiety mingled in every glance that rested on the earthy vessel that enclosed his bosom's treasure.

Ellen at fourteen was just blooming into womanhood. Her fairy form assumed a robustness beyond its early promise, the roses on her cheek a hardier and brighter tint, and (as she joined her first harvest field) the sober serenity of her smile sometimes gave place to the hearty, if not boisterous laugh of her companions. But it was the fallacious gleam of sunshine ushering in a cloudy and soon-closed day.

An insidious and fatal disease (for which human skill has seldom, if ever, been able to devise a remedy less terrible than the immediate loss of a precious limb) gradually confined Ellen first to her chair, and then, for long months of protracted suffering, to a bed of languishing, where many a painful expedient was resorted to, by the medical skill John was now happily enabled to command, to avert, if possible, an operation, to which the prejudices of the wisest of that rank oppose an almost invincible barrier. If I could not behold without tears of sympathy the hectic flush that replaced Ellen's more expanded roses, what were a father's feelings, when he saw her growing, as he often said, "Ower bonny for a world o' sin and misery?" If I, with all my fearful sense of its importance, nay, of its being indispensable to save her life, could only urge, with reluctant importunity, her acquiescence in the cruel sacrifice of her limb, why blame too harshly the paternal scruples and maternal weakness which hesitated to enforce, till perhaps too late, a step, from which (though Ellen was a perfect model of passive fortitude) the heroism of fourteen might well be pardoned for shrinking?

I left, when setting out on a short excursion, John Walker's family in all the painful conflict arising from a sense of stern duty on the one hand, and the recoil of Nature from it on the other. The father in speechless anguish, the mother harassed and dejected, the poor sufferer alone, cheerful and resigned to all save an operation, of the necessity for which the strong sanguine spirit of youth could never be persuaded; while I, and every casual visiter, read in her emaciated, though still lovely, countenance, no alternative between an instant, and probably too long deferred, amputation, and a lingering death of exquisite pain and hourly decay.

How short-sighted is man in his fears, as well as in his hopes! During my brief absence, an epidemic, prevailing in the neighbourhood, entered John Walker's dwelling, and with a discriminating mercy, not the less unerring, though not always so distinctly visible, seized on the only member of his household in every sense ripe for immortality, if patient suffering

and angelic resignation under long fatherly chastisement can contribute to maturity. Three days of comparatively trifling illness sufficed gently to extinguish a flame already quivering in the socket; and Ellen died as she had lived, cheering and consoling all around her; speaking of death as one to whom life had never been much, and of Heaven as one whose conversation had, on her lone pillow, been for months past chiefly there.

The hand of Providence was so visible in the release of one so patient and so dear, that John laid his darling's head in the grave with the acquiescence of a Christian in a mightier Father's plan of mercy. He spoke of her sudden illness and edifying death-bed with manly composure; but there is in the breast of every parent, even the firmest and most pious, a nook, vulnerable as the heel of Achilles; and John wept like a child when he told me that his Ellen (the lowliness of whose stature threatened to be the only drawback on her beauty) had grown several inches during her illness, unobserved by any one, till she was measured for her coffin!

Oh! Labour! thou art a powerful medicine for the ills of life! What would the possessor of that princely mansion, which I see you are lingering to gaze at, give for the sound sleep and healthful appetite of my hero of the spade and pickaxe—for his contentment on earth, and his hopes beyond!

When I think on the wayward fate, the perverted talents, the blasted character of the gifted reprobate who owns that earthly paradise, and to whom it is as Eden to the apostate angel; when I know that, though rich in the possession of the tenderest of female hearts, and blest with the most promising of families, he spurned from him domestic felicity and parental enjoyment—broke that heart as a child does a neglected toy, and brought those beings into the world to mar their prospects, and add their errors to his own dread record of accumulated guilt; when I feel that his wealth cannot purchase him respect, nor his talents amusement, nor his couch of down repose, nay, nor his utter desolation and misery one sigh of human sympathy; when I see him living unloved and unhonoured, and know that he will ere long die unsoothed and unlamented, I feel more than ever anxious to have it known, that if I too am a solitary and joyless individual, it has been my misfortune, not my fault to be so.

There are bachelors who shrink with petty vanity from the inference, that want of success has caused their celibacy, and would rather have it thought their callous hearts had never beat high with hopes of man's primeval happiness, than that they should thus have beat in vain. Far be from me the degrading preference! I would rather endure, as even a rejected aspirant after rational felicity, the scornful pity of fools, than be branded by the wise as one who never owned enough of human feeling to sketch some bright vision of conjugal bliss, or enough of manly daring to attempt at least its realization!

I did not intend to speak of myself, but we all love to do so, and the seldom-touched chord has already given that thrill which, once over,

I can go on. Mine is a tale, such as, I suppose, might be told by thousands of those younger brothers, who, born with the same tastes and aspirations after happiness as the "*fruges consumere nati*," are doomed either to have these aspirations early and irremediably crushed by poverty, or nursed on sickly hope, till their fruition becomes a matter of comparative indifference, or till a second blight, more deadly from the waning vigour of the affections, casts prematurely its sear and yellow tinge over the remainder of a joyless existence.

I was bred up in boyish intimacy and hourly contact with a dazzling creature, whom to see was to admire, and whom nature had lavishly endowed with every gift, save that wealth and rank, to which, however, she possessed an indubitable passport. I loved Caroline long before I knew that I had no right to do so; and I loved her long after I became aware of the reprobation stamped by custom and ambition on such unauthorized presumption. That she loved me beyond the unsuspecting cordiality of sisterly affection, I cannot positively affirm; but I felt, and feel now, that she could have done so, had not the whole force of parental authority, and the whole strain of maternal admonition, guarded her against the admission of so heterodox a sentiment. I never told her of my love, if the mute devotion of every thought and faculty to her service, to her convenience, to the anticipation of her unborn wishes, can be called silence.—I never dreamt of marrying her, and transporting her blaze of regal attractions to the chambers of an embryo barrister, whose proverbial poverty, and congenial dulness, would have scared Love himself out at the window. I only spent the few fatal months of expiring liberty from the Cimmerian bondage of law in rivetting fetters not the less galling and hopeless, that youth and inexperience had covered them with roses. Invested with all the perilous privileges of supposed invulnerability, and pennyless consanguinity, I rode, walked, and danced, with Caroline, on the flowery brink of a precipice, from which I was plunged headlong into an abyss of despair, and almost of guilt, by the simple circumstance of my elder brother's return from his grand tour.

His marriage with Caroline had never been hinted at, even in jest. No! it was too firmly planned, and too ardently desired, to be thus lightly spoken of, and its frustration thus idly hazarded! Things were left to their course. Alfred came, saw, conquered, or was conquered, it matters not which—the world applauded, parents triumphed, lawyers chuckled, rivals envied, and I—had a providential fever, which spared me the ceremony, and perhaps saved me from suicide.

Alfred, poor fellow! had not the slightest suspicion of my attachment, so no feeling of bitterness towards him mingled in my boyish agony. Every thing boyish necessarily subsides, and on their return from a two years' residence on the Continent, I shook hands with the unconscious author of my misery, with brotherly regard, and spoke with wonderful self-command to his beautiful wife, though I did not venture to look at her, till we had met several times.

She became what her lively disposition, as well as her transcendent charms, peculiarly fitted her to be, a distinguished star in the galaxy of fashion. Alfred, naturally domestic, was either forced or insensibly attracted into her dazzling orbit. I gazed on it, as it drew all eyes and many hearts within its sphere, and wondered that mine no longer experienced its perhaps increased fascination. I ceased to envy Alfred, who shared its beams, cold and unimpassioned at best, with the giddy multitude; I perceived, with the scanty philosophy of three-and-twenty, that such a meteor blaze could ill replace the fireside joys even of a man with ten thousand a year; how could it then have fed the pale lamp, and cheered the painful vigils, of a labourer for fame and for bread? I lived to thank Heaven for many an ungranted prayer; to pity the brother I once madly envied, nay to be, under Providence, the instrument of rescuing my youth's idol from the brink of that bourne whence no female step has yet returned, of opening her eyes to the villany of one who had nearly won her ear, by feigning all that I once felt, in short, of preserving to my happily unsuspecting brother the being of whom he had unconsciously robbed me five years before; humbled by penitence, softened by remorse, disposed by recent escape from imminent peril to cling for life to the protector from whom, like Eve, she had only strayed to render her weakness more conspicuous. Was I not happy?—happier than if Caroline in the delirium of youth and folly had shared my penury, had lived to upbraid me with it, probably to desert it, as she had nearly done the tasteful opulence of my brother?—

Yes! but I had now a home which I could fearlessly ask a being of an opposite cast to cheer for me; I had a hope at least of future competence, which I longed to share with some one who could understand that such a hope is the most vivid and least alloyed of human enjoyments. As well might the grey tints of an autumnal sky vie with the rainbow that lights up the passing cloud, as one cold reality of life emulate the colouring with which love, even the most rational and sober, invests the horizon of futurity!

In truth, the sharer of my home and heart, the being whose bright image was, like the illuminations of an ancient missal, to spread light and life over the barren pages of my daily and nightly studies, had been for some time unconsciously found; and the humble cousin of the dazzling Caroline, while she assisted with steady principle and admirable judgment in her friend's extrication from the snares of vice, cast over her willing and admiring conjudtor fascinations of a very different character.

Emma, born and bred amid the peace and seclusion of a rustic home, had resisted all her gay cousin's solicitations to visit her in town, till expressions in the letters of her volatile correspondent, combined with vague and mysterious surmises, to indicate to the wakeful eye of early affections, that a mentor, even of her own age, might be of service to Caroline. Emma no longer hesitated; and by her timely arrival and early influence over her cousin's

mind, powerfully contributed to thwart the machinations of a profligate seducer, and snatch his victim from his grasp.

This, however, was not the work of a day; and in its benevolent prosecution, Emma had to make sacrifices of comfort, of inclination, nay, of health itself. To the arduous nature of the enterprise, were added forced dissipation, and hours ill according with a delicate constitution, and habits of regularity and repose. No sooner were our mutual labours crowned with success, than I myself was the first to urge Emma's removal to the country, though I now lived but in her presence, and had no rational hope of being able to follow her in less than four interminable months.

We did not part, however, without embodying in words, hopes and promises, which had been tacitly understood long before; but it was more for the pleasure of talking of them, than for making "assurance doubly sure." I did not need to ask if *she* could share and embellish the simple home of a devoted husband, whose youth had been cheerfully and unrepiningly dedicated to the helpless imbecility of a parent. *She* needed not to promise that her pure hand and heart should crown my mute devotion; for I knew as well as words could tell me, that had it been otherwise, that devotion would long since have been firmly though gently repressed, by one who would as soon have dreamed of trifling with religion! There was about our whole engagement "a sober certainty of waking bliss," which, whatever enthusiasts may say, leaves in the soul, when annihilated, a void, more fearful than all the devastating wrecks of passion. We parted, as those part whom a day's journey divides—whom daily correspondence is to unite in idea—and whom a few months are to bring together, never again to separate!

I toiled with tenfold energy in my now beloved vocation. I earned distinction—I earned the means of embellishing the home I was preparing for my Emma; and, dedicating to this delightful employment the few short moments I could snatch from all-engrossing duty, I denied myself for two whole months the luxury of a trip to —shire. I went at last at a time of considerable legal pressure, from detecting in a second perusal of one of Emma's letters, symptoms of languor and despondence, which accorded ill with my sanguine anticipations. Her health had recruited greatly on first returning to her native air; and though since silent on the subject of further progress, not a hint of increased delicacy had reached me. I was therefore the more struck with something ominous in the tone of her affectionate reply to some minute inquiries as to her taste in books and furniture; and before the thrice read letter was again in my pocket, I was on the top of the — mail.

It was late on Saturday night when I set off, and I found the church bell had just rung when I reached S—. I flew to the house where Emma lived with her aunt; both ladies had gone to church. Thank God! I exclaimed with a fervour which first showed me the extent of my previous fears. My natural impulse was to follow them; but as the decorum of the place, as well as regard for Emma's

health and feelings, forbade the hazarding a scene by my unexpected appearance in their pew, I stationed myself in the back row of a gallery, whence I could distinctly see her motions, though not near enough to distinguish her features, even had they been less closely shaded by a white veil.

The deportment of my beloved was, as it had ever been, a model of unostentatious devotion; but it may be conceived with what intense anxiety I mingled observation of her slightest gesture, with heartfelt prayer for her preservation. There were trifles light as air, to all save a devoted bridegroom, (for lover is too profane a term to express my feelings,) which indicated delicacy. She rose with apparent difficulty; sat during a part of the service where I was sure she would, if able, have stood; and I listened in vain for her fine mellow voice in the hymn of thanksgiving. There was in the aunt who accompanied her an evident interest in her motions, little less intense than my own. I even fancied other eyes were bent on her pew with friendly solicitude; and when the white haired pastor, who had known and loved her from her cradle, gave out as his text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," I felt as if he was anticipating her funeral sermon! Once during its continuance she threw aside her veil, evidently for air; and though her aunt's assiduouse smelling-bottle and proffered arm spoke alarm, the radiance of beauty which lighted up her countenance transported me too much to inquire whether it was of this world or another!

The moment the service was ended, I flew back to the house, and sending the servant forward to announce my arrival, installed myself in the parlour. On a sofa, whose homely appearance showed it designed for use, not ornament, lay a volume, bearing equally the marks of daily familiarity. It was *Sherlock on Death!* and I let it fall, as if it had been a viper. Others lay near, and I instinctively opened them—*Les Pensées de Pascal*, *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, *Taylor's Holy Dying*!—No accidental coincidence—one awfully engrossing thought alone—could have made these the habitual studies of a young and highly gifted woman. The books themselves spoke daggers; but there were marginal notes, and passages marked for reperusal, which sent a chill shudder of mortality through my frame. The piano, her favourite amusement when in health, had the dusty peculiar look of an instrument long unopened; and when I gazed out upon the little garden, there were weeds unmoved, and flowers untended, which I knew her love of order and of gardening would alike have forbidden, had strength permitted.

What boots it thus to recal gradations of mental torture?—She came in, and spite of all I had seen and felt, her buoyant step and radiant smile deceived even me for the moment. She saw it did, and with this thought seemed to come strong and sudden relief. She spoke so very cheerfully, entered so warmly into my affairs in town, and suffered me to revert so insensibly to my old habit of bright anticipations for the future, that my fears gave way beneath the magic of her smile, and I parted

from her for the night almost gaily, and whispered to myself that all would yet be well.

We were to meet in the morning before I returned to town; but with the kindest message words could convey, she excused herself, on the ground (which she knew I would at once yield to) of having rather over-exerted herself last night. The truth was, she durst not let me see the pallid spectre into which morning transformed the bright and blooming vision of feverish beauty, which had dazzled even the keen eye of affection; nor could she, consistently with her strong sense of duty and self-preservation, risk a personal farewell, during which she would have felt it alike impossible and sinful further to dissemble. I departed, therefore, under that control of imperious necessity, which every where, except in romances, governs the actions of men.

I had next day a difficult and complicated cause to plead; and that I did so with celerity and success, only proves how mechanically even the powers of *mind* may be exercised, and how little connexion may exist between a man's thoughts and his words. The success of this cause gained me a princely remuneration. Its instantaneous application was to send down the first physician of the day to S——; and I awaited his return in a state of mind which it were superfluous to waste words in describing. Dr. M—— devoted two days (an age in his professional life) to my beloved, and returned to grasp my hand with friendly fervour, with a tear on his care-worn cheek, to praise my angel's heroic fortitude, and to tell me with manly sincerity that her case was utterly hopeless, but that I might in all probability have the consolation of devoting to the solace of her gradual decline, the leisure of that long vacation, which puny mortal foresight had allotted for our bridal festivities! He was the bearer of a short note from Emma, so characteristic of her life and death, as to supersede all the fond garrulity of partial affection. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAREST FRANCIS,

"While hope remained, I shrunk from afflicting you. Now that it has vanished, I long to comfort you. Come when you can, and let me try if I can reconcile you to live, by the same means, which, by the blessing of God, have taught me how easy it is to die! ———"

Yes! she has taught me to live, but if it has been to cherish her memory with undivided and unextinguishable affection, is there a heart that can blame, instead of pitying, the solitary bachelor?—Time dissolved the spell of youthful passion. The bonds of matured attachment were severed by the hand of death; and if I had neither energy nor affections to embark in a new pursuit of happiness, I have at least the hallowed relics of departed joy to dwell on, and hopes of future reunion to look forward to.

But what has the proprietor of yonder mansion (from whose history a rarely indulged vein of selfishness has for a moment carried me) to ruminate on in a solitude more joyless and less voluntary than that of the cloister, sweetened by no sense of duty, and cheered by

no hope of reward? When you first came in sight of his princely seat, from the hill we have descended, its grand and noble features were alone visible; you are now nearer, and can distinguish its air of dilapidation; its neglected and decaying timber, its unshaven lawns, and grass-grown avenues; nay, the very forlorn aspect of its long line of front, with walled-up doors, and windows long unglazed, and that thin and solitary wreath of smoke issuing from its once hospitable chimneys. Be assured that the wreck within is at least equal to the external desolation; and, as time and neglect have told on the habitation, vice and remorse have preyed on the inhabitants!

I am old enough to remember Sir William Neville's debut in the world, and the applauses with which it was attended. I was then a schoolboy, and the name of the first scholar at Eaton was a talisman not easily forgotten. His talents were of the first order, and had been diligently cultivated. Pride, and a natural taste for classical learning, combined to procure him a distinction which he yet contrived to unite with much of the dissipation his college afforded; thereby acquiring a reputation for spirit among his equals, while extolled by his superiors as a scholar.

His father had died early, and the weakest of weak mothers had idolized him from his birth. He entered at one-and-twenty on the uncontrolled possession of a noble fortune; and because he did not squander it at once amongst gamblers and jockeys, the praise of prudence began to be added to his other merits. But though he had drank and played from fashion at Oxford, his real taste lay in neither. His mind was of too refined a cast to relish such ignoble sources of excitement; and it was from love (oh that such profanation of the most exalted of human feelings should be tolerated!) that his life was destined to assume its darkest hues!

Rash, vain, and presumptuous, it was his fate to be early deceived by an experienced syren; but the laugh of bitter mockery which waked him from his fool's paradise, was the knell of death to more than one confiding female heart. On some of these the village churchyard heaved its nameless turf; they were unknown and forgotten, save in the imperishable records of eternity. But in early youth, ere the "down of the soul" (as Sicard's dumb pupil finely called innocence) ought to have been hushed off by collision with the world, Sir William aimed at and achieved that "bad eminence" in the seducer's art which sacrifices to a momentary triumph the exquisitely tempered feelings and delicately fragile reputation of an equal. Heaven forbid that I should undervalue the simple innocence and unblemished character of a village maiden! but these are always in some degree compromised, when she first listens to the equivocal protestations of a man of rank; while the perhaps equally unsophisticated sharer of his station in society, dreams not of aught less honourable than his land and heart, and is deeply and irrecoverably entangled, ere the cherished suitor sinks into the specious betrayer!

Sir William had chosen his ground with the

consummate art of a fiend; and Agnes Vernon, the portionless but lovely daughter of a widowed mother, with neither father nor brother to "follow the bubble reputation to the pistol's mouth," was just the being whom it was luxury to betray, and sport to abandon. Elated with his notice, dazzled by his accomplishments, madly, devotedly attached to himself, Agnes's simple wonder that such a gifted being should have thought of marrying her at all, was easily reconciled to that purpose being for prudential reasons delayed. Of its ultimate fulfilment, no doubt ever crossed her imagination; and when in evil hour she yielded to the sophistry which called her his in the sight of heaven, she as firmly believed herself his bride, as if his vows had been ratified by the nuptial benediction.

I have no wish to dwell on the horrors which followed on the first suspicion of her lover's treachery. Every stage of the harrowing process has long since been laid open with an anatomical precision, which may satisfy the most callous amateur in mental torture. Suffice it that Sir William was said to have first learned from the maniac laugh of her who never smiled again, how much "sharper than a serpent's tooth" is the fang of the undying worm! The curse, not loud but deep, of a widowed mother has been accomplished; the betrayer of her child is forsaken of his own, and he who denied the softest and most affectionate of creatures his name, lived to be rejected with scorn by two high-souled objects of his pursuit!

The frantic laugh of Agnes died on the murderer's ear, or was drowned in the tumult of the world. That world, so tolerant to the vices of the great and gay, forgot her existence, and Sir William was again an "honourable man." Fathers, nay mothers, tendered their daughters to his acceptance, and lovely innocent creatures, to whom his vices were unknown, smiled on the assassin of Agnes.

Marriage was now his serious object; rank and wealth were both in his option, and for a while he hesitated between them. Sincerity and uprightness were foreign to his nature, and he trifled with two fair creatures till retreat became nearly impossible; till the ineffable scorn and threatened chastisement of a noble family, and the utmost legal vengeance of a wealthy one, impended alike over his guilty head. The latter he was most inclined to brave; but even this he thought to avert by a stroke of demoniac ingenuity and consummate baseness; extricating himself from his involvement with her whom he decided on resigning, by the sacrifice, the gratuitous unfounded sacrifice, of the reputation of the future mother of his children!

The plea was unanswerable, and unanswered by those to whom it was originally urged; but a providential indiscretion revealed it to her who was its subject, and poetical justice was in some measure satisfied, when Sir William lived to be denied admittance to her, as she sat at the same open window with her scarce less indignant rival, while her proud father inflicted personal chastisement on him with a beggar's crutch, which he apologized for polluting; and her noble brothers refused

him the satisfaction which gentlemen alone, they said, were entitled to claim.

The infamy of this transaction drove Sir William to the Continent, and for some years nothing was heard of him, but as a connoisseur and patron of the arts, for which his talents and education amply qualified him. Shunned by our few countrymen who then visited Italy, he naturally associated with the natives, and found, in the relaxed tone of their morality, congenial attractions. After a heartless round of unmeaning gallantries, however, the unsophisticated character and rare beauty of the daughter of a Milanese man of letters, who died at Rome, leaving her wholly unprovided for, seemed to fix Sir William's wandering inclinations. He became desperately in love with Bianca, attempted as usual to seduce, but failing, was married to her by a priest of her own persuasion. So at least it was rumoured at Rome, from whence Sir William had retired, before the ceremony, to a villa on the banks of the lake of Como. Here he lived for some time, deeply enamoured, as fame reported, of his fair bride; here were born to him a son and daughter, objects, it was said, of his doating fondness. His natural restlessness, however, soon manifested itself, in a desire to travel; and Bianca, having traversed with him almost the whole of Southern Europe, ventured at length to hint a hope of visiting that happy England of which she had heard so much, and of which her children at least were destined to be inhabitants. At this proposal Sir William became moody and irritable, (if indeed, as is doubted, he ever was otherwise,) long repelled it with unnecessary violence and indignation, then as suddenly and capriciously yielded with a smile of fiendish exultation on his lips, as he made the now scarce wished-for concession. They landed at length on the proud island, to which Bianca's thoughts had long been fondly turned; but those only who have experienced the utter desolateness of London to the unknown or the forgotten, can picture with what sadness she soon gazed on its dingy streets and smoky atmosphere, or on the myriads who thronged past her windows with not a thought of her or her fortunes!

Her children began to droop, and Sir William removed them and her to a villa near town; where, though a few male guests occasionally resorted, no female visitant came to welcome the timid foreigner, or initiate her in England's courtesies, or England's customs. This excited some painful surprise: it became fearful reality when the decent English nurse (who had replaced, at their own desire, the shivering Italian attendants, pining to return to their own land of sunshine) announced, in terms softened by her evident sympathy for her gentle and interesting mistress, the impossibility of her remaining with one whose claim to the title of Lady Neville was more than suspected.

The veil fell at once from poor Bianca's eyes; a thousand inconsistencies in her lord's conduct, a thousand fluctuations in his still affectionate behaviour, a thousand meannesses that dissimulation is heir to, flashed on her memory, and confirmed the appalling statement. She neither fainted nor went into hys-

teries, but with a statue-like composure, more affecting, as the nurse said, than all the frenzy of despair, gazed on her unconscious children, and awaited Sir William's return. He read in her countenance that the truth had reached her, and was turning his impotent vengeance on the officious informer, when Bianca, calmly, though every nerve quivered with suppressed agony, requested him to hear, in presence of his humble but upright countrywoman, the decision of a not less conscientious foreigner. Though freed, she trusted, from past guilt in the sight of God, by her perfect confidence in the rite which joined their hands, nothing could reconcile her to remaining for a moment under the roof of one who could thus profane a sacrament to the ruin of a fellow-creature; and she threw herself on the compassion of the nurse, for an asylum for herself and the infant in her arms, from whom, she trusted, he would not be barbarous enough to separate her.

This exertion of heroic spirit in one so habitually gentle and complying, revived, in its full force, the attachment which Sir William had in truth always felt towards the only being he perhaps ever really loved. The thought of parting with her was not to be borne; for once he felt that sophistry would be unavailing, and honesty the *only* policy, if he meant to secure to his waning years the solace he was little likely to meet elsewhere. He offered immediate marriage by priests of both communions; but when Bianca, turning from him with indignant silence, asked the nurse, if it would legitimize her darling children, and was answered in the negative, the forlorn mother raised her eyes in mute appeal to a higher tribunal, and rushed from the abode of her betrayer, with a determination which nothing short of absolute force could have withstood.

Sir William let this first torrent of just indignation expend itself, trusting that time and maternal affection would bring her back again. He was mistaken. Bianca found, through her humble friend, a respectable lodging, and employment for her talents as an artist; and it was not till he held out a lure the most irresistible to a mother's heart, that he could shake her steadfast purpose of never again admitting him to her presence.

He offered to transfer a large part of his property to Scotland, where his future residence would legalize his tardy nuptials, and legitimize his children. The last consideration prevailed, and Bianca consented for *their* sakes to endure, when the transfer should be completed, their father's society, and forfeit the self-respect which she hitherto justly cherished, by vowing honour and obedience to one whom she could not but despise. She loved him, however, still—she had loved him with a young heart's intense devotion, and the cruel circumstances of their separation, his heartless deception of her for so many years, the probable fate of her children with such a parent, all preyed on a constitution little fitted to brave the rigours of an English winter of uncommon severity. Consumption manifested itself, of that rapid and fatal kind which in Italy is regarded as little short of pestilence; and the more doubtful it became whether she

could ever reach Scotland alive, the more ardent grew her desire to accomplish this darling object, and the more vehemently did Sir William curse the tardiness of lawyers and the incapacity of physicians. The purchase was at length completed, the horrors of winter had somewhat subsided, and Bianca, to whom the journey by land was manifestly a matter of impossibility, was carried on board a vessel, fitted up by her agonized destroyer with every comfort the voyage could admit of. A storm, which arose on their first embarkation, proved a severe trial to the sufferer's scanty portion of strength and spirits; a yet more cruel one was inflicted by the calms which succeeded. It was on a day more resembling May than February that Bianca's expiring glance first rested on the blue hills of Scotland. She saw that a few hours would place within her reach the object to which she had sacrificed so much, felt that it was destined to be otherwise, turned an eye of meek reproach on him whose victim she had been in life and in death, clasped her children to her breast, and expired!

There was enough of selfishness in Sir William's sorrow to insure its sincerity. He had lost the only being whom his faults alone would never have estranged; and after many fruitless sacrifices in the disposal of his property, he had failed in purchasing for the children, of whom he was justly proud, the place in society which, but for his own gratuitous villany, would have been their indisputable right. The first vehemence of his grief expended itself in erecting a splendid mausoleum to his unostentatious Bianca, and in spoiling his children, whom, with his usual reckless selfishness, he prepared for a lot of probable future difficulty and trial, by the most unlimited and enervating indulgence. For a time they sufficed to amuse his solitude, but it ceased at length to be voluntary; and the same causes which affected his respectability in England keeping those of his own rank at a distance in Scotland, he was drawn, by mere inability to tolerate his own reflections, into admitting to his house and familiarity all that equivocal tribe of parasites and hangers-on whom instinct draws, like birds of prey, around the disreputable rich man, excluded by his vices from the fellowship of his peers.

It was over this set that his eldest daughter returned from school to preside. Gay, giddy, and accomplished, as unlimited indulgence and lavish expense could make her, Wilhelmine (who, with her father's name, inherited many of the chief features of his person and character) went through all the routine of follies in which an unprincipled society, and the absence of maternal protection, could involve a high-spirited and thoughtless creature. The transcendent beauty, on which Sir William had reckoned for procuring her a brilliant alliance, narrowly failed to plunge her in an abyss of degradation, from which it was relief to have her extricated by one of the neediest and most worthless of his tribe of household flatterers. A princely portion was necessary to achieve the transformation of his idol daughter into the wife of a profligate adventurer. The price was paid, and enabled the grateful pair to breathe the congenial atmos-

phere of Paris, whence the distant sound of their follies and excesses alone visited the ear of Sir William, and with it a voice of deep upbraiding from the tomb of a mother!

While his eldest daughter was thus characteristically requiting the blind partiality which gave the reins to her every caprice, that pale and trembling child of sorrow and misfortune, whom Bianca had borne in anxiety and nursed in tears, and whose constitution partook of the delicacy, while her temper exhibited the shrinking timidity of her mother's, had grown up amid parental neglect and indifference, unspoilt by indulgence, if uncheered by kindness, and indebted to the honest English nurse, to whom her dying mother had bequeathed her, for lessons of simple piety and infant virtue which nothing could eradicate from her mind. She had no shining talents, and for sound judgment Sir William had no value. She was plain in person, and retiring in manners; and though, when gout asserted its hereditary claims on one not distinguished for patience, her unobtrusive services were duly appreciated; with returning health she was forgotten, and, except at meals, her presence among the dashers of her father's circle was neither desired nor missed.

There was a large old library in the house, where Beatrice spent her time, unheeded and undirected. Her father's rage for education had soon passed away, and he had little toleration for the dullness of even his more gifted pupils; so when the only church-going member of the family was sometimes courteously invited by the minister's worthy mother to rest herself at the manse, courage was at last summoned to ask advice respecting her studies from the pious modest incumbent, whose quiet manners and gentle character were the counterparts of her own. The advice was given with honest satisfaction, and followed with patient diligence. It led to an intercourse, whose consequences may be anticipated; and Sir William, shortly before his gay daughter deserted him in triumph, shut his doors, as he said, for ever, on his humble Beatrice, for avowing herself a Christian, and marrying a parson. He kept his word while health lasted; but twice, when racking pain and imminent peril have been his portion, a female form has hovered unsought, but unchidden, around his couch, and in his delirium he has been heard to call it by the name of Bianca!

Sir William's affections now centered on his son, who passed through every gradation of school and college with distinction, whose form blended his mother's beauty with his father's grace, but who in rectitude of soul too thoroughly resembled her to tolerate the equivocal existence his father had chalked out for him as the luxurious *enfant gâté* of a profligate coterie. "Were the fortune you can give me without injury to others," said he, "sufficient to support me in idleness, I would not vegetate in useless obscurity. You have given me an education which is of itself an inheritance; it remains with me to improve it, and carve for myself a name, which it is unhappily not yours to bestow."

The consciousness of talent, and the advantages of education, would have rendered

Charles an ornament to the legal profession, and permitted him to aspire to the highest honours. But Sir William, indignant at his son's declining to sacrifice to his humour every hope of independence and distinction, would lend no assistance; and an incipient barrister, with the self-denial of a stoic, and the frugality of an anchorite, cannot live on air. Broken-hearted, with selfish opposition, sick of domestic discord, disgusted with orgies hideous to a mind delicate by nature, and stung by disappointment, Charles suddenly left home, no one knew whither; and his first letter to his father was dated from on board a man of war, the interest of a favourite schoolfellow having procured him an appointment in the navy.

Sir William, though affecting the utmost displeasure, would now have made any concession to rescue from the chances of war the hope and pride of his wayward heart; but Charles, like his poor mother, was firm in what he conceived a principle of duty; and a recklessness of life began to mingle with the excitement of his new profession, in keeping him steady to his purpose.

"It is a shorter, and perhaps surer road to fame, than the toilsome path of study," wrote he in answer; "there is glory to be aimed at, if I live, and an honourable grave at least, if I fall." The last words were prophetic. Prompted by that ardour for distinction, which, in a less perilous profession, might have achieved wonders, the gallant midshipman volunteered on a nearly impracticable service, performed it, and fell at two-and-twenty, with the colours of an enemy's fort twisted round his body; and the highest meed of his country's regret, which perhaps ever was earned by one so young.

Peace to his ashes!—I owe it to you and myself, to cheer our spirits after this long melancholy history; and it shall be by introducing you to another naval hero, more fortunate than poor Charles, and the very sight of whose bright sunny face, and little marine paradise, will put us in good humour with the world again.

Do you see the light wreath of smoke that rises from below that wooded promontory overhanging the sea? It is not, as you would fancy, some fisherman caulking his boat, or idle boys roasting periwinkles on the beach of the little sunny bay. It is a human habitation, aye, and one of the most ingenious and delightful ever achieved by human energy and industry.

You have now a full view of Jack Noran's Folly, as it is called by some who do not know better, while a sagacious friend of mine says Jack is the only man who ever found the philosopher's stone.

Where rises that neat, nay elegant cottage, with its trellised verandahs, and chimneys half concealed by ivy, a few years ago stood a barren and shapeless mass of rock, against which the waves murmured and broke, almost half way up the present garden, where now may be heard the busy hum of Jack Noran's bees. The spot was a mere slip of rocks and sand, excluded by its worthlessness from the grounds of two noble proprietors, whose lofty and wooded promontories sheltered it on either side, and gave it an air of exquisite seclusion and repose.

Jack was born and bred in the neighbourhood, and sat on these rocks when a boy; and often in after life, as his gallant bark skimmed along the coast of his native country, he had fancied how nicely a cottage would stand in that snug nook, were there level to put one down. Jack, in the mean time, traversed the wide world, a bold and enterprising sailor; was always in luck when there were blows going, but seldom, or never, when prize-money followed.

As long as Jack was heart-whole, this troubled him little; but he fell in love, according to the sailor's immemorial custom, and kept as bad a reckoning as usual, for the pretty Marion had not a shilling in the world. Jack was now, however, a lieutenant; and in the simplicity of his heart, would, on the strength of that imposing character, have married immediately; but Marion had luckily prudence for both. "Jack," said she, "I love you too well to marry you at present, but we can afford to wait; and sail where you may, you know I will never marry any one else. I do not bargain for a coach and six," added she playfully, "or a service of plate, but a house of my own I should like; and when you can find me one, Jack, come and claim me."

A house of his own! Jack, in the natural course of things, was as likely to have a gold mine; but fortune in a good-humoured moment sent a ship with some such precious freight in his way, and our lieutenant became master of £500! He paid dearly for it, however; for the Spanish prisoners rose in the night on their captors, a skirmish ensued, and Jack's right leg was the sacrifice. Half-pay and a pension were now Jack's portion for life, and these he was sure Marion would share with him, provided the precious £500 were invested in a house.

Many decent dwellings might have been had for the money, but Jack was ambitious, and wanted an estate. Though social in the highest degree, he did not wish a neighbour on each side of him; he chose to say like Alexander Selkirk, "I am monarch of all I survey;" and to a sailor, invalidated at thirty, the sight and smell of the sea were indispensable. His thoughts immediately recurred to the little cove at F., and without saying a word to Marion, who was on a visit in Ireland, he introduced himself and his wooden leg to both the noblemen, whose debateable land the spot of his affections might have been, and obtained from each a charter of possession, as eagerly coveted as the investiture of a principality.

Jack set to work in divesting his new property of its only production, viz. the huge blocks of stone, (fortunately of a soft and easily-worked description,) part of which served to rear his dwelling, and the rest, which it might have puzzled him to dispose of, found vent in the repairs of a neighbouring harbour.

No sooner was a level spot procured, than Jack's house began to rear its head; and Jack had not traversed all climates without learning to join true British comfort with something of the picturesque air of a Sicilian or Provencal cottage. There were the substantial walls of the north; with the low spreading roof of the

south; the snug chimneys for winter, and the shady verandah for summer, in a spot, where other shade was not of course to be expected. Crowned with Jack's little observatory, and flag-staff for days of rejoicing, the habitation was soon the very *beau ideal* of a sailor's paradise.

Marion had stipulated for a house, and here it was; but Jack was determined she should have a garden; and as nothing was wanting but space and soil, he forthwith set about usurping the former from his old enemy the rock, that still frowned contemptuously on his labours; and as fast as huge blocks of the aforesaid rock got notice to quit Jack's premises, the rich diluvial earth which crowned their hoary summits, (where a sheep scarce ever scrambled, tempted by the sweet short herbage,) found its way to the kindlier aspect and humbler level of Jack's embryo garden. The harbour which Jack's stones went to enlarge, made a courteous return of some boat-loads of mud, precious as gold-dust to the delighted horticulturist; and cabbages, the sailor's joy, and the first infant offspring of the art in most situations, soon flanked Jack's Sunday piece of beef.

Jack loved cabbages—but he was a florist and a lover, and nothing would satisfy him but roses—and they came with another summer. The same auspicious season brought Marion, in utter ignorance of Jack's purchase and creation, back to Scotland, after burying the old relation she went to attend, and inheriting a most seasonable supply of Irish linen, and a fortune (not *Irish* currency) of £300! Here was wealth inexhaustible! and a mutual surprise; for Jack dreamt as little of hard cash, as Marion of house and land. The legacy was duly funded for a rainy day, Jack's *El Dorado* having sufficed to furnish, as well as erect the family mansion. People may talk as they please of pomp and pageantry; coronations and installations may be pretty things; but I would not have given Jack Noran in his glory, the day when the manned and streamered barge of his late frigate landed Marion at her own threshold, amid three deafening British cheers, for the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Marion is just the wife to appreciate Jack, and make him as happy as he deserves. They have just family enough to keep the house merry, without making the penniless lieutenant sigh as he looks at them. One chubby boy shoulders Jack's crutch, and helps him to work in the garden; and Marion has one little staid girl to keep the chickens from the flower-beds, and water the roses with her fairy watering-pan.

There, there they are, the whole happy group in the garden! Jack, in shirt-sleeves and hatless, gathering his best of every thing, and Marion surrounded by a knot of warm-hearted tars come to spend the day. I see their boat lying moored just below, and Jack's flag is up too—Is it for Howe or Duncan, the Nile or Trafalgar? No! I have it now—it is Jack's wedding day, and the old Clorinde's men are come to make merry with him. I have a great mind to go—there will be sailor's fare, and a hearty welcome. Nay, we *want*

go, for Jack has spied us out, and ere we can say "Jack Noran," he will be here with his press-gang, and land us both at the *Folly*!

From the Literary Gazette.

"COME, thou old, unloving scribe,
Thou shalt have a noble bribe:
Choose it—medal, coin, or gem,
Topaz ring, or coral stem;
Take thy pen and tell my love,
How, to earth and heaven above,
How, to every sainted maid,
I have watch'd, and wept, and pray'd,
O'er him, with their wings to stoop,
Where he steers his bold chaloque;
O'er him, in the sullen night,
When the storm is in his might;
O'er him, in the fearful day,
When the lance and sabre play,
And the soldier's hour is knoll'd
Stretch'd upon the sanguine mould;
Him on surge, or him on steed,
Still to spare, and still to speed!

Listen now!—"Tis vain, 'tis vain;
What can rend the burning brain?
What can tell the thousandth part
Of the agonies of heart,
Secrets that the spirit keeps,
Thoughts on which it wakes and weeps;
To the mortal ear unknown,
Kept for night and heaven alone!

Old man, tell him of the tale
Written in this cheek so pale:
Wild and often has the tear
Wash'd the rose that once was there.
Tell him of my heavy sigh,
Deep as from the lips that die;
Of my eyes' decaying beam;
Life departing like a stream.
Tell him of my weary day,
Bid him, Oh! do all but stay;
If he would not see my tomb,
Bid him come, and—swiftly come!"

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

Is recording the early decease of the late Bishop of Calcutta, we would willingly enter upon a critical analysis of his numerous writings, poetical, miscellaneous, and theological—we would willingly offer a full tribute to the memory of departed genius, of profound learning, of exemplary piety, of general worth, of indefatigable perseverance in the great cause of Christianity—but all this is precluded by the narrow limits of our obituary department; and we are consequently under the necessity of confining ourselves to little more than a statement of dates and facts.

The Right Reverend Reginald, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, was the second son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton Hall, York, and brother of Richard Heber, Esq., late one of the representatives in parliament of the university

of Oxford. He was born about the year 1780; and, at the usual age, he was sent to Brazen-nose College, Oxford, whence he was elected a fellow of All Souls. Previously to that election, however, he had paid a visit to Russia, in company with Mr. Thornton. With a mind well stored with classical learning, he formed a plan of collecting, arranging, and illustrating, all of ancient and modern literature which could unfold the history, and throw light upon the present state of Scythia. He kept a valuable journal of his observations, from which copious extracts are given in Dr. Clarke's great work. At that period Mr. Heber could not have been much more than 17.

In the year 1801, he gained the chancellor's prize at the university, by his *Carmen Seculare*, a spirited and classical specimen of Latin verse. And, in 1803, his talents were displayed to still greater advantage, in his celebrated poem of *Palestine*, which gained the prize for English poetical composition. Respecting Mr. Heber's character and conduct, and of the merits of his poem, Sir Charles Grey, the chief justice of Bengal, thus eulogistically expressed himself, at a meeting held at the Town-hall of Calcutta, on the 6th May last:—"The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth, his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favour, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence. Towards the close of his academical career, he crowned his previous honours by the production of his *Palestine*; of which single work of the fancy, the elegance and the grace have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English poets. This, according to usage, was recited in public; and when that scene of his early triumph comes upon my memory; that elevated rostrum from which he looked upon friendly and admiring faces; that decorated theatre; those grave forms of ecclesiastical dignitaries, mingling with a resplendent throng of rank and beauty; those antique mansions of learning, those venerable groves, those refreshing streams and shaded walks; the vision is broken by another, in which the youthful and presiding genius of the former scene is beheld, lying in his distant grave, amongst the sands of Southern India; believe me, the contrast is striking, and the recollections most painful."

On the occasion here alluded to, Mr. Heber's father was in the theatre, and had the felicity of witnessing his triumph at the early age of 19. The old gentleman, immediately upon his return home, was seized with a dangerous malady, under which he lingered, with intervals of remission, until the month of January 1804, when he closed an exemplary life in the 76th year of his age.

Mr. Heber's *Palestine* was published shortly after its mutation in the second volume of the *Poetical Register*; and, in 1809, it was republished, with the *Passage of the Red Sea*, a fragment; a production evincing great boldness of conception and vigour of execution. In 1805, Mr. Heber produced an English essay, entitled "The Sense of Honour." In 1808 he took the degree of M. A.; and in 1809, he pub-

lished a poem under the title of "Europe, Lines on the present War," which attracted considerable notice. Soon afterwards he relinquished his Fellowship and married; his patrimonial preferment, the Rectory of Hodnet, in the county of Salop, being of sufficient value to render a dependence upon college preferment unnecessary.

In 1812 he published a small volume of poems and translations; and in 1815, he was chosen to deliver the Bampton Lectures before the University of Oxford, a duty which he performed with great ability. His lectures were published in 1816, under the title of "*The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter, Asserted and Explained in a Course of Sermons on John xvi. 7.*" Of this production, the Quarterly Reviewers expressed themselves in terms of high praise. In 1822 an edition of the works of Jeremy Taylor appeared, to which was prefixed a life of the bishop, by Mr. Heber. By persons of competent judgment, this was regarded as an admirable and valuable piece of biography. It was soon afterwards published in a separate form, accompanied by a critical examination of Bishop Taylor's writings.

In May 1822, Mr. Heber was chosen preacher at Lincoln's Inn; an office which few have held for any length of time without further advancement. His friends, indeed, thought it not presumption to hope that, ere long, he might wear the mitre at home. However, upon the death of Dr. Middleton, the Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to him; and as worldly ambition was not the passion of his soul, he readily consented to sacrifice his comforts and his expectations, that he might render his talents useful in a distant region of the earth. He was appointed to the vacant see on the 14th of May, 1823. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.D., by diploma, in June; and he arrived at Calcutta on the 11th of October following.

The ardent hope of success in his important mission, which Dr. Heber expressed to the various religious societies in England, previously to his departure, will not be forgotten; nor the zeal with which he declared that he looked forward to the time when he should be enabled to preach to the natives of India in their own language. His first charge at his visitation, on the 27th of May, 1824, gave abundant proof of the benevolent spirit in which he had entered upon his high office. Long and laborious were the journeys which he performed, from one side of the vast Indian peninsula to the other, including the Island of Ceylon, performing at each station the active duties of an apostolical bishop. Of these, however, we have no room to speak in detail; proceed, we, therefore, towards the close of his brief but well-spent life.

Recommencing his journeys into the distant parts of the diocese, his lordship arrived at Tanjore on the 25th of March last. From that period till the moment of his earthly departure, each day was devoted to some public office connected with his ecclesiastical functions. On the morning of the 26th, (Easter Sunday) his lordship delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon on the Resurrection, at the mission church of Tanjore; and in the evening he gratified the native congregation, by pronouncing

the Apostolic benediction in the Tamul language. On the 27th, his lordship held a confirmation. On the 28th, he paid a visit of ceremony to his Highness the Rajah of Tanjore, under the customary honours. On the 29th and 30th, he visited and inspected the mission schools and premises; on the 31st he proceeded to Trichinopoly, where he arrived on the following day; on the 2d of April, (Sunday) he preached twice; and on the 3d, he visited a congregation of native Christians. On the two last-mentioned days his lordship complained of head-ache, and was unusually drowsy; but no serious apprehensions were entertained by himself or his friends. On his return from his visit to the native congregation on Monday, he entered a bath, as was his custom. Soon afterwards he was seized with apoplexy; and when his servant, alarmed at the length of his stay, entered the bathing-room, he found that life was extinct—he had expired in the water. Medical aid was immediately procured, but without effect.

When the news of the deceased prelate's death arrived at Fort St George, his Excellency the Governor directed that the flag of the garrison should be immediately hoisted half-staff high, and continue so during the day; and that forty-six minute guns, corresponding with the age of the deceased, should be fired from the saluting battery.

From the Amulet.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

"And I heard a voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God,"—*Rev. xxi. 3.*

KING of the dead! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath! how long thy outcasts weep!
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Israel steeped her bread in tears;
The vial on her head been poured—
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword!
'Tis done! Has breathed thy trumpet blast,
The TRIBES at length have wept their last!
On rolls the host! From land and wave
The earth sends up the unransomed slave!
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky;
The world within their hearts has died;
Two thousand years have slain their pride;
The look of pale remorse is there,
The lip, involuntary prayer;
The form still marked with many a stain—
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground;
The slave, by Indian suns embrowned;
The weary drudges of the car,
By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,
The gatherings of earth's wildest tract—
On bursts the living cataract!
What strength of man can check its speed?
They come—the Nation of the Freed;
Who leads their march? Beneath His wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!
Before their tread His trump is blown.

Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done!
King of the dead! Oh, not in vain
Was thy long pilgrimage of pain;
Oh, not in vain arose thy prayer,
When pressed the thorn thy temples bare;
Oh, not in vain the voice that cried,
To spare thy maddened homicide!
Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed!
They come!—the Host of the Redeemed!

What flames upon the distant sky?
'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye,
'Tis not the lightning's quivering spire,
'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.
And now, as nearer speeds their march,
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;
Though there has burst no thunder-cloud,
No flash of death the soil has ploughed,
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze;
Still, as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.

Scenes! that the patriarch's visioned eye
Beheld, and then rejoiced to die;—
That, like the altar's burning coal,
Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul;—
That the throned seraphs long to see,
Now given, thou slave of slaves, to thee!
Whose city this? What potentate
Sits there the King of Time and Fate?
Whom glory covers like a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
Whom shapes of fire and splendour guard?
There sits the Man, "whose face was marred,"
To whom archangels bow the knee—
The weeper in Gethsemane!
Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel;
For now thy withered heart can feel!
Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,
There sits thy glory and thy shame!

From the Monthly Review.

THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED ARCHITECTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN:—
With Historical and Critical Observations on their Works, and on the Principles of the Art. By Francesco Milizia. Translated from the Italian, by Mrs. Edward Cresy. 2 vols. 8vo. £1 8s. London. Taylor. 1826.

MRS. CRESY has conferred a very valuable benefit upon the architectural art and its professors in this country, by the publication of this work. It not only contains an excellent translation of Milizia's production, which in itself would be entitled to great praise, but also several additional lives, besides corrections of some mistakes which that clever writer had committed, and references to the authorities upon which, though he did not acknowledge them, he frequently relied.

To mere biographical details Milizia paid much less attention, than to the history and progress of the art of which he was so enthusiastic an admirer. He was indefatigable in collecting information concerning every ancient or modern building which was in the least degree worthy of his attention: and the critical

remarks which he has made upon their perfections or defects, are generally acknowledged to have proceeded from a naturally pure taste, regulated by a sound judgment. His work may of consequence be deemed of little interest for a general reader, who considers it only as an assemblage of the lives of eminent men; while to the artist it offers a compendious, and, at the same time, a safe and instructive, history of architecture, from its commencement to the close of the last century. Men of refinement, in whatever walk of life they move, cannot fail to admire in Milizia that unerring indication of a master-spirit, a determination to try every principle of the art by the criterion of natural impressions. There is a certain harmony between a mind well constituted and happy combinations of nature or art, which is a surer guide for the judgment than all the theories that ever were, or will be, invented. It is to this innate sense of fitness and beauty, that Milizia refers every work which he examines, and he boldly asserts, on all occasions, that scientific rules, which are not conformable to it, are founded only in error or in personal vanity.

Perhaps we are indebted for his freedom from prejudice in this respect, to the circumstance that he originally entered into these inquiries, in order to gratify the admiration with which he was inspired by the ancient and modern erections of the "eternal city." He was not educated for the profession, nor did he even practise it; yet Vitruvius is certainly less intelligible, and Palladio not more instructive, than the writer before us, though both of these celebrated authors were also architects. Indeed, it is a very remarkable circumstance that, with the exception of Palladio, few of these great artists to whom Italy owes her noblest edifices, were regularly initiated in the art. Michael Angelo, whose name will never be separated from the dome of St. Peter's, drew all his knowledge of architecture from the resources of a genius equally successful in painting and in statuary. Several of the finest churches, palaces, and bridges in Italy, as well as of the most venerable abbeys and monasteries in Western Europe, were erected under the superintendence of monks, or individuals who made their way to architecture through the sister arts.

From the accounts which Milizia has handed down to us of his own life, it appears that he was the last scion of an opulent and noble family, in the kingdom of Naples. He was born at Oria, a small city of the Terra d'Otranto, in 1725, and was sent at an early age to Padua, where his uncle practised medicine. After residing with him seven years, studying the belles lettres, though, as he informs us, to little advantage, young Milizia was permitted by his father to go to Naples, where he learned logic and metaphysics, under the celebrated Abate Genevesi; and geometry and medicine, under P. Orlandi, a monk of Celestino. Conceiving an ardent desire to see other countries, and little imagining that money was necessary to enable him to accomplish his purpose, he took leave of his masters one fine morning, and set out on his tour. When he arrived at Leghorn, however, he found out his

mistake, and not having the means of proceeding to France, he returned in the best manner he could to Oria, where he fixed his residence, dividing his time between literature and amusement. On the death of his father, he acquired some property, and removed to Rome. Here he surrendered his mind to his passion for the fine arts, and wrote several works connected with them, which, from the intrepidity and justness of their criticisms, obtained him in due course of time a distinguished reputation. He also wrote several works on scientific subjects; but of all his productions, that which Mrs. Cresy has translated seems to have been the most popular. He died of a pulmonary complaint at Rome, in 1798. His character has been drawn by himself. It is an amusing and original sketch.

"It is not uncommon for authors to write elegant and egotistical effusions on their moral and physical character, which often excite a smile. I would willingly delineate my own; but as it has nothing in it singular or extraordinary, I find it difficult to do. Thus, I who have long studied myself, 'know not myself,' and yet have attempted to describe others, sometimes from their writings, which perhaps contain opinions diametrically opposite to their real sentiments. I am phlegmatic, choleric, and haughty; at the same time modest, kind, and capable of endurance; courageous, noble in my ideas, and free from prejudice; open to the reasoning of others, and fond of novelty. I cannot boast of much penetration or reflection, yet am desirous of possessing every thing; I am industrious, compassionate, a sincere friend, and a good man; humble, without being abject; generous and easy, but severe. I hold in abhorrence every mercenary feeling. I am studious, and anxious of acquiring a knowledge of whatever is most useful: my works and discourses have procured me the reputation of being learned. I know myself to be otherwise, and am a heterogeneous compound of contradictions."—Preface xv. xvi.

There is little doubt that, however colossal and magnificent may have been the edifices which were raised in Asia and Egypt, prior to the civilization of the Greeks, it is to the latter we are indebted for the *science* of architecture. They invented the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; to these, others have added the Tuscan and Composite, which are however nothing more than modifications, the former of the Doric, the latter of the Corinthian order. The first architects of whom Grecian history makes mention, are Trophonius and Agamedes, who are said to have built the temple of Neptune, near Mantinea, and the celebrated one of Apollo, at Delphi. The Labyrinth of Dedalus has rendered his name famous; but of all the ancient architects, whose names have been handed down to us, perhaps Callimachus was the most able, as well as the most enlightened. He is celebrated as the inventor of the Corinthian capital. The happy accident, which gave him the prototype of that beautiful ornament of the column, is well known. A young virgin died at Corinth; her nurse, according to the custom of those days, placed on her grave a basket containing such viands as the maid preferred when alive, and covered them

with a tile. It chanced that beneath the basket, the root of an acanthus was just beginning to put forth its leaves and stems, and as they grew, they crept up the sides of the basket, and hung from the edges of the tile, in so graceful a manner, as to attract the notice of Callimachus as he passed. He was pleased with the beauty and novelty of the combination, and modelled from it the Corinthian capital. The ruins of ancient Greece which remain to this day, and of which we know of no more correct or animated views than those now in a course of publication, from the admirable drawings of Mr. Williams, attest the splendour to which architecture had arrived in that country, before its subjugation by Alexander. It is, however, to be lamented, that of the individuals who had the genius to plan, and the means to execute, most of the temples and public buildings which were the pride of Greece, few are now known even by name, and of these little can be related with any degree of certainty.

From Greece the art was introduced first into Macedonia, about three hundred years before the Christian era. To the same period are also referred, upon what authority we are not told, the wonders of Balbeck and Palmyra. The style of their remains is undoubtedly Grecian; the workmanship employed upon them seems to have been of the most exquisite description;—and yet of the workmen nothing is known! The next migration of the architectural art was to Rome, which, under the auspicious reign of Augustus, was said to have been changed from a city of brick to one of marble. During his reign, and that of his successors, not only the capital, but all the provinces of the Roman empire were embellished with aqueducts, amphitheatres, theatres, baths, forums, bridges, palaces, and edifices of every description, which could be deemed conducive to the health, business, or amusement of the Roman people. Yet we search in vain for memorials of the artists who raised many of those magnificent erections. Vitruvius, indeed, gives us the names of several of those architects, and of their works, but nothing more. His celebrated treatise, however, compensates us in a great measure for the want of such memorials. He is justly called the father of architecture. His work contains all the rudiments of the art; and though written in a style by no means popular, yet it deserves all the labour that has been since bestowed upon it, in order to develop and illustrate the principles which it lays down.

Of the architects who flourished during the middle ages, from the fourth to the fifteenth century, we have but scanty records. Amongst these, Aloisius, who lived under Theodoric, prince of the Ostrogoths, and king of Italy, appears to have taken an active part "in restoring several edifices in Rome and the surrounding countries, particularly the baths and aqueducts, which, from time, neglect, and warfare, were mostly impaired." Milizia extracts from Cassiodorus, a letter, addressed by him as secretary of state, in the name of Theodoric, to this Aloisius, which, besides that it vindicates the Ostrogoths from the charge so often urged against them, of hostility to the elegant arts,

exhibits a curious mixture of public spirit, philosophy, and credulity.

"It is glorious to preserve the wonderful works of antiquity; and it is our duty to restore the most useful and beautiful. I, says Theodoric, cannot forget the fountain Abano, which, in the form of a vessel filled with cerulean water, I have seen boil from the bottom as amid burning furnaces; and, notwithstanding the clouds of hot vapour, exhibit a wonderful clearness. The waters overflow the mouth, with a noise like wheels, swell on the lip, fall, and, flowing through tranquil and freezing canals, after many turnings, become boiling. O wonderful artifice! the fires of nature are tempered by art, and that which was originally destructive to man, is, by his ingenuity, rendered wholesome and delightful. With reason do philosophers say that the elements are connected by reciprocal bonds, and that contrary things unite with wonderful confederation. Thus the water, which is precipitated from the rocks in boiling vapours, unites when entering the ornamental edifices of the baths, imparts its heat to the air, and being received into the reservoirs, becomes tractable, and is a useful and agreeable medicine for all sorts of maladies. Quæ ideo Aponum græca lingua beneficialis nominavit antiquitas. It is wonderful that the same water, which on its first issuing from the rock is noxious, should, on descending to a more temperate soil, and being received into the fish-ponds of Nero, become as cold as it was hot at first. It is most probable, and in correspondence with the character of its author, that this fish-pond was ornamented with stones similar to green gems, in order that the water might, by reflection, appear in motion. But it is more extraordinary still, that, in this same bath, if a woman enters, the waters consume her. Thou, Aloisius, must direct thy attention to the renewal of these edifices, the baths, the conduits, clearing away all the bushes and brambles that have overgrown and insinuated themselves into the very heart of the buildings, and insensibly burst them asunder. More vipereo, prolem sibi fecunditate contraria nutrant, unde se compago casura disrupta. It is also necessary that you rebuild the destroyed palace, and divest of its now rude aspect the space between the public building and the fountain. Every thing should have a smiling appearance with the Antenor land of wonders; among which the most remarkable is, that whoever steals beasts cannot deprive them of their wool, unless they are first dipped in the scalding waters of these mountains. Loquitur illic tacita natura dum judicat et sententiam quodammodo, dicit, quæ perfidiam negantis excludit. Expend what is necessary, and if the money which I have sent is not sufficient, send me an account of what is wanting and I will supply you. Quia non gravamur expendere ut tanta videamur ruris amœna custodire."—Vol. i. pp. 110, 111.

Another popular fable, which found an advocate in Cassiodorus, was, that the fountain of Arethusa, usually the most tranquil of waters, became disturbed if any one spoke near it, and foamed furiously if the voice was raised. His credulity was fully shared by his master Theodoric; but it produced consequences the reverse

of those, which are usually engendered by superstition, as it led to the preservation and restoration of many public edifices, which would otherwise have perished from decay. The formula addressed by Theodoric to the prefect of Rome, is a striking monument of his taste, and of his great admiration for the remains of antiquity.

"The beauty of the Roman buildings requires a skilful overseer, in order that such a wonderful forest of edifices should be preserved with constant care, and the new ones properly constructed, both internally and externally. Therefore we direct our generosity not only to the preservation of ancient things, but to the investing the new ones with the glories of antiquity. Be it known, therefore, to your illustrious person, that for this end an architect of the Roman walls is appointed. And because the study of the arts requires assistance, we desire that he may have every reasonable accommodation that his predecessors have enjoyed. He will certainly see things superior to what he has read of, and more beautiful than he could ever have imagined. The statues still feel their renowned authors, and appear to live: he will observe expressed in the bronze, the veins, the muscles swola by exertion, the nerves gradually stretched, and the figure expressing those feelings which act on a living subject. It is said that the first artists in Italy were the Etruscans, and thus posterity has given to them, as well as to Rome, almost the power of creating man. How wonderful are the horses, so full of spirit, with their fiery nostrils, their sparkling eyes, their easy and graceful limbs! they would move if not of metal. And what shall we say of those lofty, slender, and finely fluted columns, which appear a part of the sublime structure they support? That appears wax, which is hard and elegant metal; the joints in the marble being like natural veins. The beauty of art is to deceive the eye. Ancient historians acquaint us with only seven wonders in the world: the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the magnificent sepulchre of the king Mausolus, from whence is derived the word *mausoleum*; the bronze colossus of the sun in Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter Olympus, of gold and ivory, formed by the masterly hand of Phidias, the first of architects; the palace of Cyrus, king of Media, built by Memnon of stones united by gold; the walls of Babylon, constructed by Semiramis of brick, pitch, and iron; the pyramids of Egypt, the shadows of which do not extend beyond the space of their construction. But who can any longer consider these wonders, after having seen so many in Rome? Those were famous because they preceded us; it is natural that the new productions of the then barbarous ages should be renowned. It may truly be said that all Rome is wonderful. We have, therefore, selected a man clever in the arts, who, in seeing so many ingenious things of antiquity, instead of remaining merely enchanted with them, has set himself to investigate the reason, study their books, and instruct himself, that he may become as learned as those in the place of whom he is to consider himself appointed."—Vol. i. pp. 112, 113.

This, certainly, is very different from the language of a "barbarian," and tends strongly to support the opinions of those who maintain that the Goths, instead of being the destroyers, were the restorers of good taste.

The most superb monument that remains of the time of Justinian, is the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, since converted into a mosque by the Turks. It was built by Anthemius, who, besides being an architect, was also a sculptor, and an ingenious mechanic. Milizia relates that he invented various methods of imitating earthquakes, thunder and lightning, and that on one occasion, in revenge for some affront offered him by the rhetorician Zeno, he produced an earthquake, which compelled the sophist to escape from his house in terror. "It is said," adds Milizia, "that he caused this effect by placing a number of kettles of water, and boiling them, between the walls separating his house from that of Zeno." If this report be true, it would prove that the power of steam was known to Anthemius. The passage is at all events a remarkable one, as it is very certain that when Milizia wrote, steam was unknown, as a mechanical power, in Italy.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries abounded in excellent architects. Of these Filippo Brunelleschi, a Florentine, is said to have first revived the three ancient orders, though it would seem that he was little entitled to that honour, as those orders had been used before his time in the Bell-tower of Santa Chiara, at Naples. Brunelleschi conceived the idea of raising an octangular cupola over the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence. His idea was, to have it supported entirely on the walls of the church, without having recourse to arches, or piers, by which the cupolas of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and of St. Mark, at Venice, were sustained. It is curious to observe the pains which Brunelleschi took to accomplish this undertaking, and the agitation, intrigues, and envy to which it gave rise in the architectural world.

"He went to Rome with a view of improving his knowledge on the subject, when his mind became so absorbed, that he scarcely allowed himself the rest which nature required, and was in such want of money, that he pawned his jewels to obtain the common necessities of life. He then returned to Florence, and secretly made the designs and models for his cupola, but did not show them to the deputies of the building, having had sufficient proofs of their ignorance, from the manner in which they generally conducted business. He simply stated his opinion, and set off again to Rome: as he expected, he was soon entreated to return to Florence, which he did immediately. He asserted that he could raise the cupola without any difficulty; but first wished that the most eminent architects and engineers in Italy and Europe should be invited to offer their sentiments on this important affair. His wish was complied with: and Brunelleschi went to Rome for the third time, to compare his design with the best models of antiquity. In about a year there were collected at Florence, at a great expense, artists from all nations, as if it was intended to make a cupola

for the whole terraqueous globe; and Brunelleschi being returned from Rome in 1420, a great assembly was called, consisting of the deputies or commissioners of the works, and of the most learned and ingenious citizens. The extravagant and ridiculous opinions started at this meeting, will not appear strange to those who are acquainted with the darkness which then covered Europe. Some projected piers, with arches over them, to support the beams for carrying the weight; others were for making one single pillar in the centre, and conducting the work after the manner of a tent. There were not wanting those who proposed forming a mound of earth, in which various pieces of money should be thrown, over which the cupola should be vaulted: as soon as the work had acquired the necessary solidity, the people were to receive permission to dig for the money, on condition of carrying away all the earth; thus leaving the cupola complete. That the Pantheon at Rome was built in this manner, is one of those follies which had gained credit for some time. Brunelleschi was of opinion that the work was to be done without any of these contrivances. He was, however, treated as a madman, and turned out of the assembly. He continued firm in maintaining that he could raise this mass with a double vault, so as to be able to walk between the two, with staircases, lights, and passages. This assertion only drew on him the most bitter jests and taunts. He would not produce either model or design; but to turn the laugh on his adversaries, he made use of a stratagem practised towards the end of the same century by Christopher Columbus. He proposed to make an egg stand upright on a table. All present tried, but not one succeeded. Brunelleschi, striking off one end of it, performed the miracle. "We can do likewise!" was the universal exclamation.—"You will say the same when you have seen my model," replied Brunelleschi. At length, after a multitude of objections, fears, and doubts, he was commissioned to raise the cupola, but only to the height of 22 feet, as an experiment. An architect called Lorenzo Ghiberti was appointed his colleague. At this affront, Brunelleschi lost his patience; and, but for the interference of his friends, would at once have abandoned models, cupola, and Florence. He at length began the work, and soon afterwards feigned illness, that the workmen might receive their orders from his colleague: the latter, not knowing how to conduct it himself, plainly showed his ignorance, and thus Brunelleschi remained sole director. As they proceeded, much time was lost; to repair this inconvenience, the architect erected small eating-houses on the building, supplied with whatever the workmen might require; thus removing the necessity for their descending.

"Brunelleschi completed his undertaking, which surpassed in height any work of the ancients. The lantern alone remained imperfect: but he left a model for it; and always recommended, even in his last moments, that it should be built of heavy marble, because, the cupola being raised on four arches, it would have a tendency to spring upwards, if not

pressed with a heavy weight."—Vol. i. pp. 180—182.

The greatest architect, however, who, according to Michael Angelo, appeared in Italy since the ancients, was Bramante d'Urbino; who, besides reforming a great part of the Vatican, had the honour of commencing the basilica of St. Peter, under Julius II. This great work was begun in 1513, and before the death of that Pope and the architect, was raised nearly to the cornice. The architects who succeeded him, however, made so many changes in his design, that, except the four great arches over the tribune, nothing of his execution now remains. He had the honour of giving instructions to Raffaello. He is said to have composed some sonnets, and occasionally to have performed the part of an improvisatore. Bramante was followed by several great artists in the erection of St. Peter's, but of them we shall only notice the greatest of them all, Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The principal incidents of his life are well known. One of his works by which he was most distinguished, was his painting of the roof of the Sistine chapel. Milizia's critical observations upon that *chef d'œuvre* are original and judicious.

"While Michael Angelo pursued the work, the pope inquired of him many times when he should have it finished. He answered, at length, When he should have satisfied himself on the subject of the arts. But perceiving that this answer displeased the pope, he soon removed the scaffold; and on the morning of All Saints, the pontiff, to his great delight, performed the service in the chapel to an immense concourse of people. Michael Angelo wished to have retouched and embellished some parts, but was prevented on account of having to re-erect the scaffold. Who could suppose that such a stupendous work was finished in twenty months; particularly as Michael Angelo did every thing by himself, even to the preparing the ground for painting on, grinding the colours, and making every necessary tool. This was his custom also in sculpture, always making his instruments himself. It is said that the pope observed, that the painting appeared to him rather poor in colouring and gold; when Michael Angelo answered, that the men of the other world were not rich, and even condemned riches.

"From working for such a length of time with his head upwards, Michael Angelo contracted such a defect in his sight, that, for many months, he could neither see nor read unless in that position; and whoever wishes to look at it attentively must feel the same inconvenience. It has consequently neither been studied nor copied. The smoke of the torches and candles blackens the colouring. It would be better to paint on perpendicular walls, and leave the vaulting and soffit merely to represent the heavens, in which might be seen clouds, stars, the moon, the sun, or birds, but never men, quadrupeds, fish, or plants; and although angels, saints, and fabulous deities, are rightly placed there, still the inconvenience of looking at them should be a sufficient motive for abolishing the practice.

"The painting of the Sistine roof, accord-

ing to the judgment of some, is the noon-day of the arts, dissipating the darkness which had so long encircled the horizon of the art.

"Whether we consider the beauty of the figures, the roundness of the outline, or the graceful and easy proportions, we are equally delighted.

"The naked figures, in which the perfection of the art is discovered, are of various ages, countenances, and attitudes. Some support festoons of oak leaves and acorns; the arms of Julius II., denoting his to have been the golden age. The compartments have six corbels on each side, and one in the centre of each extremity. In these corbels are sybils and prophets, eleven feet high; in the spaces between them are the generations of Jesus Christ; and in the centre of the ceiling is the creation of the world to the deluge, and the intoxication of Noah. But superior to all is the figure of Adam, half on one surface and half on another; but in consequence of the perspective, it appears to be painted on the same plane. It is a profile, one arm of the cross is inwards, one outwards, and it looks detached from the wall. This is the more to be admired, as there were not then so many rules of perspective. There are also many females, habited in various and whimsical costumes, which sufficiently show that Buonarroti knew how to arrange the draperies with grace and elegance, although he had a greater proportion of naked figures, evincing the superiority of his drawing, and his perfect knowledge of the play of the muscles."—Vol. i. pp. 270—272.

In 1546, Michael Angelo was declared architect of St. Peter's. He refused this charge at first, alleging that architecture was not his profession; but at length was prevailed on to accept the situation, on the condition that he should receive no reward for his labour! He had full liberty to pull down and rebuild as he thought fit. We shall give a few of Milizia's observations on Buonarroti's share in that stupendous edifice, and on his general merits as an architect.

"In the church of St. Peter, we see the architectural grandeur of Michael Angelo. He rejected, and with reason, the design of Sangallo; he formed the plan of a well-proportioned and elegant Greek cross, terminating three extremities semicircularly, and the other square, with ample wings in the flank of the great nave. One single order of majestic Corinthian pilasters, decorate both the interior and exterior of this grand temple. The order of the facade was to have been the same, and of the same height, as that within. It is now ornamented with eight large pilasters, having three doors in the centre, and four large niches. The interpilasters, in which were the doors, were wider than those which contained the niches. Opposite to each pilaster a column was placed, forming a portico with seven intercolumniations in front; it is impossible to say whether these intercolumniations of various widths would have produced a good effect. The three centre intercolumniations were repeated, forming a double portico, the front terminated at the top by a pediment—we may also doubt if this would have looked well. The grand cupola had, as it were, the whole church

for a base, on which it rose surrounded by the four smaller ones. The whole was on a grand, noble, beautiful, and majestic scale, and evinces the sublime talent of Buonarroti, exciting indignation towards those who have so disgracefully deformed it.

"The ornaments of the windows and niches, and the vaults of the superior niches above the necking of the pilasters, cannot certainly be admired; and how are we to endure those unsightly pediments over the large windows of the transept, whilst every pediment within must be considered useless? The attic, which surrounds the temple exteriorly, is too high; the windows badly formed, and the ornaments extremely heavy. This attic is so evidently irregular, that the advocates of Michael Angelo deny its being his. The drum of the cupola is superb, the figure of the latter excellent, and the mechanical part wonderful; but the lantern with those flambeaux is by no means agreeable: here, again, his admirers, as if paid by him to defend his works right or wrong, maintain that this also was not his design. The exterior basement of this great edifice is beautiful; but the numberless angles, with the pilasters, which make their appearance one under the other, are most insufferable.

"The church of St. Peter, and the sacristy of San Lorenzo at Florence, are the finest works of Buonarroti; and these, with every other, show a genius in invention, sagacity in the arrangement, and a perfect knowledge of construction. But in his ornaments he took great liberties; he sometimes departed from all good rules, introduced a certain boldness, mixed with the whimsical, which were his peculiar characteristics in painting. He used to say that he knew little or nothing of architecture: this might merely be an expression of modesty. It is, however, certain that architecture was not his original profession. He still merits a distinguished rank among architects. If he had applied himself to discover its origin and rules, he would not have committed so many errors. His caprices have been a ladder for those of Borromini and the modern school. His famous saying, 'We should have the compass in the eye,' has been abused, and has made many architects sworn enemies to labour. It is impossible to have a knowledge of proportion without having had the compasses for some time in the hand; at the same time observing the best works, in order to form a just taste, and produce something valuable."—Vol. i. pp. 245-247.

Milizia relates that, on opening Michael Angelo's coffin, twenty-five days after his death,—

"The body, though not embalmed, was found perfect, without the least unpleasant smell, appearing like an old man in a calm sleep. It is still more extraordinary, that on opening the sepulchre forty years afterwards, perhaps to repair it, the senator Filippo Buonarroti and many others being present, the body was still perfect; and the sole of one of his slippers flew off to the distance of two braccia, from being so dry."—Vol. i. p. 295.

We have left ourselves scarcely any room to

notice the very interesting criticisms which our author has written on the works and genius of Palladio, one of the most distinguished of modern architects. His books have been received with favour in every cultivated nation, particularly in this country, where they have a very numerous class of admirers. He is thought, however, by Milizia, to have "studied rather to imitate the antique, than to examine if it were exempt from faults." It is worthy of remark, that he always preferred constructing his edifices of brick, and casing them over with composition or marble. In this he also followed the ancients, observing that their edifices of burnt earth were more permanent than those of stone. The reason is obvious. Bricks being more porous, receive the cement, and soon form with it one entire mass, an advantage which stone does not possess. After noticing his principal defects, Milizia thus handsomely concludes Palladio's character.

"Nevertheless, Palladio is the Raphael of architecture, and most justly deserves to be studied above every other. His edifices were numberless, but he never was employed on magnificent and stupendous structures; these were rare, and fell to the lot only of the Michael Angelos and Berninis. Had an opportunity been afforded him, his majestic and simple style would have triumphed over every other. Of Palladio we may say with Pliny, 'Beatos puto, quibus datum est aut facere scribenda, aut scribere legenda; beatissimos verò quibus utrumque.' Palladio is then more than blessed, since he said and did things worthy not only of being written and repeated, but also of being looked at with pleasure, and eternally studied and imitated. Vicenza is grateful to her benefactor, and is, perhaps, the only city that has rewarded her Palladio."—Vol. ii. p. 46.

In the life of Domenico Fontana, Milizia gives a very interesting account of that architect's operations for raising the obelisk of Theban marble, which remained standing, but partly interred, near the wall of the sacristy of St. Peter's, where was formerly the circus of Nero. It was transported from Italy in the time of Caesar, and of the immense number of obelisks then in Rome, was the only one remaining entire. The labour of raising it was prodigious; the proceedings are described with great minuteness, at which one is not surprised, when it is known that they were made an important affair of state.

Milizia does not omit to pay due respect to our own great architects, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. The greater part of the life of the latter, however, appears to have been written by a professional gentleman, to whose assistance Mrs. Cressy acknowledges herself indebted for it, and also for all the memoirs after page 372, in the second volume. But as we have already accomplished our purpose, of introducing to the reader, a work which might otherwise not have found its way beyond the profession, and as we have sufficiently indicated its general merits, we shall conclude with recommending it as a very proper accompaniment to the Dictionary of Painters, and equally worthy of an honourable place in every gentleman's library.

From the Amulet.

"THE CHANGE.

"My spirit was sad when evening fell
Around my infant home;
There was a voice that seemed to tell
Of griefs that were to come—
Of friends whose parting word should be
A long and last farewell to me—
Of change, forgetfulness and wo,
Blighting what hearts were left to glow.

"I stood—where years before I stood—
Before that early home;
The winter's whelming torrent-flood
Had flung not there its foam;
Nor there had war with crimson hand
Hurled in his wrath the flaming brand;
Nor pestilence nor famine raved,
Nor tyranny the land enslaved.

"But there the hand of time had wrought
That perishing change on all,
Which leaves but for the brooding thought
The ruin ere the fall;
Making the heart's deep pulse to be
A warning of eternity,
And love for things of earth to seem
The wasted music of a dream.

"The flowers had perished not, but grew
Less floridly and bright;
They had not that same living hue,
That odorous breath of light,
Which was around them when each stem
Bloomed for the hand that planted them,
And every thing beside was gay,
And full of young sweet health as they.

"And there were all the things the eye
Had registered within the breast,
Wearing the same reality,
But not the charm of old possessed;
And where another's eye had seen
But little change in what had been,
To me, time seemed with quicker tread
His desolating hand to spread.

"My heart had borne the blight and storm,
The toil of many years;
But there was round the darkest form
That wo or peril wears,
No gloom so deep as that which pressed
Heavily on the aching breast,
When hope its long-sought home surveyed,
And found each home-loved thing decayed.

"Tis not the retrospective glance
Adown the stream of years,
That makes us scorn the dizzy dance
Of earthly hopes and fears;
It is the change of things we love
For their sakes who are now above—
The change of things whose forms are wrought
Into that linked chain of thought."

From the Monthly Review.

THE CHARACTERS OF THEOPHRASTUS;
translated from the Greek, and illus-
trated by Physiognomical Sketches. To

which are subjoined the Greek Text, with
Notes and Hints on the Individual Varieties
of Human Nature. By Francis Howell.
pp. 280. London. Taylor.

It is doubtless to be attributed to the spirited though highly paraphrased translation of La Bruyere, that, "The Characters of Theophrastus" have long held a higher station in France than they have obtained, or are perhaps likely to obtain, in England. La Bruyere has, to a certain degree, modernized them; he has besides enriched them with a powerful and brilliant eloquence, and a knowledge of mankind such as none of his successors have rivalled. The discovery of additional chapters in the manuscript deposited in the Vatican, afforded Dr. Coray a pretext for printing a more literal French translation of the whole work in 1799; but though it is allowed to be more faithful, yet it is certainly less entertaining and instructive than the version of La Bruyere. It is a fact worth mentioning, that Coray, in a fit of that enthusiasm which was then so prevalent in France, dedicated his composition to "the free Greeks of the Ionian sea," and urged them to resume the study of their ancient language, preparatory to their emancipation from the Turkish sceptre!

The translation now before us is unquestionably the best that is to be found in our language. The liberties taken with the text are few and trivial; and the sense of the writer is generally rendered not only with accuracy, but with as much eloquence as the nature of the work would permit. It seems to us, however, to have been a great mistake on the part of the translator, (who appears under a fictitious name, and is we understand a retired artist,) to have considered the sketches of Theophrastus in a physiognomical point of view. We use the epithet in its popular acceptance, which supposes a certain relation between countenance and individual character. Theophrastus utters not a single expression, from which it could be inferred, that he intended to institute any sort of comparison between the inward and the outward man. His only object was to enumerate the overt acts by which certain pests of society, such as the Dissembler, the Parasite, the Busybody, the Detractor, and so forth, generally betrayed their dispositions. He looked to their conduct, not to their faces, for an index to the heart; and he sets down specific symptoms, consisting either of habits of conversation or action, by which their real characters may be detected. It would appear that Theophrastus had intended to describe also the virtuous ornaments of mankind, whom he had known in the course of his experience, but no such work has come down to us, and it is not even known whether he ever executed it.

The small engravings of heads which the translator has added, with a view of illustrating the text, are therefore entirely out of place. Although the designs are really of no common order, yet it is obvious, that their application to the characteristics of the Greek writer must be entirely fanciful. Nothing can be more fallacious than an abstract head, sketched out with a view to express an adulator or a ruf-

fian in general. No two persons will agree in their impressions as to the vraisemblance of such an imaginary creation, nor indeed is it possible that they should, since vice or virtue is the offspring not of combinations of nerves or muscles, but of the secret dispositions of the heart, which may be veiled under every form or colour of countenance that nature has, in her wonderful love of variety, ever yet bestowed upon mankind.

Theophrastus confined himself to more certain grounds of observation, taken from facts which came within his own experience; and it is curious to remark, how little the twenty-one centuries, which have elapsed since he wrote, have added to our knowledge of mankind. Allowing only for certain differences of national manners, his descriptions of the avaricious or garrulous being of his day, contain almost every thing that can be said of similar characters in our own time. His sketch of a fop for instance, which by the way the translator has strangely incorporated with a chapter devoted to "The Plausible," is an exact full-length likeness of a modern dandy.

"He is distinguished by his trimly dressed hair,—his white teeth,—the frequent change of his dress, and his excessive use of perfumes. He saunters about the stalls in the Exchange; lounges in the Gymnasium while the youth are engaged in their exercises; and at the Theatre he pushes up as near as he can to the seat of the Prætors. It is his affectation to appear to be making purchases—not for himself, but for his friends at Byzantium, or elsewhere:—he is sending a present of Spartan dogs to Cyzicus; or the honey of Hymettus to Rhodes: nor does he suffer his neighbours to be ignorant of all this munificence. His house abounds with rarities:—he is skilful in training apes and monkeys;—he keeps Sicilian doves;—he cannot play at dice unless they are carved from the finest buck's-horn;—he displays curiously-turned crows:—his walking stick is a twisted Spartan staff:—his rooms are hung with the figured tapestry of Persia;—he has a court always prepared for wrestling; and adjoining to it a billiard room: hither he is wont to invite those whom he may meet in his rambles,—philosophers, sophists, prize-fighters, or musicians; and here they find accommodations for exercising their various arts. All this he does, that when he enters the hall one of the spectators may say to another, 'That is the master of the Palaestra.'"—pp. 20, 21.

We have only to substitute our Bond-street bazars, horse-races, pugilistic schools, and theatres, for the lounging places of antiquity mentioned in this sketch, and it might be taken for the composition of yesterday. The changes produced in the conduct of men by the influence of the Christian religion, are indeed incalculable—speaking of course of those men in whose ears religion is not a mere sound that never reaches the heart, or appals the passions. But still the uniformity of the race is preserved, for whatever may be the extent of power possessed by Christianity over the minds of men, they have still the same propensities to resist, the same weaknesses to subdue. Superstition still exists with us, (and more generally too than certain divines imagine,) as it

did among the ancient Greeks; it reveals itself, perhaps, under a different form of expression, on account of the difference in our manners, and it is not so openly acknowledged, because it is too much at variance with our religion and with our improved knowledge of natural history. But the original feeling in no respect differs from that of the generations which have preceded us, and even the modes in which it is still exhibited, are as nearly as possible analogous to the practice of antiquity.

"The superstitious man having washed his hands in the sacred fount, and being well sprinkled with holy water from the temple, takes a leaf of laurel in his mouth, and walks about with it all the day. If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed until some one has gone before him; or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. When he passes the consecrated stones, placed where three ways meet, he is careful to pour oil from his crewet upon them:—then, falling upon his knees, he worships, and retires. A mouse, perchance, has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack:—away he goes to the seer to know what it behoves him to do: and if he is simply answered,—'Send it to the cobbler to be patched:—'he views the business in a more serious light; and running home, he devotes the sack, as an article no more to be used. He is occupied in frequent purifications of his house: saying that it has been invaded by Hecate. If in his walks an owl flies past, he is horror struck; and exclaims, 'Thus comes the divine Minerva.' He is careful not to tread upon a tomb,—to approach a corpse, or to visit a woman in her confinement; saying, that it is profitable for him to avoid every pollution. On the fourth and seventh days of the month, he directs mulled wine to be prepared for the family; and going himself to purchase myrtles and frankincense, he returns and spends the day in crowning the statues of Mercury and Venus. As often as he has a dream he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur, to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Before he is initiated into the mysteries he attends to receive instruction every month, accompanied by his wife, or by the nurse and his children.

"Whenever he passes a cross-way he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house; who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear about him an onion, or a little dog. If he encounters a lunatic or a man in a fit, he shudders horribly, and spits in his bosom."—pp. 50—52.

These characteristic descriptions, besides the true reflection which they give us of our nature, exhibit here and there little touches of costume and manners, which historians and poets have necessarily overlooked. They also make us more familiarly acquainted, through individual specimens, with the state of society, such as it was in the time of Theophrastus. We shall extract as a proof of this, only one other sketch, that of "The Ostentatious." Doubtless, many persons who read this description, will be able to find a living likeness

for it within the circle of their own acquaintance.

"The absurd vanity of the purse-proud man leads him to make as many false pretensions to wealth, as the veriest knave who lives by seeming to be what he is not. A boaster of this sort frequents the Exchange, and, while he gathers strangers around him, talks of the rich cargoes which he pretends to have upon the seas: then he tells what loans he has abroad; and what is the amount of interest upon them. Or you may see him stalking along the road, while he lolls on the arm of a choice companion, whom he informs, that he was one of those who served in the expedition into Asia under Alexander; and that, in the spoil which fell to his share, there were many costly vessels, studded with gems. This leads him to talk of eastern magnificence; and he stoutly contends, that the artificers of Asia are incomparably superior to those of Europe. He pretends to have received letters from Antipater, stating that the victorious king had just returned to Macedonia. He declares that, although he possesses the costly license for exporting timber, he has foreborne to make use of it; lest he should give occasion to the malicious remarks of some who would envy him his privilege. In a company of strangers he recounts, that, during the late scarcity he expended more than five talents in corn, to be distributed among the poorer citizens; and doubting whether he may not have underrated the sum, he requests one of the company to assist him in going through a calculation, by making a list of those who were the objects of his munificence, and the relief afforded to each; when, pretending to name above six hundred persons, the result proves that, instead of five, he must actually have expended not less than ten talents on the occasion. Nor does he include in this computation the maintenance of his galleys, nor sundry disbursements consequent upon the gratuitous discharge of public business. He goes to the stalls where the finest horses are exposed for sale; and pretends to bid for them: or, at the shop of the robe-maker, he requests a cloak to be shown to him of the value of two talents: and then takes occasion to reprove his attendant for not being furnished with gold. He lives in a hired house; yet he assures his visitor, ignorant of his affairs, that he inherited the house from his father; but that, finding it too small for the entertainment of his friends, he intends to sell it."—pp. 66—68.

The number of these characters which have come down to us from Theophrastus, amounts to thirty, each distinguished by some infirmity or vice. The more we consider them the more we are struck with the uniformity which subsists between human nature, as that philosopher observed it, and as it is still to be seen. It is true, that the same uniformity of character pervades all the inferior races of animals. The lion, the elephant, the horse and the dog, the eagle and the vulture, the dove and the nightingale, of the first years of the world, differ in nothing, that we can discover, from those which we behold in the present day. But while they have remained stationary in the characters originally stamped upon them, how

astonishing has been the improvement of man in all that respects the enjoyment of life? Yet, like them, his nature remains unchanged; his heart is the asylum of the same passions, that have continued since his fall to debase or exalt his kind, and so it will be as long as he shall inhabit the earth. So wonderful a unity of system in the reproduction of all living things, can surely proceed only from an omnipotent Mind, operating according to laws, which have a relation to a future purpose worthy of so vast and at the same time so harmonious a design!

The translation is followed by the original Greek text, which, like the whole work, is beautifully and accurately printed. We have also a considerable body of notes at the end of the volume, which evince much sound sense and close reasoning on the boasted sciences of physiognomy and phrenology. The author seems to be of opinion that the modern theories of Gall and Spurzheim are extravagant, and not altogether harmless, yet he contends that there are some hints in Lavater's system worth pursuing, provided a great body of facts could be brought to bear upon them.

From the Amulet.

"THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

"CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;—
Pray!—Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

"Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

"Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie!
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!"

From the Monthly Review.

THE TRE GIULI. Translated from the Italian of G. B. Casti. With a Memoir of the Author, and some Account of his other Works. 12mo. pp. 203. 7s. 6d. London. Hatchard. 1826.

This is a translation of one of the least objectionable and most amusing works of a

writer, who has acquired an infamous celebrity by the general depravity of his writings. Casti was born in 1720, but there is no authentic account of his birth-place, of his origin, or his earliest years. He was educated at the collegiate seminary of Montefiascone, and made such rapid progress there in the belles lettres, that at the age of sixteen he was chosen a professor. He next obtained a small canonry in the church, but does not appear to have received any of the orders of priesthood. He soon after, however, assumed the title of abate, and in 1762, published as his first work the succession of sonnets, which are translated in the volume before us. Most of his subsequent productions, particularly his *Novelle*, are unfit to be read by any person of common delicacy, or even to be spoken of. He died in 1804.

The translator appears to us to exaggerate, as indeed is generally the case upon such occasions, the merit of his original. It is, however, upon the whole, a droll and eccentric composition. The object of the poet is to express in each of his sonnets, the various feelings which afflict him, in consequence of a debt which he incurred to a merciless creditor, by borrowing from him *trè Giuli* (three groats). These feelings he frequently pours out in a ludicrous strain, sometimes determining to expatriate himself, sometimes to put an end to his life, sometimes to turn hermit, sooner than pay this debt; the mirth of the thing consisting in the disproportion between the sum and the ingenuity and perseverance of his efforts to avoid returning it. He then relates how he contracted this enormous "dead weight."

"I never shall be able to forget

The memorable day, to me that bore
Such bitter sorrows, when my Creditor
Advanced those *Giuli Trè* I owe him yet:
Three times then slow he from his purse drew

out,
Within himself them counting o'er and o'er,
And thrice returned them in, the while for

more
Than half an hour he made me wait in

doubt.
Whether or not he gave, I cannot say;
For grief and rage so much my mind possess,
It took my faculty of sight away:
I can but say that then all peace and rest
Abandoned me, and from that hour I may
Date all my woes up to the present day.

"The verdant hills, the cool umbrageous vale,
The dance and song of laughter-loving
youth,
The brook that falls with bounding leap be-
neath,

And makes sweet music in its noisy fall,—
The bird that spreads his pinion to the gale,
The whispering breeze that speaks in softest
breath,—

At times, Oh Dun! with calm delights these
sooth
My mind, till thou com'st back to chase
them all.

Thou marr'st my every joy; nor for one day
My thoughts awhile can wander far from
thee,

But they return from whence they did but
stray;

So that the constant thought o' th' *Giuli Trè*
Has made itself so natural to me
As now almost to necessary be."—pp. 35, 36.

He then reasons with his creditor on the uselessness of dunning him, and laments that, as of old among the Jews, there is not a periodical extinction of debt.—

"Tell me, good Creditor! what is the use
To ask me for those *Giuli Trè* in vain?
And still importunate, tho' I refuse,
To storm and fuss like any crow or crane?
Then, prithee, now have done: no longer thus
Keep asking me, with loss of time and pain,
Seeing that till now to neither one of us
Thy asking has availed to either's gain:
Thy importunities do no good to me;
Since, long as e'er thou wilt keep asking still,
Thy asking ne'er the more my purse will fill;
Nor on the other hand doth profit thee,
Since thy entreaties ne'er will work upon
To make me give thee money when I've none.

"I recollect to have in some Rabbi read,
Whom certainly you never did peruse,
That tho' (abolished since, wherefore—not
said)

In ancient times a custom was in use
In all of their twelve tribes among the Jews—
After a certain space of years had sped,
Prohibiting, upon what'er excuse,
To talk of debts until that time unpaid.

Why have we not that glorious Jubilee?
Why should not still that practice be the
case,

And in our times and rituals take place?
Then what delightful hope would spring for
me—

That on this great solemnity's next date
The *Giuli Trè*'s affair would terminate!"—
pp. 48, 49.

We shall only add two other stanzas.

"Oh my Chrysophilus! from some time past
Till now the land gives gradually worse
crops;

And blight, drought, hail, combine them-
selves to blast

And disappoint th' afflicted farmer's hopes:

The ancient oaks no longer shed their mast;

The vine no longer now produces grapes;

And enmity of envious nations fast

Enfeeble trade, and cramp in various shapes:

The aged granny by his faith doth swear—

'That formerly were never times like now;

And to its end the world is drawing near.'

All persons now impending danger shun;

Now every creature weeps and wails,—yet

thou

For those *Trè Giuli* has the heart to dun!

"That 'Charity begins at home' is true:

And we are bound, ere others we relieve,

Towards our own necessities to give;

In which the law of Nature we pursue.

In duty, then, and to myself 'tis due

To mind myself ere thee or ought alive:

And every animal does so who'd thrive;

As equity and justice have in view:

When I shall have provided for myself,

If any overplus of cash there be,
My dear Chrysophilus! I'll give it thee:
But, if thou wastest my superfluous pelf,—
So scanty that superfluous is—I doubt it.
Will be much best to think no more about it."
—pp. 72, 73.

It must be at once manifest to any one who has ever perused the Italian work, that this translation affords but a meagre idea of its drollery. In the original, a great portion of the humour depends upon the peculiar construction of the verse, it being written throughout in verse; that is to say, every line, contrary to the usual practice of Italian poetry, ending with a word of which the last syllable is accented. For this defect, indeed, the translator is not accountable, as no version whatever could do justice to such a ludicrous style. He has done as much as could well be expected of him, if he has succeeded, as we think he has done, in enabling the mere English reader to form a general perception of the pleasantness of the Italian poem.

From the Amulet.

“THE FELON.

“CHILD of dishonour, guilt and shame,
Lone outcast from thy kind,
Whose passion's rage no voice could tame,
Whose arm no law could bind,
That human breast, all fiend within,
And scorched and blackening still with sin,—

“Where art thou? Does some shattered shed
Thy guilty haunt conceal?
There dost thou shake at human tread,
And dread the rattling wheel?
By night a wanderer pale and drear—
By day, a fear-worn tenant here?

“Or dost thou from yon prison's grate,
Send forth the fitful yell?
Condemned a few short hours to wait
Alive in that sad cell:
Then, with convulsive heave, to rend
This mortal curtain, and descend!

“Poor child of wo! there was a day,
(O would it yet might be!)
When life unstained before thee lay,
All promise e'en to thee!
On its fair pages there was not
One hue of sin, one error's blot.

“A babe! to some fond mother's side
With sweet affection prest;
Thy little crimson lips applied
For nurture to her breast;
Thy hands, then innocent as weak
Spread on her bosom or her cheek.

“Yes, and know that many a day
She bathed thee with her tears,
Delighted with the fond essay
To plan thy future years;
Or bleeding fast at sorrow's vein,
At thought of life's sure coming pain.

“Early bereaved, perchance, on thee,
Sole relic, she relied,

To heal a widowed heart, and be
Instead of one who died;
And many a lonely night she spent
By turns on him and thee intent.

“And didst thou in that opening prime
Her dream of hope prolong?
E'en then she saw thy germ of crime,
But would not see thee wrong;
Fearing, she hoped, from day to day,
Till passion wrenched thee from her sway.

“Then darkly onward sped the years,
That chilled thy heart to stone;
And now no early friend appears,
To soothe thy mortal groan;
And she, of all thy friends the chief,
Why comes she not?—She died of grief!

“Mother—if e'er a mother's eye
This tale of truth beguile—
O, turn thy watchful scrutiny
E'en on thine infant's smile,
And heed the prophecy of ill,
Dark scroll, in childhood's rebel will.

“While bright the fateful pages stand
Of life's unwritten book,
Direct to one Almighty hand,
Faith's oft-implored look;
And as the fair inscription shines,
O strengthen thou the holy lines.”

Literary Intelligence.

The public will learn with much pleasure, that the Private Correspondence of David Garrick with persons of the highest rank and talents in the nation, will soon be published. It will comprise above 2000 letters to and from Garrick, printed from the originals lately in the possession of his widow. These valuable and extensive manuscripts have been purchased by Mr. Colburn.

A Life of the celebrated Judge Jeffreys is announced. The scanty memoirs which have been yet published concerning this extraordinary person are confined entirely to a view of the vicious part of his character, and do not canvass the actions of his impetuous career with the impartiality due to history.

Shortly will appear, the Diary of a Member in the Parliaments of the Protectors, Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 to 1659, now first published from the Original Autograph Manuscript in the possession of William Upcott, of the London Institution. Interspersed with several curious documents and notices, historical and biographical, by John Towill Rutt, Esq. This work will include a variety of original papers, and particularly the Minutes of the Parliamentary Debates, which now, for the first time, fill that chasm, which has been so often lamented as existing in one of the most important parts of our national history. The whole is designed, and we think will appear well calculated to throw additional light on this highly interesting period. The new facts and arguments contained in these volumes, will serve especially to develop, more clearly than any previous publication, the project of Cromwell for the assumption of the royal dignity, the real extent of his power as

Protector, the manner of its administration, and the rapid decline and speedy extinction of that power under the short protectorate of his son.

Mr. Buckingham, the Eastern traveller, has a new volume in the press on Mesopotamia. It is now a very long period since we have had any account of this interesting region either from English or foreign travellers. The present work will, we understand, contribute greatly to supply this desideratum in our department of modern travels. Mr. Buckingham's journey commences at Aleppo, from whence he proceeds to cross the Euphrates at Bir, the Birtha of the ancients; from thence over the plains of the Turcoman Hordes at the foot of Mount Taurus, to Urjah, a large Turkish city scarcely at present known, though hardly inferior in size to Smyrna or Aleppo, and containing the interesting remains of the Edena of the Greeks, and the Ur of the Chaldees, near Haran, the place to which the patriarch Abraham repaired from Ur, the city of his birth, at the command of God. From Urjah, Mr. Buckingham journeyed to Diarbekir, a Turkish city in the heart of Asia Minor; from thence to Mardin, and across the plains of Sindjar, through the ruins of Nisibis, a celebrated station of the Greeks, and the great city Mosul; visiting also the remains of Arbela, the scene of the celebrated battle of that name, the ruins of Nineveh, on the Tigris, and those of Babylon on the Euphrates, the Tower of Babel, and other objects of ancient celebrity and interest. The journey ends at Bagdad, the most renowned among the cities of the East.

Sir Jonah Barrington, judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, has announced an auto-biographical work, to be entitled *Personal Sketches*, being in substance his own individual recollections of distinguished personages, remarkable events, high life, and Irish manners, for the last fifty years.

The following valuable work will soon appear, viz: *The Correspondence of Henry Earl of Clarendon, and Laurence Earl of Rochester*. Accompanied by Lord Clarendon's *Private Diary* from 1687 to 1690, comprising minute particulars of the events attending the Revolution. The greater part now first published from the originals, with Notes by S. W. Singer, F. S. A. Illustrated with portraits, copied from the originals, by permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, and other engravings.

An Indian romance, entitled *The Natchez*, by the Viscount Chateaubriand, is printing in French and English. Report speaks of this forthcoming work, which is said to be in every respect worthy of the eloquent author of *Atala*.

A *Life of the eminent Dr. Jenner* is in preparation by Dr. Baron, who attended him in his last moments. By the will of Dr. Jenner, his executors were directed to deliver all his papers to Dr. Baron, with a view to the fulfilment of the testator's wishes that this gentleman should become his biographer.

Mr. Boden's *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Siddons*, will be published in a few days.

Mr. Cooper (the Walter Scott of America) author of *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, and other popular

works, has announced a new romance, to be called *The Prairie*.

A work of a very extraordinary description is spoken of as being in preparation. It will be entitled *Richmond, or Scenes from the Life of a Bow-street Officer*; drawn up by himself from his private memoranda.

In the press, *The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion*; being Precepts for promoting the Pleasures, Hints for preserving the Health, and Estimates of the Expenses of Persons Travelling on Foot, on Horseback, in Stages, in Post Chaises, and in Private Carriages.

"*Mirth and Motion prolong Life.*" By William Kitchiner, M. D. Author of the *Cook's Oracle*, &c.

Mr. Surr, the popular author of a *Winter in London*, is engaged on a new novel, which it is expected will appear soon after Christmas.

The *Military Sketch Book*, written by an Officer of the Line, is in a state of forwardness. It will furnish an amusing companion to the *Naval Sketch Book*.

Mr. Faraday has in the press an octavo volume, to be entitled, *Chemical Manipulation*, containing Instructions to Students in Chemistry, relative to the methods of performing experiments, either of demonstration or research, with accuracy and success. It will be illustrated with numerous engravings of apparatus, in wood.

A New Work, by the author of "*Tremaine*."

A Third Series of Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life.

Memoirs, Illustrative of the History of Europe during the last twenty-five years. By a distinguished Political Character. In 5 vols. octavo.

Yesterday in Ireland; a Series of Tales. By the author of "*To-Day in Ireland*." In 3 vols.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. Samuel Parr, LL. D. By the Rev. Wm. Field. In 2 vols. 8vo., with Portraits.

The third volume of *Memoirs and Recollections of Count Segur, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia*. 8vo.

A Third Series of *Highways and By-Ways; or, Tales of the Road Side*. Picked up in the French Provinces, by a Walking Gentleman. In 3 vols.

NEW BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Ainslie's *Materia Indica*, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. bds. Cooke's *Views of London and its Vicinity*, No. 1, imp. 8vo. 8s.; 4to. 7s. 6d.; India proofs before letters, 10s. 6d. Domestic Account Book, 1827, folio, 15s. bds. *Mechan's Astronomical Muncunick*, 8vo. 6s. bds. Paul Jones, by Allan Cunningham, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds. *Reeve's Christmas Trilles*, 8mo. 2s. 6d. bds. *The Thrush*, Songs set to music, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds. *Peyran's Defence of the Vanduis*, 8vo. 15s. bds. *Sin's Sermons on the Services of the Church*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds. *Wait's (Dr.) Sermon before the University of Cambridge*, 8vo. 6s. bds. *Grace Kennedy's Works*, 6 vols. 12mo. 2l. 2s. bds. *Early Metrical Tales*, 12mo. 3s. bds. *Cooper's Practical Sermons*, v. 7.

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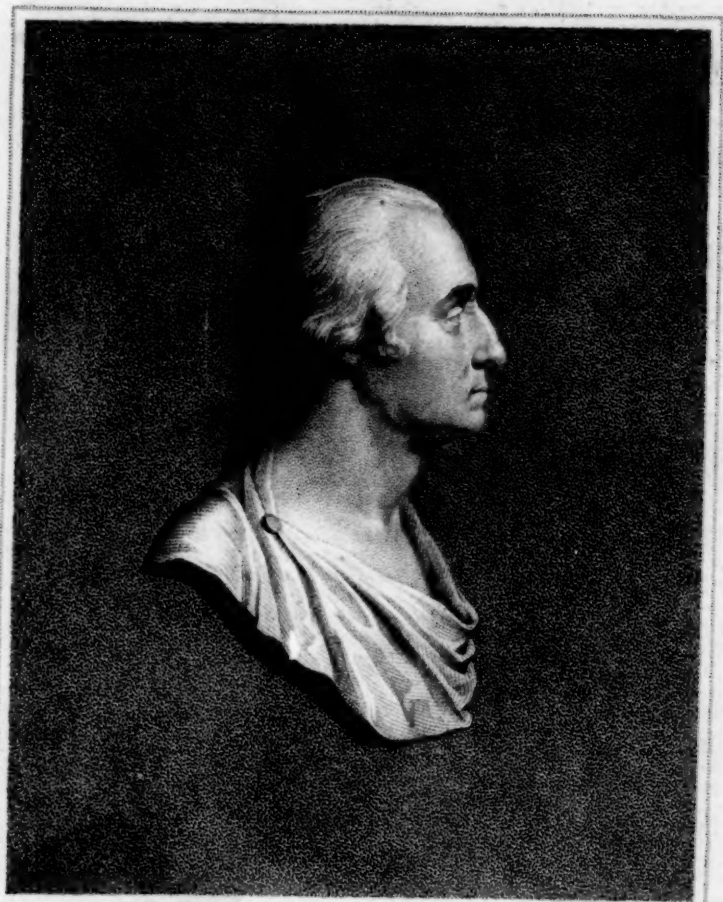
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Drawn by J. Wood from Houdon's Bust

P. Price Pinckney

Engraved by L. May

WASHINGTON.

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